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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own," — Montaigue,

JANUARY, 1904

International Affairs

PROGRESS OF

It is only what should be expected in this age of the world that yest and urgent preparations for

vast and urgent preparations for war should stimulate an anti-war feeling in the breasts of multitudes on whom the burden of such preparations and all the dire consequences of war chiefly rest. It is of profound significance that the efforts of constitutional peacelovers against immense standing armies and in favor of settling all international difficulties by rational methods are now seconded, extensively and powerfully, by Socialistic and labor organizations which have grown with marvelous rapidity, and in increasingly effective organizations in both Europe and America. The degree of success attending Socialistic agitation against military and naval requirements and purposes in such lands as France and Germany is one of the most notable facts of our times. The budgets of the "armed peace" of Europe have grown by four hundred million dollars since 1895; public debts are becoming enormously swollen; Governments have felt compelled to raise their taxes and have resort to their last resources; but at the same time it is true, as never before in the world's history, that the masses of the people are coming to disbelieve in "the mountains of international hatred which are piled up by the follies of their governments." As a writer in the "Contemporary Review" has pithily said. "the 'food for powder' is beginning to think, and is no longer in love with being shot."

There are writers who declare the Socialists are opposed to the military through fear of it as an instrument in the hands of the Government to suppress disorder. Hence, it is said that in Germany, in proportion as Socialism increases the army increases. The Kaiser has more than once intimated the possibility of having to suppress the forces of Socialism by force in possible developments. Socialist leaders have endeavored to introduce their leaven into the army; "for they know that once the army is captured the Socialistic future of Germany is assured. This, however, is easier

desired than realized. For the army has proved itself a very tough proposition to the Socialists." The attitude of labor unions (with whom the Socialists have been largely identified) in the United States toward the militia is thus stated by Jack London in the New York Independent: "The hatred of the trade unionist for the militia is the hatred of a class for a weapon wielded by the class with which it is fighting. No workman can be true to his class and at the same time be a member of the militia—this is the dictum of the labor leaders. . . . To be a member of the militia is to be a traitor to the union, for the militia is a weapon wielded by the employers to crush the workers in the struggle between the warring groups."

There appears to be good reason for saying that since the Congress of The Hague in 1899, when twenty-six nations agreed to a convention for the amiable settlement of future international disputes, the European atmosphere is unprecedentedly favorable to the success of peace efforts. By the recent arbitration treaty (recorded last month), secured through the efforts of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant and various other eminent publicists on both sides of the Channel, France and England have obtained the honor of introducing into Europe "this new way of salvation." According to a report, dated at Rome on November 20th, there will soon be signed a similar treaty between France and Italy. What next? It is stated that Denmark, Sweden and Norway have desired to become parties to the Franco-Italian treaty, but that these countries suggested variations and modifications which M. Delcasse, the French Foreign Minister, declined to con-

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that in France, chiefly among the great nations of Europe, peace ideas find most advanced expression. That country already has a Parliamentary group of about 250 members, recruited from all shades of political opinion, who are expected soon to be strong enough to impose their pacific views on French diplomacy. The general attitude of Frenchmen on this subject was very well shown at the meetings of the Twelfth International Congress of Peace, held at Rouen and

Havre during September. The most significant feature of the Congress was the indorsement which it received from different countries of Europe, and especially from France. One of the strongest addresses was that of M Trouillot, the French Minister of Commerce, at Havre. In a passage of great elo-quence he said: "If one thinks that for thirty years Europe has spent more than ten billions of francs a year to maintain the régime of armed peace, is not the mind confounded and saddened in reflecting upon what these three hundred billions would have accomplished had they been devoted to works of scientific, material, industrial and artistic progress?" On the 20th of November, in the Chamber of Deputies, at Paris, M. Deschanel (Republican, and formerly President of the Chamber) declared that France wishes neither military adventures nor the partition of Morocco, and that she has no desire to conquer Siam; that there is no question which cannot be settled by diplomacy or arbitration; and that those who are responsible for armed peace are those who refuse to discuss the proposition for dis-Prof. J. C. Bracq, in a recent article, remarks that during a third of a century no member of the French Parliament has dared to take up a belligerent program; not a minister has ventured to propose a war policy-even a war of revenge with Germany in the past or a war of conquest with Morocco now-as a thing to be desired.

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, in an address to the French Deputies in October, gave to the United States the credit for beginning the present movement for arbitration in Europe, saying that it is largely the outgrowth of President Roosevelt's insistent support of The Hague Tribunal. It is but just to say that the English-speaking peoples are not wanting in peace sentiments. The vast peace project of Henry IV belongs to France. To the Swiss Confederation belongs the credit of being the first power in modern times to propose a definite and permanent arbitration treaty between the countries. The Hague Conference was in consequence of the proposals of the Czar of Russia. But Fox, Penn, Cobden, and Richard were Englishmen. In 1887 a deputation of the House of Commons went to Washington to suggest a permanent treaty of arbitration—which, however, is yet to be adopted. In 1896, under the influence of the United States, the plenipotentiaries of seventeen different New World states signed, in Washington, a treaty binding them to settle their differences by arbitration.

As to the Hay-Pauncefote arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which by a close vote failed of passage by Congress in 1897, Dr. Thomas Barclay, at this writing, a member of the Institute of International Lawand former president of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, is in Washington for the purpose of working up sentiment in its favor.

He says that the United States and Great Britain "were pioneers of The Hague Conference. They did more than any other nations to establish The Hague Court, and the United States sent to that tribunal its first cases. The British Government, on its side, has just signed a treaty with France making reference to The Hague Court compulsory in all judicial matters between the two countries.

Thus the three great democracies have linked their destinies, in a way, to the future of The Hague Court"

The Isthmus labored and brought forth an independent republic. The creation of the Republic of Panama was briefly mentioned last month in connection with the record for South America. It was the work of a revolutionary junta acting through the municipal council of Panama City, was immediately caused by the failure of the Colombian Congress to ratify the Panama Canal treaty with the United States, and represented the sentiments and determination of the Isthmians—now yclept Panamans—as a whole.

The manifest advantages to Panama of the construction of the canal naturally made the people of the Isthmus strongly desirous of ratification. In anticipation of the failure of the Bogota states to do the desirable, it is stated that the movement for secession began immediately after the ratification of the Canal treaty by the Senate of the United States on the 17th of last March. The Panama correspondence of the public press has disclosed that early in April arms were being brought into the Isthmus and recruits for the revolution were being secretly drilled. The work of the junta was done partly in New York City, to which place the malcontents of the Latin America republics have been wont to resort and develop their conspiracies for many years. Were it not for these recurring conspiracies, it has been semi-humorously affirmed, many of the consuls of those republics would have little to do in New York but certify invoices and clear an occasional ship.

The new republic was set up without sanguinary opposition. The people of the state have long been dissatisfied with the Bogota Government, and careful observers have anticipated the coming of a time when the Isthmians would again, as in former years, be independent. For twenty-five years prior to 1886, when the present Colombian constitution was adopted, the Isthmus was practically an autonomous state. The weak hold of the Conservative Government on many Colombians was shown by the revolution under Uribe-Uribe and his confrères, and further evidence now appears in the course of department of Panama and in the ominous discontent astir in the departments of Cauca, Antioquia, and Bogota.

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Though the Government at Bogota had made no effectual preparation to prevent the secession, the act was followed by flying reports, unreliable and somewhat inconsistent, of preparations to bring Panama back into the Union by force of arms. It appears that the Colombian Government had warning long in advance of what was coming, and had leisurely planned secret arrests of the conspira-

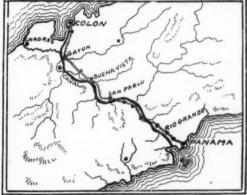


tors, which, however, miscarried through sloth and inaptitude. So unhindered were the revolutionists, that after they had set up the new régime there was no disputing the statement that it was "a government in fact because no shadow of opposition to its authority existed, and a government of right because it governed with the consent and support of ninety-five per cent. of the people of the Isthmus.

The success of the revolution is due to the energy and determination of the Isthmians, plus the course necessarily taken by the United States authorities.

• There is no question that the Government at Washington knew beforehand what was coming, nor that in the main its course had been fully determined upon. Its warships were quickly upon the scene of action, its protest against the bombardment of Panama by the Bogota was immediate, its notification to the Colombian Government that no military operations would be allowed upon the Isthmus was evidently predetermined. It is not surprising that all this, together with the very prompt recognition of the new Government, should strike the people of the United States and the world in general as sudden, unprecedented, and contrary to international obligations and usages. And beyond doubt there are phases of the matter to which prolonged controversies will attach. But that the United States authorities went beyond the limits fairly implied in the Treaty of 1846 is denied, not only by representatives of the Government, but also by eminent students of international matters.

The following record of events is here made: On November 6th, the United States Government formally recognized and entered into relations with the new Republic of Panama, and Dr. Herran, the Colombian representative at Washington, made preparations to leave the country. It was reported at Washington that the Government understood its duty to be the protection of Panama from attack by Colombia or any foreign power, and it soon transpired that the warship Boston had been commissioned to prevent the departure of Colombian troops from Buena Ventura for the Isthmus. It



also transpired that Panama would assume the canal. obligations of the Colombian Government. it was reported that President Marroquin of Colombia had given out that the canal bill which failed of ratification last summer would be passed next This provoked declarations in the United States that Colombia had lost her opportunity. commission to arrange a new canal treaty with the United States was even then leaving Panama for Washington. On the 10th, the State Department admitted that unofficial proposals had been received looking to the restoration of Panama to Colombia and had been promptly declined. There was no dissension in the Cabinet over the President's policy. On the 13th, President Roosevelt formally received M. Bunau-Varilla as Minister of the Panama Republic to the United States. It was shown by published extracts from the President's message to Congress, written before the Panama revolt, that he had determined not to tolerate further trifling by Colombia on the canal question. The War Department denied that troops were to be sent to the Great anxiety being experienced in the middle of the month respecting the safety of United States Minister Beaupré, at Bogota, where riot con-

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ditions were manifesting themselves, the Colombian Government sent assurances to Washington that the American Legation and citizens would be fully protected. At the same time, the Colombian Government issued to the Senate and people of the United States, and also to the people of Great Britain, strong protests against the course taken by the Washington Government in the alleged fomenting of the revolution, in recognizing the Panama Republic, and in opposing attempts of Colombia to reduce the Isthmians to subjection. Attempts on the part of President Marroquin to induce the Panama Provisional Government to recede from its course proved unavailing. At conferences on board a United States vessel, the Mayflower, and also on board a French steamship, the Canada, the representatives of Panama refused to return to the rule of Colombia. On the 18th was signed, at Washington an Isthmian Canal treaty (in the first article of which the United States guarantees to maintain the independence of Panama)—Secretary Hay acting for the United States and Minister Bunau-Varilla The treaty was first to be acted on for Panama. The treaty was first to be acted on at Panama. The commissioners bearing it reached the Isthmus on December 1st, and it was approved by the Provisional Government on the following day. No amendments were made to it. The Panamans exhibited great enthusiasm. The terms of the new treaty are even more satisfactory to the Washington authorities than were those of the treaty with Colombia. In the middle of the month, amid rumors that the Colombians were preparing a great army to invade Panama-rumors which were laughed at in the United States as "a Colombian bluff"-General Reves started on a mission from Bogota to Washington, there to meet the Panama commissioners and to see if anything could be done to prevent war. Rumor also had it that the Colombians were to receive aid from the states of Central America and that a strong feeling of alarm and hostility to the United States was stirring in parts of South America, President Marroquin having appealed to the peoples of the continent for sympathy and support. At this writing it is still too early to state whether credence is to be given to reports that various South American Governments are disposed to approve of the course of the United States. It is well known, however, that not all of them are friendly to the Colombian Government. By the end of the month, General Reves was in conference with Dr. Herran, the Colombian representative in Washington, and on December 3d the Peace Commissioner met Secretary Hay.

Criticisms in the United States on the course of the President and his associates were based chiefly on alleged violation of international obligations and precedents, and on suspicions of complicity with the revolutionists in order to get speedy control of the canal route, and to punish Colombia for her failure to ratify the recent treaty. These criticisms were also made in various foreign countries. On the whole, however, at the end of November the drift of opinion appeared to be that the Washington Government had neither been guiltily connected with the Isthmian secession nor had

transgressed the limits of treaty rights and virtual obligations.

The London correspondent of the New York Tribune wrote that the action of the Washington Government escaped criticism, "since it is well understood that the legislators at Bogota, in rejecting the Canal treaty, were bidding for the bribes which they were accustomed to receive when De Lesseps had diplomatic business there. The construction of the Panama Canal under direct control of the United States, by the arrangements made with the new republic, will dispense with the corrupt conditions of the French occupation of the Isthmus."

A statement of the course of foreign nations as to the recognition of the new republic is deferred until

next month.

Early in November, Secretary Hay issued at Washington a review of the treaty relations between the United States and Colombia, in which he declared the course of the Government marked out in advance by its principles and precedents.

The Provisional Government of Panama is composed as follows: Minister of the Government, Eusbis Morales; Minister of Finance, Dr. Manuel Amador; Minister of Foreign Relations, F. V. Dela Esprilla; Minister of Justice, Carlos Mendoza; Minister of Public Instruction, N. Victoria; Minister of War and Marine, M. de Obarrio, Jr. Arrangements are making for the election of a president in the near future.

The flag of the Republic is described as consisting of four squares, one blue, one white with a blue star in the center; one red and one white, with a red star in the center.

Notwithstanding the hissing of NORTH AMERICAN a United States flag in a Montreal theater on the night of November 11th, it may be said that United States Ambassador Choate spoke accurately when he affirmed at the banquet of the new Lord Mayor of London on the night of the roth, that the work of the Alaskan Boundary Commission is "the happy ending of the only matter of controversy that threatened at any time to create mischief and distrust between these two great English-speaking peoples." Cordially responding, Mr. Balfour, the British Premier, said: "The danger arising from the uncertain and disputed frontiers in the case between the British Empire and the United States has been decided for all time. I regret that the decision has not been favorable to the claims of this country, but the two small islands, the loss of which to Canada has aroused such great feeling. are really valueless from a strategic and military point of view. The decision must be loyally accepted, for the removal of so serious a controversy is an inestimable boon."

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Whatever difference of sentiment exists among the English people is voiced by the two great weeklies, the Spectator and the Saturday Review, the latter having things to say of "American bluff" and "the established policy of surrender to the United States," and the former speaking with the feeling that the United States was in the right and that Canada should endure disappointment with

dignity and forbearance.

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The "real Canadian feeling," as seen by the Nation, of New York, is "one of resentment that the Dominion was tricked into a packed court; next, of sorrow that the British Government connived at the trick for the sake of friendship with the United States. This feeling is expressed by newspapers of every political tone. It is a sincere sentiment, and not a jingo outcry. From Nova Scotia to Winnipeg it is expressed with surprising moderation and dignity." The Winnipeg Telegram probably expresses a sentiment generally held in Canada when it says: "The plain truth is that Canada has no confidence in British diplomacy, except as regards its general complacency. It is too aristocratic in its attitude and not sufficiently businesslike. Details are passed over or yielded up with the pride of magnanimity. And there is not sufficient imagination about it to realize values and possibilities. While we may have a certain respect for this attitude, we believe it to be unsuited to business transactions. Moreover, we cannot be satisfied to have our interests determined by it."

What are the consequences upon the relations of the Dominion to Great Britain on the one hand, and the United States on the other? On the whole, it seems likely that the sentiment for Canadian independence and nationality has been much deepened and strengthened. Pages of citations could easily be made in support of this view. And yet, other pages could be filled with quotations according with the declaration of Sir Henry Holland, made recently in London. He said that he had lately visited Canada and had not on any occasion observed the slightest desire for separation from England; on the contrary, he had found everywhere the most pronounced loyalty. The Montreal Witness, paying its compliments to United States querists as to the drift of sentiment among Canadian representatives, remarks that "our statesmen are too well versed in the art of saying nothing in fetching phrases to need to waste their warmth on anybody but those on whom our Constitution requires them to expend it, namely, the exponents of the opposition.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, placing the maritime jurisdiction over the Erie Canal in the hands of the National Government—a judgment applying to all the canals in all the States—raises a question "of considerable importance to Canada," says the Montreal Witness. By

the Treaty of Washington, negotiated in 1871, the United States and Canada agreed to allow the vessels of both nations to navigate the canals of both on equal terms. But it was subsequently found that the United States Government had no control over the State canals and, ever since, United States vessel owners have been able to navigate the canals of both countries, while Canadian boats have been compelled to stop and unload at the frontier. Will the recent decision of the Supreme Court affect this matter?

"It seems a reasonable deduction," remarks the Witness, "that if the Government of the United States has maritime jurisdiction over State canals, it can implement its agreement of 1871 and open

these to navigation by Canadian boats."

That the United States should secure possession of the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the southern coast of Newfoundland, has been suggested. A member of the Miquelon administration has expressed belief that France would sell the islands to this country, and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts is reported as in favor of such a transaction.

It is an alternative to the English or Canadian

possession of the islands some day.

In an address last year, Senator Lodge took the position that it would be inconsistent with the Monroe Doctrine for the islands ever to be restored to Great Britain. A leader in Canadian affairs is quoted as saying that the sale of the islands to the United States would be prejudicial to Canadian and imperial interests. They hold an important strategical position at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "If they are for sale, the purchaser should be Canada, for they are employed chiefly as a resort of smugglers to set Canadian laws at defiance."

It was reported from St. John's, N. F., on November 22d, that the French colony had had a bad fishery season, that the outlook is gloomy, and that the idea of annexation to the United States "finds

much favor."

The Cuban Reciprocity bill passed the United States House of Representatives on November 19th, after four days of debate, by a vote of 335 to 21. Members voting in the negative were mainly Michigan and Minnesota Republicans and Louisiana and Texas Democrats. On the next day the bill was received in the Senate and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, which promptly authorized a favorable report. It was subsequently agreed to reach a vote on December 16th.

Great satisfaction has been expressed in Havana with the large majority given the bill in the House, and as the treaty was ratified by a two-thirds vote in the Senate last March, it is not doubted that it will receive a large majority at the coming final action. (See article on the United States.)

On November 20th, a proposal to invite Cuba to join the Union was introduced into the U.S. Senate by Mr. Newlands of Nevada. Such overtures, however, are not favorably received by Cubans in general. President Palma says that, while there might possibly have been a time when a majority of the residents of Cuba would have favored voluntary annexation, that time has passed, the stability of the Cuban Government having become so well established that the Cubans has no other desire than to perpetuate and loyally support it. President Palma speaks in terms of warm commendation of President Roosevelt for his efforts in behalf of reciprocity.

The trade relations between the United States and Cuba, present and past, are set forth in a recent document issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington.

The total trade between the two countries was in round numbers \$26,000,000 in 1855, \$31,000,000 in 1856, \$54,000,000 in 1857, and only \$34,000,000 in 1858. In 1872 it had advanced to \$80,000,000, and in 1874 to \$105,000,000 (the largest on record), only to recede again in 1875 to \$80,000,000. In 1878 it declined to \$68,000,000, in 1882 advanced to \$82,000,000, and in 1885 fell back to \$51,000,000. In 1893 it reached \$103,000,000, but in 1898 was only \$24,000,000, and has now, in 1903, crept back to \$84,000,000.

Further examination shows surprising variations in the ratio of exports to imports. The ratio of the domestic exports from the United States to Cuba, as compared with the United States imports therefrom, was in 1851 about 1 to 3; in 1857 about 1 to 5; in 1858, about 1 to 2; in 1859, about 1 to 3; in 1865, about 2 to 9; in 1872, about 1 to 5; in 1882, about 2 to 9; in 1872, about 1 to 5; in 1882, about 1 to 6; in 1893, about 1 to 3; in 1896, about 2 to 11; in 1898, about 2 to 3; in 1899, about 3 to 4; in 1900, about 5 to 6, and in

These fluctuations in the Cuban trade have been due mainly to four causes: First, occasional revolutions and wars in Cuba; second, occasional injuries to Cuban crops by hurricanes and droughts; third, variations in the market prices of sugar and tobacco; and fourth, changes in the tariffs of the two

While the amount of sugar exported by Cuba to the United States in 1893 and 1895 was almost exactly equal, the value of the 1895 export was only about-two-thirds that of the 1893 export; also both the amounts and values of the exports decreased greatly after 1895 until very recently. These decreases are attributable in part to the interference of the war with industrial occupations, but in the main to the fall in the world's price of sugar since 1895, and in part also to the discontinuance of the reciprocal agreement of 1891, by which Cuban sugar was admitted into the United States free of duty until 1894, which agreement undoubtedly and naturally stimulated Cuban exports of sugar to this country in 1892, 1893 and 1894.

The course of legislative action at Havana and Washington makes it probable that the Guantanamo naval station will be soon turned over to the United States authorities, and that the Isle of Pines will ere long be fully ceded to the Cuban Government.

The rebellion in Santo Domingo against the Wos y Gil Government required the presence of United States warships in Dominican waters. A request from the insurgents for recognition by the Washington Government was refused in mid-November on the ground that it is the unbroken policy of the State Department to recognize only de facto governments. A few days later it transpired that the Dominican Government itself was seeking assistance from Washington in suppressing the rebellion and offering Samana Bay for a coaling station in return for such assistance. Reports that Wos y Gil had offered to cede Santo Domingo to the United States were pronounced at Washington to be untrue.

While some years ago Samana Bay was regarded as desirable for a coaling station, various considerations, among them the lack of sufficient depth of water for the larger naval vessels, have operated to diminish its aspect of desirability.

Among the November dispatches was one announcing that Minister Powell had at length secured agreement from the Dominican Government to the demands of the San Domingo Improvement Company in its case against the Government. The case is one of long standing. The Improvement Company had various important contracts which the Government took away. The Company sought the assistance of the United States Government in obtaining justice.

The conclusion of the rebellion on November 24th was followed within a week by a new uprising. (See article on the West Indies.) It was stated in a Washington dispatch of December 3d, that these repeated uprisings, so detrimental to United States interests on the island, may cause renewal in a more forcible manner of a recent declaration by Minister Powell that the peace of the United States is not to be troubled in this fashion.

The Macedonian leader, Sarafoff, is still considerably alive for a man who has been dead so many times, and according to a report from Sofia in the middle of November, he means that the present lull in affairs which he so largely directs shall be succeeded next spring by a renewal of the sublime and bloody tragedy of the Balkans. Meanwhile large numbers of the Macedonian people have transferred their local habitations to Bulgarian territory, and it is said that the migration thitherward still continues.

The new reform scheme submitted to the Porte by Russia and Austria, representing the European "concert of powers," evidently raised questions at Constantinople, for we learned in mid-November of a "prodding"

which was being administered to the Sultan; and though it was later stated that he had accepted the scheme, the report lacked confirmation, and the London Standard's correspondent at Constantinople promptly stated that it would be a mistake to interpret any acceptance of the scheme as otherwise than a subterfuge to escape more trouble—implying a sort of acceptance which the world has become accustomed to expect from the Turk.

A central fact of the first importance in the longdrawn-out situation is that nobody wants war except the Macedonian revolutionists. The time is not favorable for the European powers to attempt a settlement of the Eastern Question; and if the Macedonians were as well aware of this as the Sultan is, they would perhaps submit more quietly to their undoubtedly hard lot until the winds blow otherwise. It is commonly said in Macedonia that most European leaders neither fully understand nor care much about the actual situation in Macedonia. also true that most of the Macedonian and Bulgarian plotters neither fully understand nor care much about the present relationships of the European powers and the course of events which make the time inauspicious for what they wish to bring about. Boris Sarafoff is credited with an ambition to ride into Constantinople as a conqueror of the Turk, but manifestly, no man's personal ambition-at least no Macedonian's or Bulgarian's-will weigh much in the chancelleries of Europe. Premier Petroff of Bulgaria, in setting forth on December 3d the policy of his Government, stated that it is following a policy of loyalty to all the powers and doing its utmost to avoid war.

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A London dispatch of December 4th stated that negotiations had begun by the powers which might result in an international administration for Macedonia along the lines observed in the present government of the island of Crete. It appears to be a proposal of Russia and Austria and is designed to prevent another Macedonian uprising in the spring.

Russia remaining in Manchuria beyond the date when she agreed to remove her troops, basing her

course on China's alleged failure to keep agreements, and on the necessity of protecting Russian interests; China alarmed and endeavoring actively to interest the United States Government in the Manchurian situation, but receiving reply that this country could do nothing so long as ports are kept open to trade in Manchuria in accordance with treaty obligations; Japan holding critical negotiations with Russia with respect to the latter's course in Manchuria and intentions respecting Korea—these were the three leading features of the Far East situation at the beginning of November. The principal events during the month may be given as follows:

An affray at Chemulpo, in Korea, between Russians and Japanese, attracted some attention; so, also, a clash at Shanhaikwan between Chinese and Russian troops. The military reoccupation of Mukden by the Russians appeared to worry the Chinese more and more, and their irritation was increased by the continual coming of Russian troops over the railway into Manchuria. The United States made a demand for the opening of the port of Wiju in Korea, directly opposite the port of Antung, which will be opened to trade by China under the new treaty. The British and Japanese Ministers at Seoul had previously requested the opening of the port of Yongampho. These requests have been opposed by the Russian Minister at Seoul. There was a resumption of the negotiations, which had been somewhat interrupted, between Japan and Russia about the middle of the month. On the first of December, an Associated Press dispatch stated that the two powers were on the verge of a settlement which promised to dissipate the war cloud that had been hanging over them.

Affairs in America

UNITED STATES One of the interesting comments made in relation to the Fiftyeighth Congress, which convened in extra session in Washington on November 10th, is that the Senate appears to be growing youthful. Thirteen years ago the average age of the members was sixty years; there were then but eight under fifty years and only one less than forty-five. To-day the average age is given as fifty-nine years and four months; in a slightly larger Senate there are fourteen men under fifty, and of these, eight are under forty-five. This difference, says the special correspondent of the Boston Transcript, is doubtless due to the new States which have come into the Union and which have naturally younger political leaders than have the older

States. Yet, if it is true that the membership of the British House of Commons is gradually becoming composed of younger men than formerly, it need astonish no one if a similar tendency is observable in both branches of Congress on this side of the ocean. The preference for young men is a special feature of the time in both Church and State. In the National House of Representatives there is not only a large representation of new men, but many of them have an appearance of youthfulness. California, for example, now has four representatives born in that State, the oldest of whom is not yet forty-four, while the youngest is but thirty-one.

As stated last month, the particular object of the extraordinary session was to act upon

the reciprocity treaty with Cuba. Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, was chosen Speaker of the House, receiving 198 of the total of 364 votes, In his message to Congress, President Roosevelt reminded the members that the Cuban treaty would affect more than sugar alone. Its ratification would give the products of Cuba a concession of but twenty per cent, from United States tariff rates, while the products of this country would enter Cuba under a preferential tariff that would give agriculturists and manufacturers great advantage over those of Europe. It was evident that the treaty had determined opponents among the beet-sugar men, but its friends relied for carrying it upon the assistance of reciprocity Democrats, the force of public sentiment, and the direct influence of the President. A bill to make the treaty effective was reported from the Ways and Means Committee of the House by a vote of 14 to 2. On November 19th, the House passed it by a vote of 335 to 21. In the Senate, action was subsequently taken deferring vote on the treaty until the regular session of Congress, the date fixed upon being December 16th. For this delay the Senate incurred considerable criticism from the friends of the measure, but the President was quoted as expressing himself satisfied with the results accomplished by the extra session of Congress regarding the treaty.

Some other matters relating to the extra session may be noted. Following petitions and discussions concerning the case of Senator Smoot of Utah, who denies that he is a polygamist in practice, it was determined to defer consideration till the regular session. Senator Newlands, of Nevada, introduced a resolution proposing to invite Cuba to take place among the States of the Union. Naturally, the attention of Congressmen was much taken up by the course of the Government respecting the new Republic of Panama (see International Affairs), and on the 16th, President Roosevelt, complying with a resolution introduced into the House by Mr. Hitt, of Illinois, submitted correspondence and other official documents relating to the revolution on the Isthmus. This was, in effect, a forestalling of Democratic action assailing the administration for the course taken. Having previously spoken on the Isthmian situation, Senator Morgan, on December 1st, offered resolutions for an inquiry into matters

relating thereto.

President Roosevelt's appointment of Gen. Leonard Wood as Major-General in the regular army meets with formidable and determined opposition from those who object to a man who was not trained at West Point being thus elevated above those who were there trained, and also from those who, whether justly or unjustly, find fault with General Wood's record while Governor of Porto Rico.

The Senate Committee has been engaged in investigation of charges made against General Wood. It is possible that the evidence may go to the Senate in executive session.

The report of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow, on the Post Office scandals, is a thorough and impartial review of the dishonest practices which have been going on in that department of the Government during the past ten years. The records of a thousand post offices have been examined and a long list of indictments is the result. The work of prosecution remains. General Bristow suggests that preparation of the case for trial may involve persons not yet implicated.

President Roosevelt has approved the findings and recommendations of the report. His memorandum to this effect was issued at Washington near the end

of November.

Mr. Bristow's conclusion is that, while the total amount the perpetrators of the fraud received cannot be definitely ascertained, it will probably aggregate between \$300,000 and \$400,000, while the loss to the Government from over-purchase of supplies and the inferiority of the latter cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy. But "to measure these delinquencies by their money total is to take a very superficial view of them—one that ignores their real origin and the eventual remedy for the state of affairs that made them possible."

The present revival of race feeling in the United States has found one of its pivots in President Roosevelt's appointment of Dr. Crum as Collector of the Port of Charleston, South Carolina. Developments during November, in the Senate Committee on Commerce, were reported to be favorable to the confirmation of Collector Crum. The case will be the basis of first new legislative action on the race issue. Representatives of the National Sociological Society, recently in session in Washington, placed a request before Attorney-General Knox that he would defend the Constitution against the attacks being made upon the fifteenth amendment.

One of the most important results of the meetings was the creation of a mixed special commission of six members, three white and three black, to coperate with any commission which may be appointed by the Federal Government, and which is to assist in keeping facts, plans, arguments and efforts for the solution of the race problem before the general public and before the Government. One of the resolutions adopted deprecated mob violence and deplored the crimes alleged in excuse for such violence. There was a prevailing sentiment against any plan to segregate the negroes into definite territory. That would not be favorable to their progress.

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More indictments against Georgians for holding negroes in a condition of peonage were reported

from Savannah on November 24th.

The faculty of Trinity College at Durham, N. C., has caused much comment by articles in the South Atlantic Quarterly favoring criticism of the South for its own good and concerning the race question. Professor Bassett's declaration that "Booker Washington is a great and good man, a Christian statesman, and, take him all in all, the greatest man save General Lee born in the South in a hundred years," has been widely quoted and sharply criticized by

many. Professor Bassett offered his resignation so as to relieve the college of any embarrassment on his account, but the resignation was not accepted. He holds that "as long as one race contends for the absolute inferiority of the other, the struggle will go on with increasing intensity." Referring to the articles in the College Quarterly, the Nation says: "Coming, as the sentiments do, from a Southern college President and his teachers, we must see in them the most hopeful signs of a solution of the race question along lines of wisdom and humanity and Christianity that have yet appeared in the South."

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At the twenty-third annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, which was held in Boston in November, President Gompers showed that the gain in membership of the affiliated international unions and of the Federation during the preceding year had been 442,100. In the re-election of Mr. Gompers as head of the Federation, the convention refused by a very decisive majority to commit the interests of the workingman to the keeping of the Socialist party. This repeated still more emphatically the decision of the previous annual meeting.

President Gompers said that the Federation "exists for the purpose of crystallizing the efforts of the toilers of the land to go on peacefully and rationally in working out the greatest problem the world has ever had."

Serious riots in Chicago followed the declaration, on November 12th, of a strike against the City Railway Company.

The mining strikes in Colorado have raised serious questions as to the need of troops in connection with the disturbances.

Space is given for a few miscellaneous items of interest.

Sir Henry Mortimer, the new British Ambassador to the United States, was formally received by President Roosevelt on December 2d.

The exports of domestic products of the United States in the month of October averaged more than five million dollars for every day in the month, and for every business day in the month averaged practically six million dollars a day. Two millions of this represent the value of cotton.

Numerous indictments for land frauds in Louisiana and parts of the West were reported during November.

By a substantial majority, the electors of New York State have authorized the expenditure of one hundred and one million dollars to deepen the Erie Canal twelve feet.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that it is not a crime under the law for a man to sell his vote. This, however, is not against the moral degradation of the act, which finds illustration in the report of a man who has gone insane in New Jersey over shame induced by having sold his right of suffrage.

The Germanic Museum at Harvard University, containing the gifts of the German Emperor, was dedicated on November 10th.

The tomb of Governor John Endicott, which has been unidentified for more than a century and a half

has been found in the old Granary burying ground in Boston.

A delegate from the Polish Catholic Congress of the United States is in Rome seeking the appointment of a bishop to represent the Polish clergy in the American hierarchy.

In his annual report on the condition of affairs in the island of Porto Rico, made public on November 12th, Governor Hunt represented the general situation as hopeful; there is progress and improvement with a strong current in favor of Americanism. It appears, however, that Governor Hunt's optimism is not shared by all the federal office-holders on the island.

It is said that affairs will not take much of an upward turn till the Americans who have business interests in Porto Rico make a point of staying and spending their money there.

spending their money there.

The Porto Rican newspapers have generally derided the resolution introduced into the United States Senate to invite Cuba to become connected with the Union.

The Grand Jury which, in Hawaii, was investigating charges of corruption in connection with the recent election, presented, in November, two reports. The majority decided that the accusations were unfounded, and that the election was conducted practically without fraud. Three native members of the jury dissented and declared that indictable offenses had been committed. The minority members, however, signed both reports.

Ex-Governor Dole says that the American element in the Sandwich Islands is continually falling behind the Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese, and Chinese races.

The rapidity of growth in sugar production in Hawaii is shown by the following figures of production at decennial periods:

																							POUNDS
1873																•							23,129,101
1883																							114,107,155
1893											*												341,871,040
1903														*	*			×				0	840,000,000

According to the annual report of General Davis, it appears that there is no trouble now in the Philippines outside of the Moro country where General Wood has recently conducted an effective campaign—the Moros having violated the first article of the Sulu treaty providing for the recognition of United States sovereignty.

There is to be no reduction at present of the garrison in the Philippines. It will remain at four regiments of cavalry and nine of infantry.

CANADA AND
NEWFOUNDLAND
Government has decided to appeal to Great Britain for treatymaking powers, in accordance with the suggestion of Premier Laurier. What is wanted is

that in all treaties in which Canada is directly interested she shall have the right to negotiate on her own behalf without any interference from the British Government. It is proposed, however, that the King shall have veto power over such treaties after they have been arranged. It is carefully stated that the Dominion has no desire to do aught that will conflict with British interests abroad or with Imperial unity. The Ottawa correspondent of the Boston Transcript says there is not the least doubt that Mr. Laurier, in declaring for increased national autonomy for Canada, is expressing the aspirations of the vast majority of the people.

Mr. Robert Jaffrey, long identified with the ownership and control of the Toronto Globe, says that the sentiment in Ontario is strongly in favor of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals for British protection with preferences to the colonies, but that Canadians will not consent to free trade throughout the Empire. Canada will do what is best for herself, and she makes no plea to England on her own behalf for any change. Respecting relations with the United

States, Mr. Jaffrey says:

The abrogation of reciprocal trade relations by the United States and the enactment of the McKinley Tariff law, followed by the rather more drastic Dingley law, compelled Canada to seek new markets, and, being forced to assert her independence of the United States, she has developed trade in other directions. She is, therefore, less than ever before inclined to sue for reciprocal trade arrangements with the United States. The time was that Canada imported cheese from the United States, while she now exports more cheese to England than the United States. She has made similar advances with other products.

A general election is anticipated, the campaign in the Atlantic provinces having already begun by the nomination of candidates in

many constituencies.

According to the British North America act, a code of laws drawn up at the time of the federation of the Canadian provinces in 1867, a Government at Ottawa can administer the affairs of the country five years without consulting the electors. The present Liberal Government, of which Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is Premier, can remain in office under the laws another year, but it is not customary for a political party in Canada to retain power more than four years without appealing to the people.

The position in the Cabinet from which Hon. A. G. Blair (Minister of Railways and Canals) retired on account of his differences with the Premier touching the Grand Trunk Trans-Continental Railway project, has not been filled, and it is stated that he will probably stand again for Parliament as an independent supporter of Mr. Laurier and may yet be again a member of his Cabinet. The Railway bill will be one of the leading issues of the approach-

ing campaign.

The Conservatives are endeavoring to "make capital" out of the Alaskan Boundary award, claiming that Premier Laurier should not have consented to a "one-sided" tribunal. In Quebec, Mr. Laurier will not have the support

of Mr. Tarte, who left the Cabinet because of dis-

agreement over the tariff question.

The Ottawa University building was destroyed by fire on the morning of December 2d. The loss is estimated at \$250,000.

St. John's, N. F., dispatches have told of extreme destitution in many parts of Labrador in consequence of the shortage of the fishery

Rumor says that President Diaz, of Mexico, contemplates resign-MEXICO ing in favor of José Y. Limantour, the present Minister of Finance. Mr. Limantour has been in this country lately, on

his return from Europe. Questioned regarding present conditions in Mexico, and the outlook, he said that the present prosperity of the country is in no sense a "boom," but the result of wise and conservative plans and undertakings. During the recent heavy slump in prices of securities in the United States and Europe, Mexican securities remained generally firm. The development of Mexico, which has really only begun, is on such a stable basis that American investors need have no hesitation about continuing to place their money in legitimate Mexican enterprises. With the growth of railroads, in which it is not the policy of the country to own a controlling interest, Mexico will more and more be seen

to be a very resourceful land.

Respecting the proposed change in the monetary system of Mexico and other silverusing countries, Secretary Limantour says that much has been done by the recent Monetary Commission from Mexico and the United States, in Europe, to remove prejudices, and that the Mexican Government may be expected to take action during the coming year on the proposed system. The Minister of Finance in China will take definite action with reference to that country in the near Mexico is not likely to introduce the gold standard in such form as it exists in the United States and Europe; that could not be done without ruining interests that have been built up under the protection of a high exchange medium; the object of the Government is, while retaining silver currency, to regulate it in such a manner as to give it a fixed relation to the gold coin of foreign nations.

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An application of American capitalists has been made to the Mexican Government for a concession to build and operate a railway to run from the border of Arizona south and southeast to the city of Guadalajara and probably to the City of Mexico. The new road will be called the Mexican & Pacific Coast line. Its length will be nearly fifteen hundred miles.

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The Yaqui Indians of Sonora have broken out again in one of the bloodiest massacres ever committed by them. They annihilated a Mexican force of fifty soldiers at Rapiero, near Saqui Grande, about the middle of November. A reign of terror was instituted in all the towns of the region.

Guatemala is said to be in a state of more than usual unrest in consequence of the dictatorial methods of President Cabrera. Business is in a bad way; the rate of exchange is somewhere near eighteen to one; and the air is getting full of revolutionary lightning. Guatemala City is in such an unsanitary condition that much sickness exists.

Costa Rica is about the size of Pennsylvania, with a population of about four hundred thousand. It is the most peaceful of the Central American republics. Since the foundation of the republic in 1821 there have been only two outbreaks, and these have been without bloodshed and of not much importance. A dispute that has existed with Colombia respecting the boundary between Costa Rica and Panama will no longer require the attention of the statesmen at Bogota. It is to be hoped that the Costa Ricans and the Isthmians will soon be able to settle the matter.

The West year of 1904 places the estimated receipts at \$18,899,500, being \$16,500,000 from ordinary sources, and \$2,-399,500 from the special taxes in connection with the proposed loan. The expenditures are estimated at \$17,924,013, being \$15,836,-451 from ordinary revenues and \$2,027,562 on account of the loan, leaving a balance of \$975,486, which will be devoted to taking up bonds issued for the \$35,000,000 loan, unless legislation to the contrary is passed.

In the attempt to adjust the claims of the veterans of the Cuban army for back pay, President Palma has been confronted with an enormous increase in the amount of these claims. From ten million dollars it has mounted up to more than fifty millions, and it was said at the beginning of December that it would yet reach seventy-five millions. The committee which was trying to negotiate in

New York a loan of \$35,000,000 for the republic, returned to Havana seeking so to modify the conditions of the loan as to make it acceptable to New York and European financiers, mainly in the direction of increasing the interest from five per cent. to six or seven per cent., or of lowering below the ninety per cent. proposed, the amount for which the bonds were to be placed on the market.

It appears that public sentiment has favored lottery schemes as a means of paying the veterans' claims. A lottery bill which passed the Senate caused a sharp contest in the House. President Palma declared that should the lottery become established by law, the republic would become corrupt and debilitated.

It was reported from Havana in mid-November that a strike of all the retail liquor dealers and manufacturers as a protest against the new stamp tax law for the \$35,000,000 loan proved a failure. The ranks were soon broken and the buying of the stamps began.

A land tax bill has been introduced into the Senate. The bill provides that a tax of three dollars a year be placed on every thirty-three and one-third acres of land, which is not under cultivation within the next three years.

the next three years.

The Cuban Congress has passed unanimously a resolution providing for a gift of \$50,000 to General Maximo Gomez as a testimonial of gratitude to the man who led the liberating army. General Gomez is said to be poor and in broken health.

Daily trains now run from Havana to Santiago a distance of 542 miles. They are scheduled to reach Santiago in twenty-five hours.

The dove of peace in Santo Domingo is a shy bird. It no sooner alights than away it flies once more. Chronicling the end of the recent rebellion against the Wos y Gil Government in the triumph of the revolutionists on November 24, we had scarcely written that such peace as a Dominican may know once more broods over the land than the dispatches announced a new uprising.

The rebellion against the rule of Wos y Gil brought ex-President Jiminez back from Porto Rico, where he had been for some months awaiting developments. By the tenth of November the capital was under siege by the insurgents. A few days later Jiminez was at their head and the city was hard pressed. The warships of the United States and other foreign powers were near the scene of action.

On the 22d, President Wos y Gil, through the mediumship of the United States, the Belgian, the Haytian, and the Spanish representatives, endeavored to make terms with the rebels, but the latter were in an unconditional surrender state of mind. Articles of capitulation were signed on the 24th. President Gil and his Ministers took refuge on board a German warship and the insurgents entered the city. Efforts had previously been made by both contesting parties in the struggle to gain recognition and assistance from the United States, but this country, acting through Minister Powell, declined to accede to overtures from either side.

On the 26th, Minister Powell sent word to Washington that the revolution was at an end, that Wos y Gil and his Cabinet were to sail for Cuba, that the revolutionary party guaranteed order and safety for all persons, and that the election for a new President would take place in three months. But on December 3d, the word reached Washington that a new revolution had begun even before the Provisional Government had been able to solidify itself into some recognizable form. See reference to Santo Domingo in the article on North American Relations in the Department of International Affairs.

The unhappy condition presented south america by faction-torn and war-devastated Colombia heretofore is now rendered still more lugubrious by the loss of Panama, including all the possibilities clustered about the famous canal route. The situation is set forth in the department for International Affairs.

In Venezuela, the Castro Government has to deal with a population whose discontent is aggravated by the heavy burdens falling upon the republic in consequence of the recent international imbroglio and the sums of money, truly large in view of Venezuela's financial resources, which must be paid, somehow and at some time, to the powerful claimants.

The policy of the Government is suggested by the saying, as quoted, of President Castro's representative at Ciudad Bolivar some time since: "Germany and the other foreign powers obliged the Venezuelan Government to pay millions. Now it is Venezuela

who forces the Germans and other foreigners to reimburse her."

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Ecuador wishes to dispose of the Galapagos Islands. They lie in the Pacific Ocean, west of Ecuador and about eight hundred miles southwest of the Isthmus of Panama. The Ecuadorian Government believes that the hour is propitious to effect the sale of the islands to a syndicate backed by some great nation.

At one time Ecuador was on the point of making a treaty with the United States for the transfer of the islands to this country, but broke off the negotiations under the excuse that the premature publication of the fact that the treaty was being negotiated prevented her from proceeding further. A report, lacking confirmation, has said that she has been trying to negotiate with a European power.

Bolivia, "the Garden of South America," has a poulation of something over two millions. It is now under a liberal Government, and after many years of stagnation under reactionary rule it is making progress.

There are about five hundred miles of narrow gauge railway in the country, extending inward from the coast and used for the importation of foreign goods and the exporting of minerals from a few mines. A Franco-Belgian company has obtained concessions including over fifty thousand miles of rich forest land, and has undertaken the construction of a railway from the River Paraguay westward to the city of Santa Cruz, with projected extensions. Other lines are either building or projected, and in time millions of acres of some of the finest sugar-producing land in the world will become utilized. Some of the greatest and best grape-producing valleys in the world are also in Bolivia.

Affairs in Europe

GREAT BRITAIN paign for a partial protectionism and preferential rates to the colonies continues to make about all the music coming to the listening ear from "Merrie England." "So perplexed and chaotic a condition of English political life," remarks Justin McCarthy, "has not excited the curious wonder of the world before during my recollection of Parliamentary events."

Mr. Chamberlain has twice rent his political party—once by secession on the Home Rule question, and now by his virtual abandonment of the free trade policy—and his superior powers of debate were never more brilliantly manifest than they are to-day. The serious split, however, which at one time appeared inevitable in the Unionist party has apparently been averted, and we now hear declarations that well nigh the entire force of the Conservatives, with the immense prestige and

material resources of the party, is to be devoted to making the British Empire a "self-sufficing economic system." There are Conservative leaders (or those who were such) who still declare passionately, in the language of Lord Hugh Cecil, that if the Conservatives go in for protection-"down the path of dishonor to Imperial ruin"-they will have nothing to do with such an "apostate party," and there are others who speak less strongly, but appear none the less determined; nevertheless, so powerful are the arguments of the Birmingham manufacturer, or so captivating his oratory, that we were told confidently in London dispatches at the end of November, that the prevailing opinion in England now is that Mr. Chamberlain told the truth in a speech on the 20th, when he said: "The unrestricted free imports policy of this country for the past fifty years is doomed."

Unless we are deceived by plenteous affirma-

tion on the part of those who echo and re-echo the notes of the Chamberlain bugle, Great Britain is on the threshold of a great fiscal reform. Fully convinced that the time has come when the mother country should show them commercial favors, the British colonies are cheering for Chamberlainism. But that the colonies are thinking that it is less blessed to give, than to receive, is suggested by the fact that while Mr. Chamberlain, in his Glasgow speech, told his audience that Canada would consent to leave certain kinds of manufacturing to Great Britain if his proposals were put into operation, that assertion was omitted from the subsequent authorized report of his speech. After making it he must have been "vigorously assured," says the Montreal Witness, that what he said was "not so." In this connection, by the way, the same paper remarks that "Mr. Chamberlain's policy put into practice will simply mean protection to Great Britain, and such a policy, we cannot help thinking, when her peculiar dependence upon imports is taken into consideration, must injure her, perhaps, irreparably."

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Well nigh the entire Liberal party, as well as many Conservatives, are working might and main to defeat Chamberlainism. Addressing an immense audience in London on November 25th, Lord Rosebery referred to the declarations of Mr. Chamberlain that the trade of Great Britain, under the practice of free trade of offeat Britain, under the practice of free trade, is running to ruin as the lamentations of "a modern Jeremiah" whose assertions, however, are refuted by the facts. He said that unless the fiscal question is soon and finally settled the dissolution of Parliament cannot be long delayed. He believes that the first result of the proposed policy 'would be to plunge Great Britain into bitter fiscal warfare with our cousins in the United States, as the result of which Great Britain would lose everything and gain nothing. It would mean a practical severance far more deplorable than a fiscal severance and would blight the fairest hopes of the two nations." Sir William Harcourt contends that free trade has been accepted by both political parties in England for two generations and ought to have remained a closed question. The jumble of opinions and contentions throughout the country over this critical issue is confusing to the last degree and prompts gloomy anticipations.

The chief point of difference between Mr. Chamberlain and Premier Balfour is succintly put as follows: The former says: "It is intended to give preference to the colonies whose chief exports are articles of food. It will, therefore, be necessary to put a duty on food." Mr. Balfour, however, says that though the evils of taxation of food have been exaggerated beyond what reason and logic justify, still public opinion is not yet ripe for the taxation Therefore, as an adviser of a great party, he feels bound to say plainly that such taxation is outside the limits of practical politics.

Ireland is likely to play an important part in the impending fiscal contest. This contest

will probably divide the Unionist majority in the House of Commons, and the seventy Irish members are not unlikely to hold the balance of power. It has been remarked that it would be one of the fine ironies of political life if it should come to pass that Ireland, accomplishing its heart's desire in the matter of Home Rule, should obtain it by the hand of Mr. Chamberlain. "Chamberlain's necessity is Ireland's opportunity." Disputes exist over the recent Land Act. The purchase terms are troubling Ireland.

It was announced early in November that Mr. William O'Brien (Irish Nationalist) had decided to resign his seat in Parliament, complaining that efforts are made in many quarters to "thwart the policy recommended by the national directory for the purpose of extracting the largest possible benefit for the Irish tenantry under the new land act." He says in this connection that he himself has been pursued by many interests "with a ferocity and a hatred beyond that incurred by any Irishman of this generation."

The following matters are briefly noted:

King Edward completed the sixty-second year of his age on November 9th. The opinion seems extending that he is one of the most skilful of diploma-tists and wisest of statesmen. The fifty-ninth birthday of Queen Alexandra was observed on

Considerable transformation has already been effected in front of Buckingham Palace by the preparations for the National Memorial to Queen Victoria. The fundamental idea of the Memorial involves a screen of low columns between the new monument and the Palace, and a semi-circular screen with a radius of about four hundred feet between the monument and St. James's Park.

The Bethesda, North Wales, quarry strike—the longest in the history of English labor troubles, having lasted three years-has at length been settled by the surrender of the union men.

The German population of London is now said to

be as large as that of the city of Bonn or of Heidel-

The British House of Lords has decided that qualified lawyers in that country.

Some concern is expressed over the fact that Burns' Auld Brig o' Ayre is in danger of collapsing.

The Paris Figaro recently made FRANCE a sensation by declaring that Premier Combes would soon resign. The establishment of cordial relations with England, the rapprochement with Italy, and the general prosperity of the country tend to strengthen and make stable the Government, but divisions among its supporters (together with possible differences of opinion in the Cabinet itself) over the strenuous campaign against the religious orders, tend to furnish a new illustration of the

saying, that a house divided against itself cannot stand.

It is not an easy thing, in a country like France, to conduct successfully a vigorous movement for the secularization of the schools. The break in the ranks of the Government is rendered more serious by the course of the late Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, who supports a moderate scheme that weakens the influence of Premier Combes. Moreover, there is said to be danger of the Socialists not supporting the Government in pending economic measures. The difficulties of the Ministry are increased by protests of workingmen's meetings against some of its plans. And, finally, opposition to the recognition of the new Republic of Panama is being used as a political weapon against the Combes Government.

At a crowded session of the Senate on November 13th, Premier Combes made declarations of new measures by the Government against teaching by members of the religious orders. On the 24th, a motion in the Deputies to suppress the French Embassy at the Vatican was defeated by a vote of 324 to 231. M. Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, maintained that while the Concordat stood, the Embassy was necessary to carry on relations with the Vatican.

The recent labor riots in Paris have been said by eye-witnesses to equal in severity, if not in extent, the disturbances in the days of the Commune. It is likely to be some time before the present tangle between unions, police, and Government is straight-

The Government appears inclined to reopen the Dreyfus case. It is said to have been found that various witnesses testified falsely before the court which tried Dreyfus. His appeal for a new trial has many supporters. He has been living quietly in Paris, deriving a considerable income from the sale of his book.

The army matters are a constant source of trouble, real and anticipated. The head of the army is conservative, aristocratic and Catholic, while the body is in the main radical, democratic and at best religiously indifferent. Hence a genuine contempt of officers for privates and a generous hatred of soldiers for their chiefs, some of whom have come to understand the purpose of their monastic friends.

M. Gaston Redon, the architect in charge of the Palace of the Louvre, has unearthed a basement underlying the portions of the building constructed during the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XIV. Its existence had been lost sight of for a long time.

The democratic tendencies of the GERMANY middle classes of Germany are deep and strong. Their repre-sentatives are preaching and fighting for reforms in the Constitution, which would make Germany less monarchical and the people a freer people. Trials for lèse majesté (criticisms of the Emperor) are said to be to-day more numerous than ever before, and

the liberal and radical press of the country is of the opinion that the prosecutions "will afford material for the Social-Democratic party to grow strong upon." The Government takes this particular crime far too seriously and is unable to agree with the Vossische Zeitung of Berlin that "the best way to combat lèse majesté is to laugh at it." The Socialist party is strong because it represents the people. The Socialists are practically the laboring masses, and in this age of the world a central Government can scarcely afford to set itself too strongly against the vor populi. Whatever it may portend for the future, the man in the street to-day is greater power than ever before in the history of the world.

The indications are reported to show that the poorer classes of Berlin are rapidly deserting Liberalism for Socialism. Partial elections for members of the municipal council on November 27th, resulted

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in large Socialist gains.

The Imperial Budget bill for 1904 shows considerable increase in the estimates of customs and excise duties over the estimates for 1903. The naval estimates for permanent expenditure show an in-The naval crease of six and a half million marks. The revenues are estimated at \$20,303,715 below the expenditures, of which the various states undertake an aggregate of \$5,928,715, the balance of \$11,-900,000 remaining as a deficit.

A conference of representatives of the German states recently met in Berlin for the purpose, chiefly, of devising means to prevent further imposition of assessed contributions from the states to the Imperial treasury. Some of the smaller states especially, feel unable to pay. The Clerical party, through its leaders, declares against having the taxation for the support of the army and navy fall on the masses through indirect taxation instead of upon the rich through the income tax.

The policy of breaking down barriers between the German states and welding them together in the interests of Imperial unity and the support of the central Government, finds opposition in many localities. This opposition has lately been seen in discussions in the Bayarian Chamber.

Efforts to secure the settlement of representatives of German interests in the Polish provinces of Prussia (Posen, East Prussia, and West Prussia) are reported to accomplish comparatively inconsider-The Polish element of those provinces able results.

increases rapidly, despite emigration.

The Kaiser has had to endure the operation of the removal of a polypus from his throat. Though re-ported to be recovering from the effects of the operation, he did not open the session of the Reichs-

tag, which assembled on December 3d.

The Government keeps an eye on the defenses of Alsace-Lorraine. It has begun the construction of

additional works around the city of Metz. The object is said to be "to keep out French spies."

The temperance movement in Germany shows vigor, but "not instant success." Yet the evils consequent upon the drink habit are receiving more and more attention by representative Germans of all classes.

Divorce proceedings have been instituted at

Dresden by Princess Alice of Schoenburg-Waldenburg against her husband, Prince Frederick. Accusations of elopement made against her now appear to have been without warrant.

Of the seven and a half million Jews in the world, Germany now shelters something over half a

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The Teutonizing of the Danes of North Schleswig goes steadily on, though the people still desire to retain their native characteristics. It is said that Germany is eradicating the Danish language from the duchy. It is now forty years since the people there passed under Prussian sway.

Labor riots, Jewish persecution, RUSSIA the iron hand in Finland and Poland-these are the regular "The people scowl," says a Russian topics. Russian nobleman, as reported by the Vienna correspondent of the London Times, "and are no longer respectful; many have lost their religion, and nearly all seem to be filled with the revolutionary spirit." Apprehensions are expressed that persecution of the Jews will be followed by violence against the Germans, who are hated in Russia, and that in the end the Russian nobility will have to suffer. The November dispatches contained accounts of violent and bloody troubles in all the provinces of Armenia—the consequence, chiefly, of the decree by which the property of the Armenian Church is confiscated by the Government. The policy of Russification in Armenia, Finland and Poland is producing acute revolutionary symptoms. The general growth of discontent with the arbitrary bureaucratic methods now in vogue has compelled the Czar to appoint seventy-nine new public prosecutors to strengthen that department of the Ministry of Justice which deals with political offenses. Statistics given for the past twelve years show that in the last five years the number of political prisoners sentenced has increased more than threefold.

The result of the inquiry instituted by the Czar into the cause of the increase of the moujiks (peasants) has been published. It is a supplement to the Czar's famous manifesto on civil and religious rights. It recommends education as the first need. It states that the pending revision of the laws should provide for a fuller and more equal recognition of the individual. Until the peasant obtains recognition as an individual, it is useless to try to foster his material welfare or combat the decline in Rus-

sian agriculture, says the report.
Russia, Roumania, and Servia are at the bottom of the list in illiteracy, eighty per cent. of the population in these countries being unable to read or

write.

At Darmstadt, recently, the Czar received a memorial from a committee of expelled Finns who affirmed that the declaration of Minister von Plehve is untrue that the Finns are beginning to

have confidence in the new system of government. They told the Czar that he is being deceived as to the real situation.

About three thousand witnesses and fifty lawyers appeared at the trial, which opened at St. Petersburg on November 17th, of the persons arrested on the charge of participation in the massacre of Jews

at Kishineff last April.

Regarding a statement cabled from Berlin on December 1st, that American Jews are no longer permitted to cross the Russian frontier without a special permit in each case from M. von Plehve, the Russian interior minister, the authorities at St. Petersburg say that no new rules have been issued. All foreigners are required to have their passports viséd by Russian consular or diplomatic agents abroad, and except certain privileged classes, Jews of all nationalities are declined visés, in accordance with a policy of long standing.

The House of Hapsburg owes its AUSTRIAindependent existence to the HUNGARY fact that it can, on the pressure of imminent need, put two millions of soldiers in the field. The Emperor has, not without good reason, been disinclined to yield to demands that would in any way work weakness to the chief support of the Empire in any possible exigency. But the Hungarians are hard to be withstood. It has been said, with much appearance of truth, that in the Dual Monarchy the Hungarians possess seventy per cent. of the power (though paying only thirty per cent. of the expenses of the Empire). Of the 102 regiments in the common Imperial army, forty-seven are Hungarian. Francis Joseph has yielded to all the demands made by Hungarian officers, except the use of Hungarian as a language of command. His recent selection of Count Tisza, as Hungarian Premier, was not pleasing to the Hungarian public, which looks upon Count Apponyi as the proper man to realize the new millitary program. Stormy scenes are frequent in the Diet at Budapest. There came near being a free fight on November 26th.

Count Apponyi is the leader of the Hungarian Liberals, and the real instigator of the army-reform movement. Kossuth, the leader of the obstructionists, desires parliamentary reform and universal suffrage. It is generally believed that a dissolution of Parliament is not far off. In the electoral struggle, the issue before the country would lie between the partizans of the compromise of 1867 and the partizans of a union between the two states of the Dual Monarchy merely in the person of the monarch.

On the last day of November, Premier Tisza stated in the Hungarian Diet that the suffrage question would very soon be brought before the

The Austrian Supreme Court has decided that marriage between parties one of whom is of no particular creed and the other a Christian, is invalid. Marriages between Jews and Christians are also prohibited.

The Italian Minister of Finance,
Signor Rosano, committed suicide on November 8th, and the
event so affected the political situation that
the new Premier, Signor Giolitti, wished to
resign, but the King, being about to visit
England, would not consent to a Cabinet crisis.

At the opening of Parliament on December 1st, Premier Giolitti said that the Government would continue the policy of liberty which was begun when he was Minister of the Interior, and would make social, economic and financial reforms. The negotiations for the renewal of commercial treaties with Austria-Hungary, Germany and Switzerland would be on the basis of advantages for Italian agriculture. The rate of interest on government bonds would be immediately reduced, which would result in a gain of \$1,200,000 yearly. The government was preparing for a similar reduction in the rate of interest of the 5 per cent. State bonds, which would effect a saving of \$8,000,000.

It is stated that party intrigues which have been vigorously carried on ever since the fall of the Campanile of St. Mark's have thus far prevented anything from being done toward rebuilding the famous tower.

It is not surprising that, in the country which gave birth to Marconi, electrical appliances are

making rapid progress.

Africa.

Her inventors are gradually utilizing the immense hydraulic forces in Italy, and liberating the nation from the heavy price paid to England for coal. "White coal," they call the electricity derived from the mountain streams in the Alps and the Apennines, which will in time yield enormous wealth. The number of useful falls in Italy is 34,837—only about one-fourth of which are as yet converted to industrial purposes.

On the first of December the phenomenon known as "the rain of blood" was observed near Salerno. This discoloration of rain-drops is due to the presence of fine grains of sand blown through the air from the Sahara in

Another Cabinet crisis has oc-

MISCELLANEOUS curred in unsettled Spain. On December 4th, Premier Villaverde tendered his resignation in consequence of Republican opposition to the budget bill. Violent personal altercations preceded the downfall of the Cabinet. During the November municipal elections, rioting occurred in many towns. Some lives were lost. The strike situation remains generally unsettled.

Objections have been raised to the consort selected for the young King. The Princess Louise of Orleans is a granddaughter of the late Duke of

Montpensier, who was hated throughout Spain for his vices and his ingratitude toward his wife's eldest sister, Queen Isabella. The Princess is several years older than King Alfonso.

In the recent Belgian communal elections the Socialists suffered greatly, their seats being generally handed over to the Conservative or Catholic party.

The reason appears to be that ever since the abortive strike last year, a reaction against the Socialist leaders has been spreading through the country. The laborers do not appear to be satisfied with leaders who cannot secure what they promise. Many Belgian workmen are saying that Socialist doctrines are good to hear but bad to practice.

A recent Brussels dispatch stated that King Leopold will visit the United States the coming spring.

The fortieth anniversary of King Christian's accession to the throne of Denmark was celebrated on November 15th by the Government's submission to the Legislature of a bill providing for the rebuilding of Christiansborg Castle, the old residence of the rulers of Denmark, at Copenhagen, which was burned down in 1884.

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The act has been passed by the Althing providing for changes in the administration of Iceland which tend to concentrate the various Government departments at the island's capital. This means, in one way and another, more home rule for Iceland.

The new Norwegian Cabinet has the distinction of being the first Cabinet in which a strong majority of the members represent the Right or Monarchical party.

The Left or Anti-Monarchical party is taking its defeat with not very good grace. The Socialist press declares that while some are trying to make it out that the Cabinet is composed of both Conservatives and Radicals, they are all of the same wool, patent Conservatives, who will fight for the chief point of the programme, viz., the suppression of the Socialists.

An interesting report is that a revolution is being wrought in the social ideas of the Turk by the agency of the French novel. Moreover, it is declared by writers that Mohammedans are growing weak in the faith. "Islam has spent much of its original force, because doubt as to its divine origin has entered into the hearts of its ablest members."

Revolutionary movements are reported in the province of Erzerum, Asia Minor, among the Armenians. Martial law has been proclaimed in the district of Hasan Kala. The Kurds are being rearmed by the Turks in various localities. Under Turkish consent, explorations are being pushed by Americans and Germans in the Babylonia region. The Porte has authorized the establishment of a Protestant cemetery in the village of Tour, Jerusalem—a satisfactory adjustment, according to

United States Minister Leishman at Constantinople, of what is known as "the Jerusalem cemetery case."

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King George of Greece, whose abdication has long been anticipated on the ground of ill health, is now said to have fully recovered his strength and vigor. He is the son of the King of Denmark and is now in his sixtieth year.

On November 15th, Prince Ferdinand opened the new Sobranje at Sofia, and was cheered heartily within and without the Chamber. He declared the purpose of the Government to maintain the good relations existing with its great liberator, Russia, and with all other powers, particularly the Balkan States.

King Peter of Servia is studiously engaged in the work of maintaining good relations both with the elements that compassed the murder of the late King and Queen and those which demand the punishment of the conspirators.

By the elevation to the command of the largest division of the Servian army of Colonel Machin, who was the recognized leader of the conspiracy against Alexander and Draga, he has shown either sympathy with the murderers or fear lest he himself fall as Alexander fell. He occupies an unstable throne.

The Servian Government is making efforts to secure a loan of \$20,000,000 to be used principally for the modern equipment of the army.

Affairs in Asia and Oceanica

ASIATIC RUSSIA has lately been attested by a company of about a score of American prospectors, who state that they found good colors in practically every creek examined.

The Trans-Siberian Railway is believed by some British optimists to be one of the factors that operate to prevent war in the Far East. The agents of the road, in London, are booking passengers for Dalny—a distance of 7,253 miles—in sixteen and one-half days, and for Shanghai or Japan in eighteen days. The road has put Russia in comparatively quick communication with the Pacific coast, and makes many things possible that were utterly impossible a decade ago.

It was in May, 1891, that the first sod was upturned at Vladivostok. To-day there are only two missing links—each a short one—in the stupendous chain of railway communication between Western Europe and Peking. One is the semicircular belt around the southern end of Lake Baikal, near Irkutsk, and the other is the bridge across the Liao-Ho, on the English line from Manchuria to the Chinese capital. It is said that when these links are supplied, the time between London and either Dalny or Peking will be reduced to something over thirteen days. The train de luxe which now runs from Moscow to Irkutsk, a distance of 3,400 miles, is described as one of the most sumptuous trains to be seen outside of the United States or Canada.

Dalny is the quarter of Port Arthur and the real terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. It is destined to become an important commercial

The Trans-Siberian Railway is opening up and settling Western Siberia in a marvelous manner. Hundreds of thousands of peasants are annually migrating from the overcrowded villages of European Russia to the virgin plains beyond the Urals, induced by Government grants.

International questions involving Japan now occupy so much attention that but little gets reported concerning the internal affairs of the Island Empire. An interesting article has lately appeared by Mr. Arthur May Knapp, who has passed the last eight years in Japan, in which a discriminating and apparently just defense is made of the Japanese against the charge of prevailing craftiness, deceit and dishonesty.

In sober truth, says Mr. Knapp, the whole secret of the outcry against the commercial dishonesty of the Japanese to-day lies in the fact that the race of rascals which, as a class, grew up under the old conditions have flocked to the open ports, have there learned all the foreign tricks of trade, and have proved the aptest of pupils in whatever lines of dishonesty the Occidentals are proficient. While the foreign merchants have, in the main, been shining examples of commercial probity, these bantos, or middlemen, who are the curse of Japan, true to their early education, have taken for their guides those of their own ilk.

In feudal times in Japan, a period ended only forty years ago, the merchant was held at the bottom of the social scale. The really wonderful thing in the development of mercantile energy and business capacity among the Japanese is that such development has been made under the most severe moral and social discouragements. Mr. Knapp affirms that the Japanese, in all matters of what we are accustomed to call common honesty, are to-day "pre-eminent among the nations." A conspicuous example of the temper of the people in regard to official life (respecting which they are in striking contrast with the Chinese) is seen in the fate of the late Hoshi Toru, a former minister at Washington. "While in office there he imbibed a strong liking for the winning ways of the American political boss, and on his return to Japan set himself up as such, introducing into his party all the wiles of the new trade, and, as the virtual Mayor of Tokio, making that city

a veritable sink of corruption. His career, however, lasted only a few months, being speedily cut short by the sword of a Samurai assassin who is to-day, although he is behind prison bars, worshiped as a saint and deliverer by the whole Japanese people. Hoshi was immediately succeeded in office by Baron Kaneko, a Harvard graduate, who cleansed municipal politics with such effect as to win for himself the name of the Mayor Low of Japan."

A Japanese medical student was arrested at Yokohama on December 1st, on suspicion of an attempt upon the life of Marquis Ito.

It is said that Japan favors the adoption of the gold standard by China.

A new railway is announced in China, which will be an important section of the system that, in time, will open North Central China to the trade of the world. The International Eastern Company has contracted for it in the Province of Honan, to extend from Kaifengfu, the capital of the province, to Honanfu in the north, with a probable subsequent extension to Sianfu. The latter place is the capital of the Province of Shensi, and is situated in the midst of vast wheat fields and at the convergence of trade routes in all directions.

The first railway opened in China was a small line terminating at Shanghai, in 1876. It was subsequently taken up. The next road began in a small line for conveying coal from the Kaiping mines to the Petang River. It has been extended into the present system, under British control, some three hundred miles in length. It is known as the North China road, and it extends to Peking, Paoting-fu and Chinting in one direction, and by way of Tientsin and Tangku (near the Taku forts at the mouth of the Peiho River) to Kaiping and thence beyond Shanhaikuan to Chinchow and Newchwang, comprising, in its entire length, five hundred and fifty miles. The Pehan Railway (under Belgian control) runs from Peking southward to Hankaua distance of seven hundred miles. It is still incomplete. Two sections of a German line in Shantung have been constructed. The world has been repeatedly assured that the British are on the point of developing their railway enterprises in China, for which concessions have been for years secured. The Hankau-Canton line, undertaken by the China Development Company (British and American), is said to be approaching completion. It was announced about a year ago that an agreement for the construction of the Shanghai-Nanking road had been signed. That will be an important road for British interests. Some months ago it was reported that the British had projected a line connecting Chengtu, the capital of the western Province of Szechuan, with Hankau, and that a company in which Belgian capitalists were interested had proposed a road over the same general route.

In an article appearing not long since, the Chinese Minister to Washington, Sir Shentung Liang-Cheng, referring to American operations in China, said:

In a number of cities of the empire, Western mills and factories are being established. The American merchants are beginning to seize these opportunities. American insurance companies are finding a generous support, and there is a loud call for American banks. American flour, American cotton goods and American kerosene are commanding an increasing market. American canned goods, lamps and candles are growing in popularity, while American farming implements and sewing machines have made the entering wedge into a trade which may in time assume gigantic proportions. The friendly attitude of America throughout and following the Boxer trouble is appreciated by China, and there can never be a better opportunity than the present to build up strong commercial relations between the two countries.

Tibet is tributary to China, the government being to some extent in the hands of the Buddhist priesthood, at the head of which is the Dalailama. Chinese soldiers are in all the chief towns, Chinese generals having the control of the army and the direction of the most important secular affairs. Tibet is the only country remaining in Asia from which travelers are generally excluded. About four months ago the eminent British explorer, Colonel Younghusband, was dispatched by the India Government to meet representatives of the Dalailama for conference concerning means for removing hindrances to trade between Tibet and India, and for overcoming what the British view as the unfriendly attitude of the Tibetans. Near the Tibetan border the Grand Llama notified Colonel Younghusband that he must withdraw his military escort before he could be received. This, however, he declined to do. Events intensified the suspicion with which all Tibetans regard foreigners. Colonel Younghusband was recalled to India, and by the middle of November a military expedition under Colonel MacDonald was reported as advancing toward the Tibetan capital. Lhassa.

The attempt to open "Lhassa the mysterious" to the eyes of the world is expected to be opposed vi et armis by the Llama, but it is held that its isolation must ere long end, for Tibet has become a pawn in the great game which Britain and Russia are playing in Asia.

A London dispatch, of November 30th, denied that the Government has any intention of pushing an expedition through to Lhassa; or even of occupying permanently Gyangtse, 150 miles from Lhassa, which is the second most important town in Tibet. There appears, however, to be an understanding between Great Britain and China to hold Tibet against Russia should occasion arise.

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The difficulties of dealing with

MISCELLANEOUS the plague in India are apparently so insuperable that it is

said "the British Government has resigned

said "the British Government has resigned itself to allowing the fell disease to run its course unchecked. Isolation, segregation and inoculation have been in turn tried, without success, and have merely served to arouse the discontent of the natives, and to damage the prestige of the Government, by demonstrating its powerlessness to enforce its commands." The recent journey of Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, to the Persian Gulf, appears to have excited distrust among Russian officials. He is thought to have been looking after British commercial advantages.

The Federal High Court of the Commonwealth of Australia, the prototype of which is the Supreme Court of the United States, has now come into active existence and adds another to the great tribunals of the world. The three justices who compose the Court are: Chief Justice, Sir Samuel Walker Griffith, G.C.M.G.; Senior Puisne Judge, Right Hon. Sir Edmund Barton, P.C., G.C.M.G., Ex-Premier of the Commonwealth; Second

Puisne Judge, Hon. Richard Edward O'Connor.

The second Federal election, held in December, occurs unfortunately at a time of acute general industrial depression in Australia. Since its birth, three years ago, the Commonwealth has suffered grievously from drought; the building of railroads and irrigation works has practically ceased, large numbers of the people are without employment and in suffering, and emigration exceeds immigration. It is said that most of the emigrants are going to South Africa, Canada, the United States and Argentina.

Premier Deakin, who advocates a preferential trade for "a white Australia," has endeavored to make Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's imperial tariff idea, with Australian variations, the issue of the present political campaign.

New Zealand has given evidence of attachment to the cause of British imperial unity by the enactment of the Naval Agreement bill. A preferential trade bill, based on the lines of the Canadian tariff, has passed both houses of the Legislature.

It provides that after next March there shall be a surcharge of from twenty to fifty per cent. on certain imports when they are not British. It abolishes the duty on British tea, and imposes a duty of twenty per cent. on foreign tea. The bill also provides for reciprocal agreements with foreign countries.

Affairs in Africa

From being, a quarter of a century ago, on the verge of financial ruin, Egypt now has a revenue which increases in spite of decreased taxation, and which secures a regular credit balance. In this reformation, in which British administrators have taken a leading part, the management and extension of great irrigation works, on which the agriculture of the country depends, have been an important factor.

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The main points in the irrigation problem relate to the quantity of water required, the flow of the Nile, and the varying differences in level of the river and land. The summer crops require about 945 cubic feet of water per acre each day, or about a quarter of an inch spread over the whole area. The great dam at Assuan was begun in 1898 and completed in 1902. It was constructed to regulate the flow of the Nile, the discharge of which at low water was insufficient, while the flood discharge was more than enough. For obtaining an economical system of raising the water from the river into the large irrigation canals, and for its equable distribution, numerous regulators or barrages have been built, the principal of which are those at the Delta, at Zifta, and at Assiout. The first of these, about fifteen miles below Cairo, is the earliest modern irrigation work of any importance. That at Zifta has been only recently completed, at a cost of over a million dollars, The Assiout barrage is the principal regulator for Upper Egypt. It was included in the contract for the Assuan Dam and was completed in 1902.

Besides the regulators, escapes, and syphons to be found on all the larger canals, there are pumping engines dotted all over the country, from the primitive "shadoof" to the latest centrifugal pump. An article in "Longman's Magazine," from which the foregoing facts have been derived, concludes by justly saying that if British rule should cease in Egypt to-morrow the country would be the lasting gainer by its sway during the past twenty years.

According to reports, at the end of November a new Mahdi, or "Mad Mullah," is making trouble in the Sudan. Some troops have been dispatched against him under command of Col. B. T. Mahon, military commander of the Kordofan region. Mahon served with distinction in the Boer war. He was previously with Kitchener in the Dongola and Nile campaigns.

Persons interested in African affairs are waiting to hear more of a plan said to have interested in it Booker T. Washington, President Roosevelt, and others, to plant a colony of American negroes in the Sudan, who shall reclaim land along the head waters of the Nile.

Mr. W. N. McMillan, of St. Louis, Mo., who recently failed in an attempt to explore the course of the Blue Nile, has completed arrangements for another expedition. His party expects to be absent seven months. They will embark in launches at Khartum and proceed to the farthest navigable point.

The successes of the Bond or Borrish Africa Boer party, in the recent Parliamentary election in Cape Colony,

accord with reports that do not augur well for peaceful conditions in South Africa, Mr. Edgar Mels, formerly editor of the Johannesburg Daily News, describes the country as "once more in the throes of a revolution, this time likely to be far more serious than the He says that nearly one-half of the Afrikanders, English-born residents, are siding with the Bond, the steadfast aim of which is the creation of an entirely independent United States of South Africa. The desire is to be entirely free from British supervision. It is contended that the country's salvation depends upon the unification of the various particles now dotting the South African map under one autonomous central government.

There are three political parties, known as the Progressives, the South African party, and the Moderates or Middle party. Prior to the Jamieson raid in 1895-6, there were sections rather than parties. The Bond represented mainly the Dutch farmers, and the Progressives represented mainly the English. Between them there were no such marked differences as have since developed. After the Jamieson raid, the Progressives were those who followed Cecil Rhodes and believed in the necessity of the war. They held that South African affairs should largely be under British control. The present Progressives differ somewhat from their predecessors; they are said to hold a policy like that of the loyalists in Canada sixty-five years ago; they are prepared to submit to Crown Colony government on condition that the Dutch are subordinated to themselves. The Bond became the nucleus of the South African party, which did not believe in the necessity of the war and which holds that South Africa should be managed by South Africans. party to-day is said to be composed mostly of those who regard South Africa as their permanent home, while the Progressive party is composed almost wholly of new-comers and temporary residents. The latter is described as representing mainly the towns, while the former represents the country in general. The South African party protests against the management of affairs by non-permanent inhabitants. It is this party which is opposed to Asiatic immigration, declaring that the Progressives are willing to see the agricultural population crushed in the interests of merchants and financiers. writer in the "Contemporary Review": "The ideal of the South African party is the evolution of South Africa as a great country; that of the Progressive party is the immediate establishment of conditions which, whether consistent or not with the permanent interests of the country, will be in the immediate interests of the present inhabitants of the towns." During the Boer war, the Moderates were in loyal but uncomfortable association with the Progressives as regards the general question of the war, though the reasons which actuated these two parties were very different; Tafter the war, the Moderates formed an independent opinion as to the policy which ought to be pursued in the interests

of South Africa and the British Empire. On the whole, they are working along with the South African party, but they hold that the country should, while enjoying perfect freedom for development, remain contentedly under the British flag.

The Bond controlled the majority in the late Parliament, chosen in 1898. This fact obliged Premier Sprigg, though denounced by indignant loyalists, to work with the most conservative men of the Bond party, in order to carry legislative propositions into effect. He had a very difficult office to fill. And, according to present indications, the Progressive pathway does not appear likely to

become less difficult.

The publications of the Labor Commission's report indicate that the shortage of the labor supply is more alarming than many had supposed, and a strong impetus has been given to the movement for the importation of Chinese coolies. At this writing, according to reports, a consignment of coolies has been shipped from China and is expected to reach the African coast near the end of December. According to those who take counsel of their fears, once the tide of Chinese emigration is started in the direction of the Dark Continent, nothing will be able to stem it. An interesting report, however, came from London on December 1st, to the effect that the Chinese Government had prohibited the recruiting of laborers for South Africa in any part of China. This decision, says the Morning Post, is due mainly to legislation by the Dominion of Canada excluding the Chinese from Canadian territory.

The rebellion among the HottenGERMAN AFRICA tots of German Southwest Africa
directs attention to a territory
seldom heard of. It was in 1883 that Prince
Bismarck declared a German protectorate
over the whole territory between Cape Colony
and Portuguese West Africa. The German
flag was hoisted at Angra Pequena the following year. The Hottentots, one of the various
tribes in the land, subsequently fought the
Germans with much skill, finally surrendering
on honorable terms. To cope with the present
rebellion, there are said to be not over a
thousand troops scattered far and wide.

A massacre occurred at Warmbad, Damaraland, which was reported in dispatches early in November. There were also isolated murders of German tradesmen. Conflicts with tribesmen along the Orange River occurred in the latter part of the month. British troops were moving south of the river in Cape Colony.

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A plan is before the Reichstag, in Berlin, to construct a railway in German East Africa from Dar-es-Salam on the coast to Morogoro in

the interior.

It is asserted that the unhealthy and unfruitful coast must be connected with the populous, healthy and fruitful uplands, or all hope of developing the colony must be renounced.

Scientific Progress and Endeavor

THE DREAM OF THE ALCHEMIST-AND RADIUM

Not even the greatest murder sensation possesses the mystery which surrounds the new metal, radium. And the mystery so far from clearing, grows each day more inexplicable, more wonderful. The latest development in regard to it is one so startling as to conjure visions of alchemy and transform scientists into dreamers. The startling information came in an address by Sir William Ramsay, before the London Institution, and is all contained in the statement that he discovered by experience that the element radium "has the power of changing, by some subtle process, into another element, helium." Sir William Ramsay is a man of unquestionable, high reputation, a professor of chemistry in University College, London, and one of the most eminent scientists in Europe. The effect of this announcement was to fill the newspapers with superlatives and essays on alchemy. It was said that at last the dream of the alchemist, the transmutation of one element into another. had been realized. Even a journal of such recognized high standing as the Scientific American speaks editorially as follows:

What is becoming of our science of chemistry? Our century-old atomic conceptions have received a rude shock; the law of the conservation of energy, to which everything in this universe was supposed to be subservient, is attacked; and now we seem to be reverting to the dream of the medieval alchemist—actually thinking of the transmutation of metals.

This, at least, is what we have come to, after the announcement made by Sir William Ramsay that radium apparently changes to helium. When he compares the resultant product of radium with helium, Sir William Ramsay is sure of his ground; for, in conjunction with Lord Rayleigh, he carried on a series of classic experiments which ended in the discovery of argon and helium—a discovery which deserves to be considered one of the most noteworthy achievements in chemical physics of the nineteenth century. Sir William Ramsay caught the heavy gas which radium emanates, a gas so evanescent that it disappears after a time; he found that gradually its spectrum, entirely different from any hitherto recorded, displayed the characteristic yellow line of helium. Day by day the helium line grew brighter. In a word, one element seemed to have changed to another. It is quite necessary to know how fast radium is turned into helium. As yet little that is definite has been furnished. If nothing else occurs but the changing of radium into helium, then, Prof. Ramsay figures, it will take 2,000,000 years to dissolve the gas.

Are we not, perhaps, on the verge of some great

generalization, which will ultimately prove that just as we have many kinds of forces, all manifestations of one great force, so we may have seventy-odd elements, hitherto regarded as simple forms of matter distinct from each other, but in reality mere manifestations of but one matter? This strange newly discovered phenomenon certainly tends to show that one element may be changed into another. "What is this?" asked Sir William Ramsay, "but an actual case of that transmutation of one element into another in which the ancient alchemists believed when they painfully sought to change lead into gold and incidentally founded the modern science of chemistry?"

Clearly, there are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our chemical philosophy

Indeed, the mind stands almost appalled at such a phenomenon, and it requires stern will power not to drift from these premises to the conclusions of mere fancy. It is well, therefore, to have in mind the less enthusiastic aspects. In an editorial the New York Times sounds a timely word of warning:

The phenomenon is one which admits of several explanations without involving the unqualified acceptance of the theory of transmuta-Radium may not be an element at all. Indeed there is much to warrant the conclusion that it is a highly complex and very unstable compound, and, if a compound, one of its components may very well be helium. Or radium and helium may be different manifestations of one element, relatively allotropic, so to speak. Not enough is yet known about either to warrant confident generalizations, and while the fact established by the experiments of Sir William Ramsay, in which he was assisted by Professors Rutherford and Soddy, is of exceeding interest and importance, it does not prove that the dream of alchemy has become a reality. The idea of the "fontal element" is as old as science. It may be that, as John Boyle quaintly put it, "there is but one universal matter of things;" but when we know that to be true, all problems of science will have been relied out and a science will have been solved, our eyes will be opened, and we shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

IS RADIO-ACTIVITY UNIVERSAL?

As was to be expected, once possessing a scientific puzzle-like radium, the theorist urges it to the Nth power. A writer in The Lancet takes up the question of whether matter is radioactive, whether the properties possessed by radium may not be shared by other substances, whether radio-active emanations may not exist in the atmosphere, or have a source in the soil. The article was written before Sir William Ramsay's recent disclosure and therefore has

a double interest in that it mirrors forth the puzzle of radium and helium.

The air abstracted by simple suction from the soil is found to be charged with active emanations, and similarly the air of cellars and underground places exhibits this remarkable property. another interesting example is that of the natural carbonic-acid gas which is evolved in districts along the Rhine, which shows marked radio-activity; but some days after its liberation from the earth the gas becomes inactive and behaves like artificial carbon dioxid generated from carbonates by the addition of acids. It is well known, again, that the gases evolved in the thermal waters of Bath contain an important quantity of helium, and Professor Dewar is employing these waters as a source of this mysterious element for experimental work. Quite recently Sir William Huggins and his gifted wife, Lady Huggins, proved, by examining spectroscopically the light emitted directly by a radium salt at ordinary temperatures, that many of the lines coincided with the spectrum of helium. Again, Professor Rutherford obtained evidence in favor of the view that in the very slow break-up of radium helium appears to be one of the products evolved. Still more recently Sir William Ramsay and Mr. F. Soddy succeeded in detecting helium by the spectroscope in the gases extracted from the radium salt.

When Sir William Ramsay confesses that he is as much in the dark about it as anyone, it is wise, perhaps, to wait for the results of further investigation before attempting to give any explanation of this singular phenomenon. It is, however, a very remarkable circumstance, considering the series of intricate chemical operations through which radium must pass before it is isolated in a more or less perfect condition, that apparently it should generate helium in some inexplicable way. The fact remains that there is a continual production of helium from radium. It would be comparatively easy therefore, to account for the air showing in general radio-active properties, since the property is, so to speak, easily infectious. There are immense stores of radio-active material in the earth, and in fact the whole globe is probably a radio-active sphere. The fact that natural gases escaping from the earth show a marked degree of radio-activity might be useful perhaps in differentiating natural from artificial aerated waters. Different meteorological conditions appear to determine different degrees of radio-activity of the air. considerable activity is excited during fog, while in cold, frosty weather the activity of the air is very

A CORNER IN RADIUM

One very interesting fact which Sir William Ramsay brought out is that the price of radium has advanced. The announcement that pitchblende, from which radium is obtained, had been discovered here in several States was followed by the report that the supply was valueless. This report has since been contradicted, and there has been announced on good authority a very recent find of camolite in Utah, containing a radium salt. Meanwhile practically the only source of supply are some

mines in Bohemia, and this has been sadly curtailed by the action of the Austrian Government refusing to allow further export. The result is that radium at present is worth all the way from \$250,000 for one-fifteenth part of an ounce to \$60,000,000 per pound. The element is, therefore, as precious as it is wonderful.

SUN SPOTS AND MAGNETIC DISTURBANCES

During the latter part of October and early part of November magnetic disturbances were reported in several parts of the world. Telegraph systems and electric service in several widely separated parts of the globe were all but demoralized, while a magnetic storm of the aurora borealis of great distinctness was visible in many parts of the globe. At the same time the prominent appearance of a great number of sun spots was noted. Two French scientists, Camille Flammarion and Eugene Antoinali, and many others saw a connection between the two phenomena, and gave it as their opinion that the "magnetic disturbance was caused by an outbreak of huge sun spots which crossed the center meridian of the sun on Saturday, October 31."

The sun spot has always been a subject of much mystery and no little superstition. Its appearance was long supposed to portend misfortune, bad harvests, shipwrecks, commercial crises, war, etc. The truth of the matter in this respect is quite obvious. But the nature of sun spots is still wrapped in much doubt. What is known of them is well summarized in the Chicago Chronicle:

The group of sun spots that has recently attracted so much general attention is, therefore, so far as anything is definitely known about it, a solar curiosity rather than any visible prophet of approaching evils.

Even as mere solar curiosities, however, the spots are interesting enough to warrant general attention, especially in view of the fact that most of our present knowledge of the sun is a product of the last half century. In this knowledge the sun spots, their character, the periodicity of their appearance and their relation to the earth are all matters whose final solution depends upon future investigation.

Meantime it has been shown that there is a certain degree of regularity in their appearances and disappearances; that there is an apparent connection, whether real or merely coincidental, between the sun spots and our terrestrial magnetic disturbances, and that there is little or no connection between their appearance on the sun and the weather, commercial panics, wars or other disturbances that affect the everyday existence of average mortals.

In appearance the typical sun spots, as seen through a powerful telescope, suggest great chasms in the sun, so large, indeed, that our own earth could be dropped into one of them easily and might even get out of sight before touching the bottom. Such a hole, of course, would be a mere incident on the sun's surface, as readily appears when one remembers that if the sun were considered as a holow sphere our own planet, together with the moon, could be placed inside of it without disturbing the distance that ordinarily separates them. But, as a matter of fact, the question is mooted among astronomers whether the sun spot is an enormous chasm, inconceivably deep, or an enormous saucer filled with gaseous matter that absorbs the light rays and so presents to the astronomer the black and empty appearance of a tremendous chasm. And the theory has also been advanced that the spots, instead of being depressions, are actually elevations of a portion of the sun's surface.

The cause of these spots has been likewise the subject of many theories no one of which has received sufficient belief to be considered even approximately final. Galileo, for example, thought the sun spots to be clouds floating above the surface of the sun and so cutting off a portion of its light; Lalande imagined them to be the peaks of solar mountains projecting through the fiery envelop that surrounds the body of the sun; Sir William Herschel believed them to be holes in this fiery envelopthe photosphere-through which the dark body of the sun is thus temporarily visible; Sir John Herschel suggested the idea of whirling storms boring great holes in this outer covering. They have been looked upon also as clouds produced by solar eruptions and as the result of planets approaching closely enough to the sun to affect a portion of its surface. These theories, however, are simply theories, and the modern astronomer looks to the further development of such essentially modern methods of study as the camera and spectroscope for some more generally convincing explana-

There are three distinct opinions regarding the sun spots and the heat and light of the sun; first, that the spots show great activity in the sun and, therefore, increased heat-emitting power; second, that they decrease the amount of heat available for radiation and so diminish the heat rays; third, that the effect of the spots is counteracted by other causes arising at the same time and, therefore, so far as any change in the amount of heat received by the earth is concerned, they produce no effect what

Although weather connections have not been established, in one direction there is a much stronger reason for belief in a tangible connection between the sun spots and the conditions of our own little The presence of the sun spots is apparplanet. ently closely associated with the magnetic condition of the earth, and although many electrical storms are purely local, many of the great magnetic storms of the past half century have been found to coincide with sun-spot periods-a condition, however, that still awaits any convincing scientific explanation. Stripped, therefore, of the picturesque extremes to which the subject has been often carried, the sun spots are still almost as much a mystery as when the first discoverers shocked humanity by the scandalous suggestion that there could even be such a thing as a spot on the sun's surface. At all events, no one apparently need lose any sleep over their appearances.

PURE FOOD STANDARDS

The Government has recently been giving no little attention to the question of food and food standards. Commissions have been appointed, experiments of great interest and worth have been undertaken. From time to time certain results have been announced, and these results have accentuated how valuable the work has been. On November 21, Secretary Wilson approved and proclaimed the official food standards which have just been formulated by the United States Food Standard Commission and the executive committee of the National Association of Pure Food Commissions. The standards are based on the authority of the acts of June 3, 1902, and March 3, 1903. The object is to establish standards corresponding to American food materials, whether raw or manufactured, and to represent the results of American processes of manufacture. The standards consist of definitions and chemical limits, and embrace meat and its products, milk and its products sugar and related substances, spices and cocoa and cocoa products. No chemical limits are named for the meat products, the standard being fixed by definition only, which gives this description:

Sound dressed and properly prepared edible parts of animals in good health at the time of slaughter. This is the most significant part of the meat defini-

The standard of milk is fixed at not less than 12 per cent. of total solids, not less than 8½ per cent. of solids not fat, and not less than 3½ per cent. of milk fat. Separate definitions and standards are prescribed for plain and sweetened condensed milks and for evaporated cream. The standard of condensed milk contains not less than 28 per cent. of milk solid, of which one quarter must be milk fat. Standard cream must have at least 18 per cent. of milk fat. Butter is defined, and this statement added:

By acts of Congress approved August 2, 1886, and May 9, 1902, butter may also contain additional coloring, matter

coloring matter.

Syrup is defined as the product obtained by purifying and evaporating the juice of the sugar-producing plant, without removing any of the sugar. Refinery syrups, as ordinarily made, are classified by these standards under the name of molasses, which differs from syrup by the removal of sugar in manufacture. Standard molasses contains not over 25 per cent. of water and not over 5 per cent. of ash. Standard syrup contains not over 30 per cent. of water or 2½ per cent. of ash. A limit is placed on the quantities of water and ash used in the glucose products, and this definition is made:

In the spices, pepper is so defined as to exclude from the standard product pepper hulls, pepper dust, or other pepper by-products. The ash standard of black pepper is made a maximum of 7 per cent., and for white pepper a minimum of 4 per cent., of which not over ½ per cent. shall be sand, Macassar and Bombay maces are not considered as

standard mace. Standard mustard has a maximum of 2½ per cent. of starch derived from mustard.

The executive committee of the National Association of Pure Food Commissions has recommended to the State food departments that these standards be adopted for use in the States. The committee says the general adoption of the standards will unify the food

control work of the States.

Secretary Allen was also instructed to take immediate steps toward organizing an exhibit of the work of the State food departments at the St. Louis World's Fair. One of the leading features of the exhibits will be the exploitation of the national bottling and bond law, which provides a Government guarantee for pure whiskey, and enables any purchaser of whiskey in the United States to secure the genuine article under Government certificate over the corks of the bottles. The total space to be occupied by the national pure food exhibit will approximate eight thousand square feet in the Agricultural Building. The purpose of this exhibit will be to expose methods of adulteration in foods and beverages, and to show the public how to protect itself in the purchase of all food commodities.

UNDERWATER SIGNALING *

The cause of three-fourths of the shipwrecks and loss of life at sea seems about to be removed. It is not a wire or even the air, but the water this time, that is used to transmit sound vibrations.

For some weeks, says Collier's Weekly, there has been installed on the steamers of the Metropolitan Company of Boston an apparatus which may yet make it possible for the vessel beating about the coast in a storm to know where the rocks and shoals are, when the fog will not permit the light to be seen and the noise of the wind drowns the sound of the bell-buoy or the siren; for a battleship to know of the approach of a submarine, and a fishing-smack of the approach of a liner off the banks of New-

oundland

The apparatus is extremely simple. It amounts to nothing more or less than ringing a bell under water, which the pilot or captain can hear telephonically. Screwed on both sides of the vessel's hull are two receivers, which were connected by wires with the wheelhouse. These receive the vibrations from the bell hanging in the water on the side of the lightship. The navigator has only to put the earpiece to his ear and ascertain on which side the vibrations are the louder, in order to know the direction of the lighthouse and his own position in the fog with comparative accuracy.

For fishing vessels, a ball receiver has been provided, and this is used also to get more delicate intonations aboard a steel vessel. The value of the apparatus was put to a good test recently when the steamer James S. Whitney was approaching

the Boston lightship on her return from New York. The lighthouse was obscured by rain and fog. Thanks to the signal apparatus, the captain immediately heard the bell and got his direction. It was not until five minutes after that he heard the lightship's whistle for the first time.

LIFE LONGER UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS

The remark that with all our "modern improvements" and "new inventions" life has grown shorter and more fraught with dangers has often been made. Facts—or at least as near as we can approach facts on such a subject—tend to show the opposite—that modern conditions are apparently favorable toward long life. At a recent session of the International Congress of Actuaries, held in this city, the comforting fact was brought out that the improved conditions of modern life, as shown by statistics of the insurance companies extending over half a century, have resulted in a decided increase of the length of life of the individual. The Scientific American says:

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The actuaries are men of the very highest professional ability, and their conclusions are based, not upon limited observation, as is so often the case where important deductions are drawn from statistics, but upon a vast accumulation of insurance data and upon a careful analysis of the census. Hence their conclusions may be accepted as per-fectly reliable and accurate. Mr. C. L. Landre, of fectly reliable and accurate. Mr. C. L. Landre, of Amsterdam, in speaking of the results obtained in his country, stated that it was remarkable how very constantly the insurance statistics show the expectation of life is increasing, the increase of the maximum of the expectation of life having risen from 46.1 to 56.4 years for men and 48.6 to 57.8 years for women. Mr. C. G. Warner stated that the results obtained in Great Britain show that, whereas in 1838 the annual rate of mortality of man for all ages was twenty-three per thousand, in 1900 it had fallen to nineteen per thousand; while for women it had fallen in the same period from twenty-two to seventeen per thousand. The same authority stated that the distinct decrease in mortality as the nineteenth century progressed was so symmetrical as to indicate a settled and permanent tendency. The curious fact was brought out that the most marked improvement is shown in the early years of life. From four years of age up to thirty-four the improvement is so steady that it must be regarded as the direct result of law, while the same fact holds true of female mortality for a decade longer, or up to the age of forty-four, and in a less decided degree for the male. After this age there are periods through which the ratios are at about the same level, and in the later epochs of life there is an evidence of retrogression. During the first years of the great national prosperity that marks the nineteenth century, the effect in the lengthening of life was not marked, for prosperity was, "not a little heartless." But in later years humanity and philanthropy had left their mark in the growth of hospitals and organizations for the care of the poor and suffering, while contemporaneously there was a great advance in hygiene and surgery, which also helped to extend the period of life.

Contemporary Celebrities

The Victorian era was rich in great men—scientists, philosophers, statesmen, barristers, es-

sayists, novelists and poets. The death of Herbert Spencer removes one of the last of the great thinkers of that age. The present always looks forward to the future with confidence, but it is to be doubted if it will give birth to minds that will take all knowledge for their province.

That was the heritage of the past, and the past has become like a song in the night. This is the day of specialization. Knowledge has advanced, but in individual minds it is not so catholic. The catholicity of knowledge was wonderfully exemplified in Herbert Spencer, even though he did survive his own fame and saw Weismann and others successfully attack the great structure that was

It has been said that English advancers of science, unlike the French and Germans, have been men of monographs. Spencer was the great exception to this, for he embodied an instinct for universal philosophy and encyclopædic range that was remarkable. Evolution was the

the work of his great

mind.

keynote of his thought and work. He not only applied it to biology, but traced its influences on other sciences of life and attempted to prove how the whole phantasmagoria of human activity was controlled by this great and fundamental law. The foundations of his system of philosophy were laid down in his "First Principles." Next, in logical order, came the "Principles of Biology," with its laws

on the development of life. From biology to psychology is only a short step. Accordingly there followed his "Principles of Psychology." In the "Principles of Sociology" he went a step further and indicated how human society is developed through the workings of evolution. Finally came the "Principles of Morality," in which conduct and the consciousness of right and wrong are shown to be evolved under the

Herbert Spencer wrote other books, many of them, but the above embraced the richness and the fertility of his genius. They constituted his credo—a belief that wore down

criticism and that was impervious to attack.
No man ever set up higher principles, no man ever defended them with greater

courage.

As Professor William James and others have said, the work of Herbert Spencer to-day is of little value from a scientific point of view, as many of his deductions have either become obsolete or have been superseded by newer and richer psychological and philosophical truths. Even in his earlier days, both Darwin and Huxley discounted his philosophy. But with all this, he sought

with all this, he sought to see truth as a whole, and strove after the ideal of a completely unified knowledge which, since Locke, had so nearly taken flight.

Herbert Spencer, dying at the age of eightythree, has been the subject of numerous encomiums. Scholarship and letters have acknowledged his worth. Added to his scientific attainments was a life of singular beauty. The magnum opus of this life was truth.



Courtesy of The Independent
HERBERT SPENCER



Courtesy of The Commercial Advertiser
GENERAL REYES

For many years regarded as one GENERAL REYES of the foremost statesmen and soldiers of his country, and a man of scholarship, character and will, General Rafael Reves is the best man to represent Colombia in her contention with this country concerning the Panama affair. Whatever the result of his present mission, it is certain that as an explorer General Reyes has won distinguished honors. It has been said of him that he has laid bare the secrets of South America as did Marco Polo those of Asia, and as Stanley and Garnier threw light upon the Dark Continent. His wanderings and explorations have extended from Panama to Patagonia, a distance of many thousand miles through unexplored and hazardous regions. He is said also to have been the first white man to make the journey through the Caqueta wilderness to the headwaters of the Amazon, and down that stream to Para, on the Atlantic side.

General Reyes first obtained national prominence when he went to the isthmus in 1895 with an Indian army, enrolled largely from his own estates, to put down the rebellion of that year. Since then he has held several diplo-

matic posts, having been minister in Paris, London and Mexico. Like so many of the people of southern countries, General Reyes is of both Spanish and Indian ancestry. He is about fifty years of age and an accomplished linguist. Best of all, he has the confidence of the Colombian people. This confidence was very recently exemplified. In the election held in Colombia, December 8, for electors, who will in turn choose the President, the majority elected are pledged to General Reyes.

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Panama to the United States is rather a portentous title, but the man who bears it is worthy of the appellation, even if he does represent the youngest and weakest of American republics, for M. Bunau-Varilla is a man greater than his title. It has been well said of him that he is a Frenchman by birth, a Frenchman also by education, a Colombian by contact, a Panamaian by conviction, an engineer by profession, a canal



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Courtesy of The Commercial Advertiser
Copyright 1903, by Waldon Fawes
M. BUNAU-VARILLA

builder by enthusiasm, and a citizen of the world by experience. To these titles, and in view of recent events, should be added a diplomat of sagacity, even if the diplomacy

be eyed askance in some quarters.

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M. Phillippe Bunau-Varilla is of Norman ancestry -a race of determination and courage. He is a graduate of the famous Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. It was there that he was fired by the eloquence of DeLesseps, and determined to consecrate his life to the Isthmus of Panama. In 1884 he visited the isthmus and in time became the chief engineer of the Panama Canal. He devoted himself there to scientific economy and to larger engineering problems. He successfully accomplished the excavation of the Culebra. The idea of a lock canal was due to him. Always a believer in the Panama route, he lectured and wrote on that subject. His book Panama, la Passé, la Presente, l'Avenir is considered a masterpiece of canal literature. No strong man is specifically wedded to one purpose. During these years M. Bunau-Varilla was interested in other great projects. He was a successful director of the Congo Railway. He devised a plan to connect France and England by a combination of bridge and tunnel. He is likewise the inventor of an electric dredge, first employed successfully in Spain.

Time is a great leveler. Reputations are made and lost in a day. The remarkable achievements of M. Bunau-Varilla and his recent place in the secession of Panama, and its official recognition by this government, have made him a character of world-wide interest. But in all things, it is not only the personal achievements of a man, but the cause which he represents, that decides the larger synthesis. The cause in this instance is not backed by the

unanimity of public opinion.

WILLIAM BUTLER
YEATS

The Gaelic movement has no greater disciple and Ireland no better friend than William Butler
Yeats, the Irish poet, who is at present in this country on a lecturing tour connected with the Celtic literary revival. He is trying to do for Irish drama what M. Antoine did for French. He is President of the Irish National Theatre Society and was one of the founders of the Irish Literary Societies both of London and Dublin.

William Butler Yeats was born at Sandymount, Dublin, in 1865. As a boy he was noted for his absent-mindedness, his love of natural history and for a curious habit of



Couriesy of Harper's Weekly, Copyright 1903 by Harper & Bros, WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

carrying small living animals around in his pockets. At the age of nineteen he began to study art at the Royal Dublin Society, but his literary tastes led him to give this up, and he contributed poems and articles to the Dublin University Review. In 1888 he removed to London. By this time the young poet had written several plays based on the peasant life of the present time and also on the heroic legends of olden days. The county of Sligo, amid scenes as picturesque as can be found in any land, its glens and hillsides. awoke in him a great love for Ireland. This love assumed tangible expression in "The Celtic Twilight," "the Land of Heart's Desire." "The Wanderings of Oisin," "Fairy and Folk Tales" and in other poems, stories and plays. They are characterized by rich feeling and deep insight into Irish love.

The Gaelic movement, which Mr. Yeats is leading, is not political. Still it may assist the people to have their own language, their own literature, their own art and perhaps in time their own nationality. It is for this renaissance in his country that he is striving. Ireland is more than a land of bogs and fens. It is rich in nature's beauties and rich in generous, kindly people. Education is needed there more than anything else. The endeavors of Mr. Yeats are worthy of success.



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ENRICO CARUSO

Carlyle once wrote a book on ENRICO CARUSO heroes and hero worship. If he had lived in these modern days he certainly would have included the operatic tenor among that class of individuals whom the crowd are wont to place on pedestals. Idols of the opera come and go, and the progression brings us to-day to the career and personality of Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor, who has made a great hit on the boards of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York this winter. There is an irresistible fascination about a man who sings his way into fame and fortune, especially when he can reach the high C in Donna e Mobile without apparent effort.

Signor Caruso, who is making his first visit to the United States, was born in Naples, a city where everyone sings, even the man who peddles vegetables below your window in the via Margherita. When only twenty-three vears of age, Caruso sang the rôle of Alfredo in La Traviata in his native city. His next appearances were in La Favorita and La Gioconda. In each of them he made a great success. His real début, however, was in Milan in 1898, in La Bohème, La Navarraise and Cilea's opera founded on Alphonse Daudet's L'Arlesienne. Then he went to Genoa for a few performances, and returned later to Milan to sing at La Scala as Jean in the first Italian performance of Massenet's Sapho. He created

there also the rôle of Loris in Giodiano's Fedora. Then followed a successful season in Russia, called the happy hunting ground of grand opera tenors, and a season also in the principal cities of South America.

Signor Caruso's voice is of the purest tenor quality, smooth and mellow, and with great range and power. He has won the approval of the critics and the admiration of the matinee girl. Approbation from such two sources makes for success.

Graceful, piquant, the very witchery of femininity, with a voice such as has not been heard for years in comic opera upon the American stage, an artist to her finger tips and a singer of exquisite quality—such is Fritzi Scheff, late of

the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, now

appearing in "Babette" a comic opera.

The success of Fritzi Scheff in grand opera last year was marked. The whole gamut of English vocabulary was searched for expressive adjectives to qualify her worth. She was hailed as piquant, delicious, exquisite, exuber-

ant, extraordinary, and to top all, "the little

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FRITZI SCHEFF

devil of grand opera." The esoteric meaning of the last appellation has never been adequately defined.

The same marks of approval have greeted Fritzi Scheff's début in musical comedy. They are deserved, too, for in "Babette," in which she is now appearing, she has won new triumphs, and has usurped a large place in popular favor. The exquisite mezzo soprano of her voice has to be heard to be appreciated. Added to her delightful voice is her charming personality. The combination is hard to resist.

The Drevfus case is to be re-ALFRED opened. French interest in the DREYFUS cause célèbre has relegated to second and third places respectively the Panama affair and the Humbert inquiry. It has been decided to exclude its discussion in Parliament and to limit it to its purely judicial character. Enlightened feeling is against the affair acquiring political significance. Due to the investigations of General André, the French Minister of War, M. Valle, Minister of Justice has submitted Drevfus' demand for a judicial examination, with other facts and documents, to a revision committee.

The case of Alfred Dreyfus, the most memorable of modern times, is still fresh in the public mind. In 1894, Captain Dreyfus of the Fourteenth Regiment of Artillery, and attached to the General Staff, was arrested on the charge of high treason in having sold important military secrets to a foreign power. He was condemned to degradation from the army and to life imprisonment on the Ile du Diable. The years that followed were terrible to the prisoner and troublesome to France. Public sentiment for and against the accused ran high. Passions were let loose and men who had been friends found themselves irreconcilable enemies. The honor of the army was at stake, and the nation being the army, was convulsed by fear and dread. The names of Esterhazy, Picquart, Henry, Schartzkoppen and Zola were reviled and acclaimed. France was divided into two camps. Then came the decision for the new trial, the return of Dreyfus and the drama at Rennes. l'Armée! was answered by J'accuse! The drama at Rennes was epic. Labori played the part of the protagonist, but the chorus representing the army was too strong. The decision of the court was adverse to the prisoner. The honor of the army was safe. An army corps marched past the windows of the Governor-General of



ALFRED DREYFUS

Paris. Echoes of the enthusiasm reached the Vosges and the Pyrenees. Still people wondered and Justice trembled. There was still a vague unrest. To appease it Dreyfus was pardoned, and France, bleeding and torn, set about to regain her strength. A wonderfully recuperative nation, this she has been able to accomplish.

Latest reports from Paris indicate that it will be necessary perhaps, to wait three months more, for the order of the Court of Cassation which requires this time to make a thorough investigation of the Dreyfus case. Hope is expressed in some quarters that the court will acquit Dreyfus instead of sending him before a new court-martial where the spirit of army caste might overshadow the spirit of justice. This spirit is very strong in France where the army is regarded almost as infallible. On the other hand however there is a strong current of opinion in favor of the accused which claims that a court-martial is incapable of doing justice in this instance.

Whatever the decision of the court it will be safe to say that the stormy scenes of the past will not be repeated.

The Making of a New Republic

The revolution which began on November 3d in the city of Panama, the secession of that country from Colombia, and the attitude of the United States Government in the matter, have engrossed public attention to an unprecedented degree. The press, men of opinion in the countries concerned, and public opinion in general have been largely worked up over the incidents in the birth of a new republic. In view of the canal concession which the matter involves, the history of the affair is one of importance and of world-wide interest. The attitude of the United States Government in recognizing the Republic of

Panama, and in subsequent acts, is a subject on which there is much diversity of opinion. In some quarters the administration is violently assailed for what is considered unjustifiable interference prompted by reasons of personal gain. On the other hand, it is lauded for bringing to asatisfactory culmination the final decision concerning the

canal route—a matter that has been of constant solicitation in official circles. That a fair opinion may be arrived at, and in order that both sides of the controversy between this country and Colombia may be made clear, we print two articles by those best qualified to speak for their respective countries. For the United States argument, we quote in part Senator Cullom's article in the Independent. He is Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, and his views may consequently be accepted as representing those of the administration.

The Panama canal question is certainly more promising of solution to-day than at any time in

the past. It may almost be said to have solved itself in the changes which have taken place; but to imagine that these changes, all or in any part, were inspired or suggested, were anticipated or in the remotest manner foreseen, by this Government, officially, is wholly, absolutely without foundation in fact.

For months we have been patiently going over the ground of this matter of the canal with Colombia. We have yielded every point that was possible. We have granted every concession that the nation could afford, and supposed that the matter was satisfactorily arranged. When the treaty left us, signed by the Colombian representative, there was every reason to expect its ratification by the Congress of Colombia. But November 2d the Colombian Congress adjourned, and though no official

notice of its rejection of the treaty had been received, and no intimation that any other action was contemplated, through ordinary channels, it was known that the treaty already signed by the Colombian repre-sentative in Washington had already been rejected without even consideration by the Congress at BoIr

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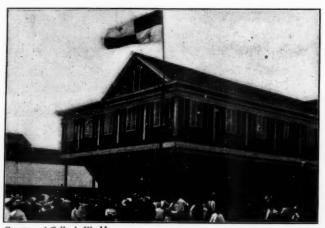
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But in the meantime Panama seceded and set up a Government of its own. There was practically no effort to quell

the insurrection. Colombian troops upon the ground accepted the situation and quietly sailed for home. The Colombian gunboat in the harbor fired a few shots, accidentally killing a Chinaman, and retired.

When the President was positively assured and convinced that the new republic was fully established, that there was no immediate action to reduce an insurrection, and no reason why Panama was not, and should not be, capable of self-government, he did the only thing proper and natural. He responded to the application from the new Government and recognized it, accepting its accredited agent.

The only steps taken by the United States were such as would have been demanded and expedient had there been no canal under consideration. The railroad is a world interest. There are many



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

HOISTING THE FIRST FLAG OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA ON

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT COLON

private American and foreign interests in the Isthmus of Panama, looking directly to the United States for protection. By the treaty of 1846 the United States assumed the right and responsibility to protect the transit across the Isthmus, and the world has always looked to us to perform this duty properly.

In the present instance steps must be and were taken, immediately, to protect those interests. Immediate action to preserve peace was imperative, and those who know the locality in question and have examined the correspondence on the subject, recently made public, know that nothing beyond this was proposed or attempted.

As a matter of fact, it was undoubtedly the question of the canal, the money and the local advantage to be derived by Panama which brought about this insurrection, but that is an incentive which applies to Panama alone. Colombia, aside from the district of Panama, would receive very much less benefit through the canal than would Panama; Colombia's individual interests centered largely in the price to be paid. Panama, on the contrary, was vitally interested in the canal.

The people of the Isthmus had what they considered good and sufficient cause for declaring their independence. But they were undoubtedly incited to the act through fear of losing the canal. Colombia might easily have foreseen it; it was plainly inevitable. It is not that President Roosevelt was too quick. He simply did his bounden duty and did it promptly.

Panama claims that she gained nothing by community of interests with Colombia, and being now in danger of losing everything she might have gained through the advantages to be derived from the canal, she takes this time to declare her independence, consistently with her original alliance with Colombia, in order thereby to be in a position to secure those advantages. She had a perfect right to do so. She has done so, and established what has every appearance of being a stable Government.

No one who has any conception of the facts and any knowledge of international law would deny for an instant that there exists to-day a Government at Panama which is perfectly capable of transacting business, making treaties and granting concessions, and that her duly accredited representatives would have all of the customary authority.

Whether the insurrection was planned in New York by her representatives there, or in Colon, as an alternative if Colombia rejected the treaty, is of no moment beyond Panama. The Declaration of Independence was inspired by the situation. The canal offers Panama such an opportunity as can never occur again or by any possibility be equaled. Panama needed no instigation from outside. She only needed common sense.

Panama is in haste, and all that has been done to expedite matters thus far has been efforts on the part of Panama to facilitate the accomplishment of the end which she has naturally most in view.

A Minister—Bunau-Varilla—was appointed to the United States with full credentials, and upon presenting them to the President, he was received by him as the Constitution makes it the duty of the President to receive ambassadors and other public ministers.

From some of the criticisms of the course of this Government one might be tempted to ask if the people of the United States really want a canal. The general impression has been that they do. The general feeling has seemed to be that it was the duty of the Administration to make every reasonable effort to secure the construction of a canal.

If that is the case, and, after long negotiations which nearly failed, a chance presents the desired opportunity to proceed, what should be said if the Government were to delay action?

There is no doubt but that the people of Colombia are more or less in a state of excitement and disappointment. It is natural that they should be. But, except where through ignorance and false



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Courtesy of Collier's Weekly PAYING OFF THE SOLDIERS OF THE COLOMBIAN ARMY AT COLON

report their anger is turned on Americans, it is probably directed chiefly against their own Congress, which is alone responsible. There has been nothing in the course of the United States to justify the anger of Colombia against us, and obviously this Government cannot possibly have any further dealings with Colombia concerning the canal. Colombia repudiated the matter before she lost control of the Isthmus. This Administration must deal with the owners of the property. Colombia forfeited the opportunity; Panama availed herself

The case of Colombia rests largely on the question of sovereign rights and nationality. The refusal on the part of that Government to accept the Hay-Herran Treaty is the real cause of the present trouble. The reason for this refusal was largely due to articles two and three of the convention concluded January 22, 1903, concerning the sovereignty of the canal, which ran thus: "The exclusive right for the term of one hundred years, renewable. at the sole and absolute option of the United States, for periods of similar duration, so long as the United States may desire." The question of financial consideration for these rights was also a factor in the negotiations. The Colombian argument, based largely on this treaty, is presented by Raúl Pérez in the North American Review, from which we quote as follows:

At the time when the last struggle was in progress in Colombia, the Washington Government became anxious to have a treaty negotiated with our country for the cutting of the Panama canal. The occasion could not have been more ill-suited for the purpose. The "de facto" government in Colombia in those days had sprung out of a coup d'état, and its authority and existence were seriously menaced by several strong Liberal armies. The extension of time granted to the Compagnie Universelle du

Canal de Panama—the third party to the negotiation—was absolutely illegal, as it was granted by the tottering Sanclemente administration against the formal prohibition of the previous Congress—a fact of which the Washington Cabinet was perfectly aware, having been notified of it by the Confidential Agent for the Revolution in the United States. But the Colombian ministers to Washington, over-anxious to please the Washington officials, fearing for the existence of their party, acceded readily to the wishes of the United States Government. It seems, however, that Minister Martinez Silva and subsequently Minister Concha, on becoming acquainted with the exacting stipulations of the proposed treaty, and understanding that no Congress in Colombia would ratify them, withdrew from the post, or were removed on account of their refusal to assent to such conditions. Mr. Herrán showed himself docile and willing to follow the instructions given him by the Marroquín

Government. Under those conditions, the Hay-Herrán treaty was agreed upon in Washington, no consideration being given to the fact that there was an immense disparity between a private corporation doing business in Panama under Colombian laws, and a great World Power that demanded an impossible cession of territory forbidden by the

Constitution.

The Marroquín Government knew so well that Congress and Colombia at large would not sanction the Hay-Herran treaty, that the document was kept secret as long as possible, and first became known by translations made from American papers.

Adding insult to injury, a part of the press in this country has cruelly vilified Colombia, attributing the most shameful motives for our non-acceptance of the treaty. The reasons for the rejection of the Hay-Herrán treaty were, chiefly, the following: 1. The impossibility of having a World Power

substituted for a private corporation;

2. The necessity of granting an entirely new concession, or making a contract, perfectly defined in all particulars, with the new builder of the canal, which would take into account the nature and the magnitude of the new contractor;

3. The illegality of the treaty, as being in direct opposition to the constitution of the country;

4. The illegality of the extension of time granted to the Compagnie Universelle du Canal de Panama, which was granted against the express wishes of the Colombian Congress:

The reluctance that a large majority of the Colombians had to see \$10,000,000 squandered by officials they did not trust, without the slightest

benefit to the nation:

The repugnance (illusory, perhaps, but sincere) that many felt against selling their fellow-countrymen on the Isthmus;

The smallness of the sum offered, which was not even enough to pay for the share in the Panama Railroad reverting entirely to Colombia at the close of the franchise.

Any unbiased mind cannot fail to see in the abovementioned reasons sufficiently powerful motives for rejecting the Hay-Herrán treaty, and for expecting that all concerned would be desirous that the whole matter should be dealt with anew, so as to prevent difficulties and entanglements in the future by giving every one a clear and sound title.

Everybody in Colombia was in favor of the cutting of the canal by the United States, provided that all matters connected with the enterprise were legally established, and that each party to it should

have his just due.

The Colombian Congress was ready to approve a basis for a new proposition to the United States, when a note from the American Minister to Bogota informed the Government there, in a tone deeply resented by all members of Congress and by all Colombians, that outside of the stipulations of the Hay-Herrán treaty the American Government would not consider any other. That act of the American Minister, according to all reports, was the real cause for the abstention of the Colombian Congress from further action on the subject for the time being.

Now the Treaty of 1846-48 has been made the occasion for the dismemberment of Colombia, and that country, bewildered in the presence of what has taken place, and unable to believe that she has been deluded by the guardian of her birthright, has no other course left but to appeal to the people of the United States and to their undoubted sense of honesty.

Panama, the youngest and weakest of nations, has an area of only 31,571 square miles, or nearly equal to that of the State of Indiana. It has a population amounting to some 300,000 inhabitants, and its annual commerce amounts to about \$3,000,000. The territory which it comprises formed a part of the Spanish Colonies in America until November, 1821, when they declared their independence and were incorporated by the Republic of

Colombia. In 1841 Panama seceded from Colombia, and in 1885 was forced again to enter the hegemony of Colombian régime. Her lot under Colombia has not been particularly happy. In November of this year she seceded again, and the facts of this secession are matters of current history. The following interesting description of Panama and her people is from the Boston Evening Transcript:

Physically, socially and politically Panama is a panhandle, a remote, slightly connected appendage of Colombia. It takes three weeks to go from the Isthmus to the capital at Bogota. The interests of the two are essentially different. Colombia is a South American country, whose prosperity depends, like that of the other South American countries, on mining and agriculture. As for Panama, the one gigantic accident of nature which causes it to be a country apart is its canal possibility. That it is the narrowest part of the Western Hemisphere makes it sui generis. Its interests all hang on this, and a good government for it would be one which should keep this steadily in mind. What, to the Isthmus, is the price of cattle and hides in Bogota, compared to the golden prospect of the United States spending uncounted millions in labor along the forty-nine miles that stretch between Colon and Panama?

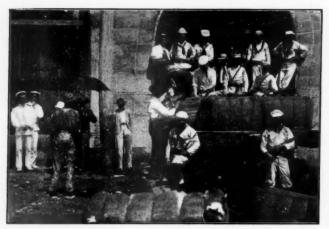
Looked at as a commercial matter, the canal possibility is Panama's great asset. That the Colombian Government should deal lightly with it is Panama's cause for secession. Looked at in the right light, the Panama secession commands sympathy.

Another reason for political unity is geographical unity; and Panama is peculiarly and distinctly a physical unit. On the south it is cut off right where the narrow neck of the 1sthmus begins to expand



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

COLOMBIAN TROOPS WHO JOINED THE FORCES OF THE STATE OF PANAMA



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

BLUEJACKETS FROM THE "NASHVILLE" STARTING ON A TRIP OF
INSPECTION ALONG THE PANAMA RAILROAD

abruptly into the giant torso of South America; on the north it ends similarly where the Isthmus begins to broaden into Central America. Panama includes roughly all that portion of the Western Hemisphere which is less than a hundred miles in width. In the other dimensions, it stretches little more than a hundred miles in each direction from the canal—not, after all, greatly more than the amount of territory which should be policed by the nation that builds the great water-way. The Panama nation will be a fitting and convenient geographical frame for the Panama Canal.

Granted that a new nation has been born, what has it to build upon? Again, one comes back to Panama's one peculiar source of wealth. Of this the people have had both the burdens and the benefits. Rather they have had the burdens, and the benefits are yet to come. In contemplating the pleasing vision of the fortune which would be theirs when the flow of gold to the canal should begin, they have been indifferent to the possibilities of hard work; and the natural resources of Panama are to-day practically as undeveloped as when Balboa cried "Thalassa" from the backbone of the Isthmus. The easier source of revenue has been too tempting; the mahogany that might be cut and exported, the cocoanuts and bananas that might be grown, have been neglected.

The railroad, built by foreign capital and manned by foreign labor, is the only highly developed business in the country. At the Atlantic end is Colon with 3000 people, at the Pacific end Panama with 20,000. These cities depend not on the natural resources of the country at all, but occupy themselves chiefly with the foreign transit from ocean to ocean. For the rest, they live on the wreck of the French canal and the anticipation of the American one. "Panama," says Mr. Francis C. Nicholas, in "Across Panama," published recently, "lives on the travelers; so it has been for years, so it will always be, unless the canal should be lost to the Isthmus; which all who know the disputed routes sincerely hope will not be the case. But what a fine time the sharks will have when once the work is established!"

Leave these two cities and you find the worst type of the stagnation for which Latin America is notorious. The only part of the interior accessible to the traveler is that which lies along the railroad, and such settlements as one sees there are described by the United States minister to Colombia as "composed of houses having for the most part thatched-roof sheds with dirt floors. Their inmates can hardly be classed as belonging exclusively to either of the three primal races. They are a curious mixture of red, white and black; crude evidence of the lax morality which prevailed in Spanish colonial times. How these people manage to live, or why they never had the energy or ambition to better their condition, no one knows. They are apparently happy in their poverty and wretchedness. They have poverty and wretchedness. They have few wants of body or mind, and con-sequently no cares. The indigenous plantain and banana form a cheap and convenient substitute for bread; and

fish from the lagoons, and a few yellow-legged chickens, afford all the meat they want. Occasionally one sees an inferior specimen of the domestic pig, or a forlorn-looking half-famished donkey."

Of the city of Colon, at the Atlantic end of the railway, a comparatively friendly writer, the late United States Minister Scruggs, writes:

"The town of Colon is environed by stagnant ponds and lagoons, and the inland breeze is always laden with deadly malaria. Sickening odors assail the nostrils at every turn. Even the dogs and donkeys look forlorn and unhappy. You seldom hear a hearty laugh or see a cheerful face. The only species of animate nature that seems to enjoy life here is the mosquito."

These, then, have been the glaring defects of the people in the past—indifference to the improvement of their physical environment, and a disposition to live on the passing traveler, to the neglect of their natural resources. But the causes of this lie not wholly, and not necessarily, in the very fiber of the people. There have been contributing causes. In the first place, the Panama railway has not been a civilizing influence. Wherever else on earth a railroad has been built, it has depended for its revenue on the natural resources of the country, and has developed those resources by every means. But in Panama, as a matter of course, the railway is a thing apart. Its all-sufficient source of revenue is trans-isthmian traffic; the resources of the country it has deliberately neglected; and this could hardly be for the country's good.

Moreover, the people have had to endure evil government. Professor Royce speaks of fairly good buildings bearing the legend "National School," and finding the buildings barracks. This, of course, means ignorance, and, in a country so near in stock to the aborigines, ignorance means super-

There are effects of ill-government even more direct than this. The whole story of a rotten fiscal system and an almost incredibly depreciated currency is told in the bill of expenses sent by an American salesman home to his house. It included

such items as these: "Pressing trousers, \$45; room at hotel, \$250; laundry for one week, \$680." The Colombian paper change for an American tendollar gold piece was so bulky as to necessitate a local pickaninny as a page to carry it from bank to hotel. The local money has, however, very little real value, the rate of exchange being one to a hundred; that is, for a United States dollar you get a hundred dollars in Colombian bills. "To send letters home," says a traveler, "I spend one dollar for five postage stamps. Yet postage there is cheaper than in any other country I have visited."

That the national resources to make a prosperous nation are in Panama is the evidence of every traveler. Mr. A. G. Kingsbury, a Boston mining engineer, who returned but a few days ago, says that "the country away from the seacoast towns is in a large measure an untamed wilderness where roam baboons and jaguars and wild beasts innumerable. There are no roads, only mule trails, and every man must be his own policeman. There are no railroads in the districts immediately about the Isthmus and the only highways are the rivers. These have abundant water the year round, for in the Attra country the rainfall is 400 inches in the The low lands about this river and the Sinu, which is the great water highway a little further east, are splendid grazing land, and the cattle ranches during the years that the Government is fairly stable accumulate vast herds of fine cattle. Bananas are the staple food of the country, eaten roasted, boiled, fried, and dried and made into flour. Of this flour the people make a very nourishing and palatable bread, baked in long rolls, not in the shape but after the manner of a Mexican tortilla. All sorts of tropical products of great value grow wild there-rubber, vanilla, cacao and coffeeyet such is the improvidence of the people and the uncertainty of political conditions that they are little worked. The mountain lands, too, are unquestionably rich in gold, silver, valuable minerals and coal. These should be vast wealth producers, under proper conditions of thrift and stable government, but are practically unworked at the present

Mr. F. C. Nicholas, in "Across Panama," already

quoted, gives a reserved and discriminating study of the country's possibilities of development.

"I found," he says, "at Panama, a rich country, whose agricultural opportunities are attractive and mineral wealth is abundant. Panama is reputed the most unhealthy of all places in the American tropics, a natural inference because the route of travel has sought the lowest divide for crossing the Isthmus, and low lands in the tropics are unhealthy; particularly where there are swamps, as at Colon, and great exposures of marine drift when the tide falls, as at Panama City. But after leaving the depressions between the two seaports, one finds a better country, where the lands are rich and the climate reasonably favorable.

"In the northern portions of the Isthmus there are mountains of considerable elevation. If the canal goes to Panama, the Isthmus will enjoy some years of active construction, with large expenditures of money, followed by a great commercial movement. Lands along the central depression are good and fertile, but the climate is undesirable.

"Of all that I saw in northeastern Panama, the primeval tropical forests at the base of the mountains were most impressive. There one steps from a canoe to the shore, pushes aside a rank growth of reeds and plants, struggles through them for a little distance, reaches a wall of green foliage, lifts an overhanging bough, scrambles under, and—the world shut out—stands in shadow-land and silence. Strange, dim butterflies go wavering in and out among a dense growth of ferns and tender plants which could not endure the sun, giant trees form as it were columns for an expansive roof of green, and everywhere the gray trunks of slender trees reach upward till their branches find the sunlight far above, and their stems seem like a slender tracery pendent from the upper roof of green."

Panama, then, has the physical resources to make a nation. It has now, with the recognition and protection of the United States, the opportunity to make just what government it likes. With its own Government adapted to its own needs, with working capital, with its natural resources, and with the United States to start it, Panama should ultimately walk.



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A DETACHMENT OF MARINES ON THEIR WAY TO THE CAPITAL OF PANAMA



FREIGHTING WITH REINDEER

Reindeer in Alaska

Twelve years ago Dr. Sheldon Jackson brought his first herd of sixteen reindeer across Bering Straft from Siberia and started his reindeer colony at Unalaska, off the bleak coast of Alaska. Many then smiled at the experiment and declared his plan for stocking the great barrens of northwestern Alaska with thousands of the animals which for centuries had been indispensable to the natives of Lapland and Siberia was impracticable and wasteful of time and good money. But the experiment prospered from the very first. Other reindeer, numbering nearly 1000 in all, during the succeeding years were brought over from Siberia. To-day there are nearly 6000 head in the the various herds distributed along the Alaskan coast from Point Barrow to Bethel. The existence of the 30,000 natives of northwestern Alaska, as well as the success of the miners who are beginning to throng into the interior of the territory in the far north, is dependent upon these domestic reindeer; their clothing, their food, their transportation, their utensils, and their shelter are all furnished them by the reindeer.

The reindeer enterprise is no longer an experiment, although still in its infancy. There are 400,000 square miles of barren tundra in Alaska where no horse, cow, sheep, or goat can find pasture; but everywhere on this vast expanse of frozen land the reindeer can find the

long, fibrous, white moss which is his food. There is plenty of room for 10,000,000 of these hardy animals. The time is coming when Alaska will have great reindeer ranches like the great cattle ranches of the Southwest, and they will be no less profitable.

The story of the inception and growth of the reindeer enterprise in Alaska is very interesting and is not generally known. During an extended trip of inspection of the missionary stations and government schools in Alaska in the summer of 1890; Dr. Sheldon Jackson was impressed with the fact that the natives in arctic and subarctic Alaska were rapidly losing the sources of their food supply. Each year the whales were going farther and farther north, beyond the reach of the natives, who had no steamships in which to pursue them; the: walrus, which formerly had been seen in herds of thousands, were disappearing; the seals were becoming exterminated, and in winter the Eskimo had to tramp fifteen to twenty miles out on the ice before he could catch one. The modern hunter, with his steam launches and rapid-fire guns, had found the whales, walrus, and seals such easy prey that he was ruthlessly destroying them. Also the wild caribou, that the native had easily captured before, had been frightened away and was rarely seen.

Not only was the Eskimo losing his food, but what, in an arctic climate is no less impor-

^{*} Courtesy of the National Geographic Magazine.



MILKING REINDEER, TELLER REINDEER STATION

tant, his clothing as well. The whalebone, the ivory tusks of the walrus, the seal skin, and the oil had given him means of barter with the Siberian traders across the Strait, from whom he obtained reindeer skins to keep him warm in winter.

Dr. Jackson saw that unless something was done at once, the United States would have to choose between feeding the 20,000 and more natives or letting them starve to death. latter course was impossible; the former rather expensive, as supplies would have to be carried some 3000 miles from Seattle. The more enterprising Siberian, living on the opposite side of the Strait under practically the same conditions of arctic cold, got along very nicely, as he had great herds of domestic reindeer to fall back upon when game was scarce. The same moss which covered so many thousands of miles of the plains of arctic Siberia was seen everywhere in Alaska. The tame reindeer of Siberia was practically the same animal as the wild caribou of Alaska, changed by being domesticated for centuries. Could not the Eskimo be made self-supporting by giving him reindeer herds of his own?

On his return to the United States, during the winter of 1891, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, in his annual report to Congress, asked for an appropriation to provide the money for importing a few deer. Congress was not convinced of the wisdom of such action, but several private persons were so interested that they placed \$2000 at Dr. Jackson's disposal to begin the experiment; the first deer were brought over that year. It was not long, however, before the government realized the importance of the movement, and in 1894 appropriated the sum of \$6000 to continue the work. Later the appropriation was increased, and during the last

several years has amounted to \$25,000 annually.

The Siberians were at first unwilling to part with any of their reindeer. They were superstitious, and above all, afraid of competition and loss of trade across the Strait. In 1891 Capt. M. A. Healy, R. C. S., commanding the U. S. S. Thetis, was instructed to convey Dr. Sheldon Jackson to Siberia and furnish him every possible facility for the purchase and transportation of reindeer from Siberia to Alaska.

In carrying out these instructions Captain Healy was obliged to sail from village to village for 1500 miles along the Siberian coast



LIEUTENANT BERTHOLF MOUNTED ON REINDEER,
SHOWING ABILITY OF THE REINDEER TO
CARRY 210 POUNDS



From a photograph by E. P. Bertholf
TRAVELING WITH REINDEER IN SUMMER

before he found an owner willing to barter his reindeer for American goods. None would sell the deer for cash. Of recent years the Siberians have been but little less reluctant to part with their deer, though they could easily spare many thousands from their vast herds without knowing it.

The first deer brought over were from the Chukches herds—a tough and hardy breed. Two years ago Lieutenant Bertholf, R. C. S., was commissioned to go to Siberia and to purchase some of the Tunguse stock, which are larger, stronger and sturdier. Starting from St. Petersburg, after a long journey across Siberia, much of it by sled, he succeeded in purchasing several hundred Tunguse reindeer near Ola, hired a steamer, embarked the reindeer at Ola with 2500 bags of reindeer moss, and finally landed 200 of the animals in good condition at Port Clarence.

When one considers that raising reindeer in Alaska is simple and the profits enormous, one is surprised that as yet no one has really gone into the reindeer business, especially at Nome, where a rich market awaits the reindeer farmer.

A fawn during the first four years costs the owner less than \$1 a year. At the end of the four years it will bring at the mines from \$50 to \$100 for its meat, or if trained to the sled or for the pack, is easily worth \$100 to \$150.

The fawns are very healthy and but few die; the does are prolific, and after they are two years of age add a fawn to the herd each year for ten years. Last year, out of fifty does two years and more of age in one herd, fortyeight had fawns, and of these only five died, three of which were lost through accidents or by the carelessness of the herder.

The reindeer are so gregarious and timid that one herder can easily guard 1000 head. The herder knows that if a few stray off he need not look for them, as they will soon become frightened and rejoin the main herd.

The does make almost as good sled deer as the bulls and geldings, though

they are slightly smaller and less enduring.

The Chukches deer cost in Siberia about \$4.00 a head for a full-grown doe or bull. The fawns born in Alaska are larger and heavier than the parent stock. The Tunguse deer cost nearly \$7.50 apiece. By the addition of the Tunguse breed it is hoped that the Alaska stock will be improved and toughened.

The reindeer cow gives about one teacupful of very rich milk, nearly as thick as the best cream, and making delicious cheese. Mixed with a little water, the milk forms a refreshing drink. The Siberians and Laplanders save the blood of slaughtered deer and serve it in powdered form. From the sinews, tough thread is obtained.

The Alaskan reindeer can hardly equal the speed of the Lapland deer, which Paul du Chaillu describes as making from 150 to 200 miles a day, and sometimes 20 to 25 miles down hill in a single hour. A pair of them can pull a load of 500 to 700 pounds at the rate of 35 miles a day and keep it up weeks at a time. W. A. Kjellmann drove his reindeer express one winter 95 miles in a single day.

In the winter of 1899 and 1900, between St. Michael and Kotzebue, under the arctic circle, and between Eaton and Nome, Alaska, and in the winter of 1901 and 1902, between Nome and Candle, on the Arctic Ocean, the United States mails were carried with reindeer teams. Upon the latter route the teams had heavy loads of

passengers and freight and made the distance in eight days. Dog teams would have required fifteen to twenty days for the trip.

The reindeer can travel at night as well as in the daylight, and thus during the long arctic night, when dogs are inefficient, transportation is always possible with a reindeer team.

The reindeer make good packers in summer. One hundred and fifty pounds is a fair load. They also can be ridden in the saddle, but not with much comfort until the rider learns how to adjust himself. In the Tunguse country the natives use their deer in summer as we would a mule or horse. It is no uncommon sight to see a Tunguse trotting along the shore deerback.

Lieutenant Bertholf describes the caravans of reindeer sleds in northeastern Siberia. Over 1000 sleds leave Ola during the winter in caravans of about 100 each. A caravan of 100 sleds is managed by ten men. Some years ago the Russian Government used horses on the caravan route from Ola to the Kolima River, but recently substituted reindeer, and now saves \$60,000 yearly by the change.

When the caravan halts, the deer are turned out to pasture untethered, and allowed to wander as they will. The driver uses a switch to touch up the slothful, but "some of the old deer do not seem to mind a switch any more than does an army mule."

The United States Government loans a certain number of the reindeer to the mission stations, or to individuals who have shown their ability, reserving the right after three or five years, of calling upon the mission station or the individual for the same number of deer as composed the original herd loaned. In 1894 the Congregational mission at Cape Prince of Wales was granted the loan of 100 deer. mission has since paid back the loan, now possesses in its own right one thousand

The Bureau of Education hopes that in time each mission station will possess a herd of at least 5000 head. A reindeer herd at a mission station in arctic or subarctic Alaska means, says Dr. Jackson:

First. The permanence of the mission. Without it the natives are away from home a larger portion of the year in search of food, and, since the advent of the miners, are inclined to leave their homes and congregate in the American villages at the mines, where they live by begging and immorality and soon disappear from the face of the earth.

Second. It affords the missionary the opportunity of rewarding and encouraging those families that give evidence of being teachable by establishing them in the reindeer industry, and thus greatly promoting their material interests.

Third. With the increase of the herd it becomes a source of revenue through the sale of the surplus males at remunerative prices to the miners and butchers. In a few years this revenue should be sufficient to entirely support the mission, and thereby relieve the treasury of the central Missionary Society.

Fourth. The possession of a herd insures to the mission family a continuous supply of fresh meat. This to a large family which is compelled to live largely upon salted and canned meats and canned vegetables is of no small benefit, promoting their comfort, health, and usefulness.

Fifth. Reindeer trained to harness and



TRAVELING DEERBACK THROUGH DEEP SNOW



BREAKING A PATH THROUGH DEEP SNOW

sleds greatly increase the efficiency and the comfort of the missionary to outlying native settlements.

The original motive in bringing the reindeer to Alaska was purely philan-

thropic-to give the native a

permanent food supply.

Since then the discovery of large and valuable gold deposits upon the streams of arctic and subarctic Alaska has made the reindeer a necessity for the white man as well as for the Eskimo. Previous to the discovery of gold there was nothing to attract the white settler to that desolate region, but with the knowledge of valuable gold deposits thousands will there make their homes, and towns and villages are already springing into existence.

But that vast region north of the Arctic Circle, with its perpetual frozen subsoil, is without agricultural resources. Groceries, breadstuffs, etc., must be procured from the outside. Steamers upon the Yukon can bring food to the mouths of the gold-bearing streams, but the mines are often many miles up these unnavigable streams. Already great difficulty is experienced

in securing sufficient food by dog-train transportation and the packing of the natives. The development of the mines and the growth of settlements upon streams hundreds of miles apart necessitate some method of speedy travel. A dog team on a long journey will make on an average from fifteen to twenty miles a day, and in some sections cannot make the trip at all, because they cannot carry with them a sufficient supply of food for the dogs, and can procure none in the country through which they travel. To facilitate and render possible frequent and speedy communications between these isolated settlements and growing centers of American civilization, where the ordinary roads of the States have no existence and cannot be maintained except at an enormous expense, reindeer teams, that require no beaten roads, and that at the close of a day's work can be turned loose to forage for themselves, are essential. The introduction of reindeer into Alaska makes possible the development of the mines and support of a million miners.

The reindeer is to the far north what the camel is to desert regions, the animal which God has provided and adapted for the peculiar, special conditions which exist. The greater



PROSPECTING FOR GOLD

the degree of cold, the better the reindeer thrives.

The great mining nterests of central Alaska cannot realize their fullest development until the domestic reindeer are introduced in sufficient numbers to do the work of supplying the miners with provisions and freight and giving the miner speedy communication with the outside world.

The reindeer is equally important to the prospector. Prospecting at a distance from the base of supplies is now impossible. The prospector can go only as far as the 100 pounds of provisions, blankets, and tools will last, and then he must return. With ten head of reindeer, which he can manage single handed, packing 100 pounds each, making half a ton of supplies, he can go for months, penetrating regions hundreds of miles distant.

Even if no more reindeer are imported from Siberia, if the present rate of increase continues,

doubling every three years-and there is no reason why it should not-within less than twenty-five years there will be at least 1,000,000 domestic reindeer in Alaska. This is a conservative estimate and allows for the deer that die from natural causes and for the many that will be slaughtered for food. In thirty-five years the number may reach nearly 10,000,000 head, and Alaska will be shipping each year to the United States anywhere from 500,000 to 1.000.000 reindeer carcasses and thousands of tons of delicious hams and tongues. At no distant day, it may be safely predicted, long reindeer trains from arctic and subarctic Alaska will roll into Seattle and our most western cities like the great cattle trains that now every hour thunder into the yards of Chicago. Before the end of the present century, Alaska will be helping to feed the 200,000,000 men and women who will then be living within the present borders of the United States.

A Side Light on American Greatness:

WHAT THE COUNTRY IS DOING WORLD'S WORK

A full review and a complete understanding of the business situation in all the important commercial and financial centers increases confidence in the inherent strength of the situation. Many bankers and merchants in New York have recently been at great pains to ascertain these facts, with a wish to learn the worst and to face the situation squarely. The result is a confident belief that business is in sound condition, even where its volume is reduced. The country is doing well. There are no indications of decay, nothing on which to base a prophecy of a general collapse.

The financial disorders in various cities have naturally aroused the suspicion that the evil consequences of overspeculation and overproduction had extended over the entire country, and so weakened the structure of business as to imperil its stability. An examination, however, shows that such is not the case.

It is true that, in a degree, the West has entered into Wall Street speculation. A group of Western speculators have been among the notable "plungers" in the market. But speaking broadly, the speculation mania has been an Eastern disease. It has affected the

West but little except sentimentally, and it may be said that Eastern influence over the West is by no means as potent as it was formerly.

Chicago, according to leading bankers, has been remarkably free from speculative and promoting schemes so far as the banks and mercantile houses are concerned. Indeed, the banks in the entire Northwest are reported to be in an excellent condition. Trade in Chicago has declined somewhat, and a few concerns have suffered from over-extended credit, but no weakness has developed, and there is no reason for any depression. Collections are generally better than last year, and with a corn crop of ample dimensions and good quality every Western prospect is good, though some reaction is not unreasonable in view of the Presidential election and the labor troubles. Of the latter, Chicago has already had its full share.

St. Paul and Minneapolis report some damage to crops and delay in their movement, on account of a long period of bad weather. But this damage has been exaggerated. Some falling off in trade is expected, but no weakness has developed. These cities have been largely

free from Eastern stock speculations, though there has been in the Northwest considerable speculation in land, which in northern Iowa has done some damage. But St. Paul and Minneapolis report that their financial institutions are strong and the merchants confident but conservative. In Milwaukee business is in a healthy condition and there has been little active interest in speculation.

Going farther west again, it is found that in Omaha there is no depression, except such as may be the result of doubt as to the situation East. Omaha banks are in a most satisfactory shape, and the same appears to be true of the banks in the surrounding country. There have been no speculation and underwriting in the State, and money conditions were never better. Large corn and other crops are an assurance

of continued plenty.

From Denver, as might have been expected, come reports of business affected by the strikes in the silver-mining districts, and the disputes between the coal miners and coal operators in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico. There have been, on the other hand, big crops in most parts of Colorado. The banking situation there is sound, and there has been little speculation. At St. Joseph, Missouri, mercantile conditions are said to have been never better, sales being ahead of last year's. Banks are doing well and the business men are not involved in speculation.

Passing now to the South, Memphis reports that the promoting craze has not entered there, and while there has been some speculation, the losses have not been severe. The cotton crop is less in extent, but at the prevailing high prices the yield in money will be much larger than in other years. Montgomery makes sub-

stantially the same statement.

New Orleans says that the financial institutions are in better condition than ever before. There has been practically no speculating except in cotton. As is well known, New Orleans has been the seat of operations of the great bull movement in cotton, as a result of which prices have advanced so high that many cotton mills in Massachusetts and elsewhere closed. But the speculation has been confined to comparatively few, and these have made a large amount of money out of the advance. Altogether there is a very optimistic feeling in New Orleans.

Now, in a broad way, what may be gathered from this exhibit of conditions in the leading cities? In the first place, it is clear that the area of stock speculation has been east of the Alleghanies. Moreover, the East has had its liquidation and is recovering from its effects. Prices, indeed, may still go lower, but the main damage has been done and repairs are now being made. The banks have strengthened their position, and it is a noteworthy fact that they have been able to send millions to the relief of Baltimore and St. Louis and to aid in the crop movement West and South. The export movement has set in, and gold has been

engaged for import.

The West is prosperous to the limit. No section of the country has profited more by the expansion of the past seven years, and not having been guilty of the speculative excesses of the East, it now feels less of the effects of the moderate reaction in trade. Moreover, the crops, though late, are of ample proportions, and promise another year of profit to the farmers, who in the past few years have been able to pay off their mortgages and put money in the banks, and pianos and telephones in their houses. There cannot easily be a commercial collapse where the agricultural conditions are so good and speculation has not corrupted.

It is not meant by this that there has been no speculation in the West. But speculation in the West has not been a vital factor.

It is easy, of course, to point out the signs of trade reaction. They are plain enough. One sign has been the retrenchments made by some of the railroads, which, having completed or suspended construction work, have laid off many of their workmen and thus reduced their pay-rolls. Nevertheless railroad earnings are still very heavy, showing notable increases over past years, and it begins to look as if net earnings for the current fiscal year would equal, perhaps exceed, those of the year ending June 30th last. In certain sections the movement of products is greater than the capacity of the companies. Moreover, much construction work is still going on, and it is reported that railroads in the Middle West require 10,000 extra laborers for that work. The Pennsylvania Railroad is about to begin the construction of its great terminals and tunnels in New York City, and in this connection note should be taken of the fact that the people have recently voted in favor of a \$101,000,000 improvement of the Erie Canal, work on which cannot long be delayed.

Instead of hunting around for signs of reaction, it is far better to inquire about the great things the country is doing. It is, for one thing, moving big crops of wheat and corn, ample to supply home consumption and have

a large surplus 10r export. It is moving a cotton crop of reduced volume, but of so high a price as to add immensely to the profits of the South. The world must buy of us, whatever the price. Already the exports are lowering the rates of exchange to the import point. Our foreign commerce in November, December, and January will result in a great balance of trade in our favor. Merchants are conservative and cautious, but are doing a large business, and the jobbing trade in leading cities is in excess of anticipations. During October the bank clearings of the country were \$9,176,664,258. This is over 10 per cent, less than in October. 1902, but all of this loss is in New York, where the reduction in speculation reduced the clearings to \$5,233,275,203-a decrease of 3.02 per cent. Outside of New York the gain was more than 2 per cent. In other words, actual trade is larger than last year, and this in spite of the signs of reaction. It is noteworthy that only two of twenty-seven cities in the Middle West reported decreased bank clearings in October. and only four out of twenty in the South.

The country, therefore, has not suspended operations. It is still "doing business at the old stand." It is still supplying the large needs of its immence population, accustomed to many luxuries and bound to have them. It is still supplying the food necessities of Europe. It is still extending its commerce in many directions. Moreover, the benefits of the great consolidations and trusts are being put to the test. If there is discontent, it is the noble discontent of ambition for still greater achievements.

EXPORT AND IMPORT TRADE......BOSTON HERALD

The report of the exports of domestic breadstuffs, provisions, etc., from the principal customs districts of the United States for the ten months ending October 31st is interesting in the opportunity it gives of comparing the various shipments made during the preceding year. The shipments of corn from all parts of the United States in the ten months ending October 31, 1902, amounted to only 7,940,000 bushels, while in the corresponding term of this year these shipments have been more than ten times larger. Shipments of barley have been about the same this year as they were last year, but oats, rye and wheat all show a decline. In the first ten months of 1902 we exported, in round numbers, 112,000,000 bushels of wheat, while during the same term of this year our exports have been only 62,500,ooo bushels. In consequence of the greater

market value of breadstuffs, our exports this year show a gain of \$9,000,000, as compared with those of last year.

The general report of exports and imports which the bureau of statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor has sent out is made encouraging by the foreign sale of our products, through shipments during last month to the value of more than \$160,000,000. There has been only one month in the trade history of the country in which this experience has been surpassed; that is, the month of October of 1900, when the value of our exports of merchandise amounted to \$163,389,000. As it is, the exports for the twelve months ending October 31st are given a value of \$1,422,887,-054, a sum of exports greater than that of any previous corresponding twelve months, with the single exception of the twelve months ending October 31, 1901, when this sum of value was exceeded by about \$52,000,000. Simultaneously with this we appear to be experiencing a decline in the value of our imports; that is, these were last month valued, in round numbers, at \$82,000,000, against \$87,500,000 for the month of October of a year ago. The chances appear to be that for the current year ending December 31st we shall have a trade balance in our favor of approximately \$450,ooo,ooo; for our large shipments of cotton and grain at relatively high prices can hardly fail in the next two months to greatly add to the volume and value of this section of our foreign trade.

QREATEST OF GOLD NATIONS...... NEW YORK WORLD

United States Treasurer Roberts makes a striking demonstration of this country's position as the greatest gold-owning and goldusing nation.

Before the current calendar year ends, at the present rate at which it is increasing, our stock of gold will exceed that of all the nations of Europe combined, though their population is five times that of the United States. Great Britain until quite recently was the world's largest holder of gold. To-day our stock is twice as large as hers, and amounts to nearly a billion dollars.

As lately as when Mr. Bryan last ran for the Presidency it was one of his campaign contentions that gold was "the money of the money-lending nation," the symbol of "the financial dictatorship of Lombard Street." To-day the public and private credit of the British Empire has for its base \$167,000,000 in gold on deposit in the Bank of England

while the United States Treasury holds a gold reserve of \$650,000,000, and our national and

other banks hold \$322,000,000 more.

Meanwhile our circulation, based on this plethora of the standard metal, is, in Treasurer Roberts' words, "undergoing an immense and continuous inflation." Since October 1, 1898, our money in circulation has increased by \$588,000,000, or from \$24.24 to \$29.75 per capita. No commercial country where checks and drafts and such like paper agencies are used to the same extent as with us approaches this per capita circulation. Great Britain's per capita is but \$18.29 and Germany's only \$20.48. The United States last year produced considerably more than one-fourth of all the gold produced in the world.

While this commanding position as the leader of the nations in gold holdings and (production has the tendency to encourage inflation of speculative credit, it nevertheless furnishes a solid foundation for prosperity, lifts prices and wages, and promotes industrial enterprise. It accounts also for the fact that our national credit ranks higher than that of

any other nation.

BIGGEST APPLE EXPORTS NEW YORK TIMES

Apple exports this season are almost 2,000,000 barrels, the largest quantity ever known, and there seems to be no cessation in the demand. Short crops in England and all over Europe are responsible for the unusual demand. Exporters say that nothing in their advices indicates any reduction in demand, and they are arranging to handle quite as many apples in the next few weeks as they

have during the past month.

During the week just closed enormous quantities went across. According to statistics compiled by W. M. French, one of the largest apple exporters in the world, the figures were: From New York, 60,945 barrels; Boston, 67,077 barrels; Montreal, 73,092 barrels; Portland, Me., 10,483 barrels, and Halifax, N. S., 19,500 barrels. Of this quantity, Liverpool took 113,332 barrels; London, 46,443 barrels; Glasgow, 28,109 barrels; Hamburg, 20,862 barrels; Hull, 5,326 barrels; Paris, 653 barrels; Antwerp, 1,161 barrels; Bremen, 316 barrels; Copenhagen, 250 barrels; Bristol, 6,877 barrels, and Manchester, 7,768 barrels, a total of 231,-097 barrels, the largest week's business in the history of the export trade.

The export apple trade usually begins in July, when some of the early Fall eating varieties are shipped to London and Liverpool,

and continues in greater or less volume until the following April. May and June are the only months in which the exports are unimportant. The bulk of the trade begins in September, when the better keeping varieties begin to come in, and by January it is nearly over. From that time forward shipments decline very rapidly. Formerly fully 80 per cent. of the entire trade was in December, but now cold storage has enabled shipments the year around. The more equitable distribution of supplies through the year which is possible under these conditions gives sellers steadier prices, and is the means of distributing better

fruit among the buyers.

The States of principal apple production are in the North and Middle West, and the export movement is naturally heaviest from the cities near these large producing regions. New York and Boston export from 80 to 90 per cent. of the entire quantity sent abroad. The only other two cities in the United States which are of any importance are Portland, Me., and San Francisco. Montreal is becoming prominent as an apple shipping port, and this year considerable quantities have been shipped from Halifax, N. S. San Francisco is the outlet for the small proportion of the California crop which goes to Australia and the Orient. The bulk of the California crop crosses the continent by rail and is shipped from New York. Last year the total of these shipments was 2,000 carloads, while the year before the shipments were 739 carloads. About one-fifth of the eastward shipments is destined for Great Britain, and this proportion consists almost entirely of Newtown pippins, which are of exceptional size, color and flavor. The English trade prefers apples green in color, while Germany wants red apples, and France wants

A comparison of total exports in any year, with total production for the same year, illustrates very graphically the enormous domestic consumption. In 1899, for instance, according to the last census, the production amounted 58,466,000 barrels. The exports were 526,636 barrels, or less than I per cent., indicating that 99 per cent. of the apples produced were consumed at home.

The one difficulty the American grower has had this year has been to obtain barrels. They ordinarily cost about 25 cents. with two heads. This year they cost as high as 65 cents, and nothing can be obtained at less than 40 cents. For this reason, many growers are packing in boxes, imitating California and Oregon shippers.

Cartoons upon Current Events



CAN'T EVEN GIVE IT AWAY—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

HE WILL HAVE TO WALK IN THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH—BOSTON HERALD





THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY LOOKING FOR A PROBABLE TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY!—OHIO STATE PRESIDENTIAL SPHINX—MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE JOURNAL



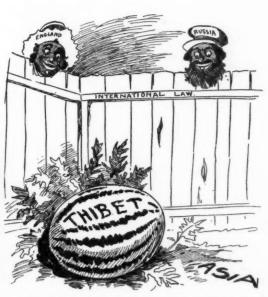
WHEN BRYAN RETURNS HOME—CLEVELAND LEADER



UNCLE MARK: "NOT SAYING A WORD"-HARPER'S WEEKLY



WILL THEY CLOSE?-LONDON PUNCH



DE SAFETY OF DE WATERMELON DEPENDS MORE ON DE SIZE OF DE MELON DAN DE HEIGHT OF DE FENCE-BROOKLYN EAGLE



HOW OLD IS ANN? OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER —MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET-NASHVILLE NEWS

"Parsifal"

"Parsifal," hitherto sacred to Baireuth, is shortly to be produced in New York. The history of this great opera, the difficulties which Mr. Conried has experienced in his plans for its production, and the great musical value of the work all contribute to make its production a red-letter day in the annals of the Metropolitan Opera House. That seriousness of purpose and the endeavor to make this production in every way worthy of that of Baireuth has been shown in the undertaking, is evinced by the fact that its leading rôles are to be interpreted by Fräulein Ternina, Herr Burgstaller and Herr Van Rooy, names associated with its German successes.

The sources of Wagner's story deserve mention. The legend of the Holy Grail took many forms during the Middle Ages. The French writers, Robert de Borron and Chrétien de Troyes, and in Germany, Wolfram von Eschenbach, have all treated it. The same legend appears in the chronicles of Sir Thomas Malory and later in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." A. I. Du Pont Coleman, writing in the Critic, speaks of these different legends as follows:

In the remarkable sudden efflorescence between 1170 and 1220 of more or less literary handlings of the legend, it would be probable à priori that several detached and floating tales should be combined into a semblance of coherent form. Percival himself is in one aspect but a variant of the Siegfried type, the common heritage of the Aryan peoples; again, he borrows from the tales known to folklore as Dummlingmärchen his egregious simplicity. The mystic talisman itself may be regarded as the result of the coalescence of differing legends; here a precious stone, there a vessel, ultimately connected with Christian tradition; and Wagner even goes behind Wolfram and brings into relief the bleeding lance which in Chrétien de Troyes and in the Welsh form accompanies the Grail proper, making it contribute to his motive of compassion in Parsifal's desire to heal the suffering Amfortas.

This brings one to the point of saying that the matter is, to a certain extent, simplified by the fact that since, after all, it is for the moment Wagner who gives occasion for this paper, we are chiefly concerned with his version. In the deliberate and significant changes which he made in his material, we shall find the clearest indication of the lesson which he meant to teach by this crowning work of

his marvelous career.

He has, in fact, created a new thing out of the rude and primitive legends over which he pondered for so many years. He is no more a borrower than was Shakespeare, when he took the dull chronicle of

Holinshed, or the commonplace tales of Bandello and Cinthio, and made eternal possessions of them. He has never doubted his power over the clay which he molded; even in the spelling of his hero's name, following the somewhat untrustworthy etymology with which Görres provided him, he has emphasized his conception of the character. It matters little to us that, even though parsah may mean "pure" in Persian, and fal be the Arabic word for "fool," we have to go round by the French Perceval to reach Wagner's immediate source in the "Parsival" of Wolfram, who explains the name in consonance with its French source. We are in the presence of larger things then etymologies

larger things than etymologies.

The vast, almost Titanic, conception which he finally gave to the world but a year before his death was of slow and gradual growth. As early as 1849 he had sketched a drama whose central figure was to be the Compassionate One, of whom Parsifal is often said to be a type; and the repentant Kundry of the third act is strongly analogous to the conception of Mary Magdalen which entered into this plan. Another sketch, for a Buddhist drama, to be called "The Victors," dating from 1856, shows how thus early, under the influence of Schopenhauer and the Eastern poets, the idea of the greatness of renunci-ation had entered his mind. The character of Parsifal himself had, by that time, assumed definite shape, and appeared for a moment as a contrast to the hero of passion in the third act of Tristan und Isolde as Wagner first wrote it. On the Good Friday of 1857, in his retreat at Zurich, recalling the incident connected with that day in Chrétien and Wolfram, he wrote the verses descriptive of the Charfreitagszauber which he afterwards put into the mouth of Gurnemanz in the third act; and a few days later the drama was definitely planned out, though it was put aside for other things and not resumed until 1864, when he took it up again at the express request of his patron, the unhappy King Ludwig. It was 1877, however, before the final form made its appearance in print; and even then five more years were to be occupied in the slow evolution of the mighty music which now completes

The story of how Parsifal was crowned of God and man is a fascinating one, accompanied as it is by its beautiful music and the wonderful pageantry of its scenery and costume. Then there is the symbolic atmosphere—that touch of medieval tradition, of paganism and magic, which gives it that rich glow and color so occidental in character. Its music is fully in keeping with the richness and poetic beauty of its theme. The various musical motifs illustrate every thought and movement, whether it interprets the wondrous grace of the holy sacrament, the sorrows of Amfortas, the thunder of Klingsor's black art or the seductive wiles of the flower-maidens.



From a lithograph by Fantin-Latour "BUT PARSIFAL SHUNNED THEIR CIRCLE OF ENTWINING ARMS WITH GENTLE GESTURE"

Courtesy of The Critic

As Oliver Huckel has said, "Often came the pure tones that told of the guileless one, or the strong chords of mighty faith, or the ebb and swell of mystic bells, or the glory of the sacred spear. Now came the regal blasts for Parsifal, and often, and through it all, the splendid music of the Grail itself." For the following story of the opera we are indebted to The Theatre.

The Holy Grail is the central point about which the drama turns-the precious vessel in which Joseph of Arimathæa caught the blood dripping from the crucified Saviour's side. It is kept as a sacred relic and a potent talisman in the castle of Monsalvat by the Knights of the Grail, a band in which membership is conditioned upon purity of life. Klingsor, an evil magician who, for his sinfulness, has been refused admission to it, has his castle near by, spending his life in trying to corrupt the Grail knights by a company of fascinating maidens in a magical garden. Once Amfortas, chief of the Grail guarders, succumbed to the allurements of one of these maidens, whereby he lost and Klingsor gained possession of the sacred lance that was also in his keeping; and he was wounded by it—the lance that pierced the side of the Saviour on the cross, and whose touch alone can cure the wound it made.

The curtain rises upon daybreak in the wood surrounding the castle, where Gurnemanz, one of the knights, and his esquires, are preparing a bath for the suffering Amfortas. Kundry appears, a strange, wild woman, a sort of wandering Jewess, sometimes repentant, as now, serving the Grail, sometimes Klingsor's unwilling servant. She bears a balsam for the king; but it is in vain, for only by the coming of a "sinless fool, enlightened by pity"—durch Mitleid wissend, der reine Thor"—can the wound of Amfortas be healed. Presently he comes, in the person of Parsifal, who has shot a swan and is reproved by Gurnemanz. Being asked his name, his father's name, whence he came, he knows nothing. He is taken to the castle. They enter a mighty hall, lighted only from above. Then come the Grail knights in a solemn procession, seating themselves around two long tables to witness the unveiling of the Grail and the ceremony of the Lord's supper. Gurnemanz invites Parsifal to partake; but he stands dumfounded and silent. The ceremony over, Gurnemanz in disgust pursues the still bewildered Parsifal out of the castle.

The second act shows Klingsor, the magician, in his castle awaiting the approach of Parsifal, the sinless fool, to submit to the temptations of his seductive maidens in his magic garden. He summons Kundry, now in the spell of his power, to do the work of a temptress. The scene changes to the magic garden, full of luxurious Oriental blooms, and of beautiful maidens half clad, changing almost into flowers themselves. Parsifal stands upon the wall, lost in amazement. He springs down into the garden and is surrounded by the chattering, importunate maidens. He turns to go, when Kundry calls him by his name—the first time it has been pronounced. She tells him of his origin, of his mother's death, and bids him learn the mystery of love as she presses a kiss upon his lips. Immediately the "enlightenment" comes to him through pity for his mother; he feels the anguish of Amfortas, sees his wound; he bids the temptress be-

gone. Then comes Klingsor to aid Kundry; he hurls at the youth the holy spear to slay him—but the sacred weapon stops, poised harmlessly over his head. Parsifal seizes it, makes the sign of the cross, and the magician and all his works disappear.

Years elapse before the curtain rises upon the third act. Gurnemanz, now very old, lives in a little hut at the edge of a forest. It is Good Friday. Kundry comes, a penitent, craving leave to serve. Parsifal is seen approaching in black armor with closed visor, and bearing the holy spear. Gurne-manz recognizes him, and from him learns that he has passed through many experiences, his only thought being now to return to the castle of the Grail to release Amfortas from his sufferings. Gurnemanz tells him of the state of things within it-how Amfortas has refused to perform his duties as Grail warder, hoping to secure release by death. Parsifal is deeply moved by the story, knowing now that when first he was taken to the castle he could have prevented all this; he almost faints. brings water to revive him, bathes his feet, and anoints them. Gurnemanz baptizes him, and he then performs the same rite upon Kundry. When they enter the Grail castle, where they find Amfortas beseeching the knights to end his agony, Parsifal advances and heals the wound, touching it with his spear—the spear that made it. He commands the pages to uncover the Grail; Gurnemanz and Amfortas kneel to him in homage, while from the dome above the choir is heard singing, "O Heavenly mercy's marvel, redemption to the redeemer."

From a religious standpoint, "Parsifal" has been the subject of numerous polemics. It has been claimed in some quarters that the basic religious idea of "Parsifal" is Buddhistic rather than Christian. Its paganism has been objected to. But these pagan elements, that so permeate all religions, are only contrasts to the purity and splendor of the simple Christian truth portrayed. Its truths are great truths, and they sing of the "joy of man redeemed and saved, freed from the load of sin by conquering faith." And as "God's own Son was perfect made by pain," so too does Parsifal, the stainless knight, typify the essentials of Christian truth. In this great music drama there is something more than a succession of absorbing scenes and splendid B. O. Flower, in "The Arena," discusses the religious signification of the drama

Throughout the play of "Parsifal" Wagner has striven to be absolutely true to the spirit and prevailing religious belief of the age which produced the Grail legends. Indeed, he has outwardly conformed to the dominant religious dogmas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries so faithfully that I imagine that had his music-drama been produced during that period, its orthodoxy would not have been seriously questioned, even if the audience had missed its deeper lessons and true significance.

It is exoterically theological and esoterically religious. The fundamental demand of art, that the spirit, belief, and dominating thought of the age by preserved, is here met. But the work is far more

From an etching by Eguaquiza

Courtesy of The Critte

"ONE MYSTIC MIDNIGHT CAME A MESSENGER OF GOD TO TITUREL AND GAVE TO HIM THE HOLY GRAIL"

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e. Ily reat the age be more than a great art piece. Below the shell, the form, the dogma, and superstition, which the great majority of intelligent Christians have long since outgrown, are found the fundamental religious and ethical lessons which are as eternal as life itself, and the presence of which measures the vitality of and gives potentiality for good to any religion or philosophy.

This is why no class of persons has been more profoundly impressed with the strength and religious power of "Parsifal" than the deeply religious minds among the distinctly liberal thinkers who have witnessed its performance. They have not only seen, but have been compelled to feel the force

of the lessons it teaches and how pregnant is this drama with truths upon the acceptance or realization of which civilization itself depends.

Take, for example, the life of Parsifal. Here we have a splendid illustration of the evolution of a life from self-absorption to selflessness; from negative good, or guilelessness, to the positive virtue which can come only with knowledge and the victory born of triumph over multitudinous temptations which beset the pathway of life. Here, too, we see indifference to the sufferings, needs; and vearnings of others give place to that intense concern for the happiness, peace and welfare of the most hopeless and despairing ones, which found its supreme expression in the life of the Great Nazarene.

Parsifal emphasizes the fact that "Heaven is not gained with a single bound." After Parsifal had won the great victory and

gained the Sacred Spear, still he had not grown enough to be worthy to rule in the council chambers of Monsalvat. He had to grow to new heights. Thus many years yet of struggle, temptation and trial awaited him. Self-mastery and spiritual supremacy are attained, not by one victory, but by many. They come only as the rich fruition of a life of strenuous endeavor, a life of loyalty to duty and to love.

life of loyalty to duty and to love.

"Parsifal" teaches the lesson which is the luminous soul of the noblest religions. It tells us that not only is love—pure, exalted love—the greatest thing in the world, but that it is the only light that leads the wanderer to the throne of the Infinite.

Turning from Parsifal, we see in Kundry a typical

character, rich in suggestive lessons. She represents the aspiring soul chained by passion and desire. The world is full of Kundrys.

In the magician's realm we see the world of pseudo-pleasures, bright, glittering and attractive but ephemeral. Here true love, which is the crown and glory of parenthood, and which in its broader manifestation reaches out in divine helpfulness to all, is not known; but in its stead we find gross sensual gratification; lust for love, satiety of the passions for spiritual exaltation, and absorption in the lower self instead of concern for others. Here the passions, appetites and desires are lords and masters. Here all is counterfeit and all is transitory.

Parsifal is colossal, he is typical. His evolution is that which must be taken by every individual who attains to the spiritual supremacy which brings to the soul peace on earth and an immortality of felicity. Parsifal points the way to the heights. not merely for the individual, but for society as well. All nations and civilizations which are not destined to suffer eclipse must tread the royal pathway over which he passed. No more solemn truth confronts mankind today than is taught by the victorious struggle of Parsifal.

A people, nationality, or civilization may seem to flourish for a season through might of force, as did Babylon of old, as did the empire of the Medes and Persians, as did Rome as she approached the summit of her world-wide rule, and as did Spain in the fifteenth century. But all triumphs based on force and injustice, on victories not won by love, are ephemeral in character. If history

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teaches any lesson in clear and unmistakable language, it is that whatsoever is sown shall be reaped; and the nation or civilization which disregards the eternal demands of justice, freedom and fraternity will sooner or later follow the pathway trodden by Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome and Spain. Victory, to be permanent, must depend on the cohesion of love, which is ever creative and constructive, and not on the disintegrative influence of force and hate. It must do right because it is right. It must imitate the sun, which bathes the world in light and warmth; the violet, the lily and the rose, whose fragrance and beauty delight the senses and bring into the human heart a message from the Infinite.



From an etching by Equaquiza

Courtesy of The Critic

"THEN SUDDENLY THE HEAVENLY SPLENDOR FELL AND FLAMED AND GLOWED WITHIN THE SACRED CUP"



GYPSIES

Glimpses of the Magyars By F. Berkeley Smith

The following is an excerpt from F. Berkeley Smith's new book, "Budapest, the City of the Magyars."* This book is quite the most delightful piece of writing which Mr. Smith has produced, full of color and sympathy, with all the charm and atmosphere of the country portrayed, brought within its covers. The volume is full of excellent illustrations made from paintings, drawings and photograph. All in all this is a very charming and most interesting book.

Soaked in a driving April rain one night, I turned down one of those broad streets of Pest designated at its corner by an unpronounceable name, and sought the fireside of my friend, the count, a Hungarian nobleman, whose family for generations have been typical of that fine old Magyar spirit which has existed since the year 896, when the Magyars, under the great Arpad, left their ancient homes in Asia and settled in Hungary.

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I found my friend recuperating before the cheery fire of his den after a hard day in Parliament.

The glowing hearth of my host helped one forget the chill, rain-swept city without, for the streets were shining in a slapping downpour that made the dazzling arc lights over the coffee-houses and cafés gleam in halos.

*Budapest: The City of the Magyars, F. Berkeley Smith. N. Y. James Pott & Co. \$1.50. Copyright, 1903, by James Pott & Co. It rains in earnest in Budapest. The clouds have no discrimination for this hyphenated city. One would think that upon such a night the Danube, slipping between Buda and Pest, would overflow its banks, and sometimes it does, and there is the devil to pay; but such a catastrophe is confined to the broad flatlands above and below the city, for the massive stone quays form a herculean barrier against which the swirling yellow river along the water front on the two cities is powerless.

A man beneath his own roof may be judged to no small extent by his library, and the walls of the Count's cozy den were lined with volumes, many in rare bindings, and, strangely enough, most of them written in English, while upon his broad library table were ranged the latest French, German, English and American reviews of the week.

You will find hundreds of cultivated Hungarians whose libraries resembles my host's, and who speak at least three languages besides their own, and who are in familiar touch with the current events, literature and politics of the civilized world, and who speak English with a facility of a Russian, with scarcely an accent.

"To know a city," said my host, settling himself in an easy chair, "one must first understand the *character* of its people. If you wish

to see the true Hungarian," the Count continued, "you will find him on the great flatlands. Many of these Hungarians are very rich from their vast grain fields. The man of the flatlands," he went on, "is the true Magyar, preserving to-day the traditions and customs of his ancestors. He is as clean as a lord, honest, sincere, kindly and hospitable, and, like all true Hungarians, a born raconteur. He will tell you stories by the hour."

My friend paused, offered me a fresh cigarette, gave an extra dig to the blazing logs,

and continued:

"The Magyars are gentle people. Among them one rarely sees a fight, and still rarer a quarrelsome drunken man. They drink for the love of good fellowship, for the pleasure of it, not viciously; and yet it is equally true that the Magyar is often quick-tempered, quarreling at times with his best friend, and for nothing, and being sorry for it afterward, but it is the result of his impressionable, excitable emperament, and not because he is by nature an irritable man.

"The Magyar loves his tavern. Here, among his old friends, he will sit for hours drinking light wines mixed with mineral waters, smoking and listening to the music of

the gypsies, and when their sad czardas have sufficiently moved him, he will cry over the memories of his life, his romances and adventures, and finally, when the music thrills him in that mad tempo which only a gypsy can play, he will tell stories to his comrades about his grandfather, his eccentricities, how he sold his oxen, or traded his horses, his adventures, and so on half the night, until he staggers off still crying over the czardas, drunk with the music and the wine, illumined to sing and to enjoy.

"And whether this Magyar in question be a poor farmer, barefooted in his fields, or rich, owning a superb estate,



SOKACIAN GIRLS

he is as proud as Lucifer and a gentleman. Even the poorest of them will offer you all he possesses to entertain you, should you pass his humble door. His hospitality is a pleasure to him, he feels himself equal to anyone in the world, and he shakes hands with the King as he would welcome a friend; but he will not shake hands with a gypsy or a Jew.

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"Take, for instance, our serving people; the servants of the rich magnate are devoted to their master. His peasants revere and love him, and will stick to him through thick and thin."

The Count rose and lit a fresh cigar. "Why, do you know," he went on, squaring his broad shoulders to the blaze before the crackling logs, "that when the Countess' father was taken prisoner of war and when rumors became current that he might be put to death, two of his peasants came to offer their heads to save his, for, as they said, 'perhaps they will take two heads of ours in exchange for the head of a gentleman?

"But I diverge. To-night, I must tell you, as I have promised, something of the Magyar hospitality. It is as dear to him as his religion. "Nowhere does the parting guest depart

with greater difficulty than in Hungary. The host welcomes him with open arms. As long as he remains, his glass is ever filled with the choicest wines of the cellar; the music of the gypsies—each estate having its own gypsy band—is subject to his beck and call; the servants of his host are his devoted slaves. It is only when the guest attempts to leave that trouble begins.

"My father," continued the Count, "was a man of great decision and promptitude; he would have things done his own way, and never in his whole life had anyone dared to oppose or dictate to him. When a boy I used



SHOKAT WOMEN DRESSING FLAX

to accompany him on long driving trips through Hungary. It meant with us a continuous series of visits at the different estates of his old friends.

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, "My father always drove five horses to his carriage, three abreast and two leaders. This was an old Hungarian custom; here it is not permitted to drive six horses to a private carraige, as that number is reserved solely for the King. Often old families drive seven or even eight, but never six.

"Upon one of these trips, we spent three weeks at an estate belonging to an old friend, and finally the day arrived when my father decided we must go. He had ordered the car"Then followed a scene of protesting with our host, who had himself planned this means of detaining us. Pleading and arguing were of no avail; he would have none of our going. So stubborn was he that some hot words passed between my father and his old friend, who was not only angry but hurt that we should have attempted to leave so soon.

"Well, the outcome of the matter was that we were obliged to remain another week to appease him, and all this time our wheels remained lashed to the poplar tops up to which only a gypsy could climb. I remember what a genial old fellow he was and how he took our going away to heart, even to the point"—and



FÊTE-DAY COSTUMES

riage at six in the morning, for we had a long drive ahead of us. The hour arrived, and our coachman, a fellow who was never a minute late, failed to appear. Half an hour passed and still no carriage.

"Finally my father, in a towering rage, went to search for him in hiding, and found him pale and frightened.

"'Where is our carriage?' he thundered.

"'Sire,' replied our man, 'if you will come with me, I will show you what has happened," and leading the way down a winding trail to the brook, he pointed to the four tallest poplar trees on the estate. At the top of each was lashed a wheel of our carriage!

the Count laughed heartily—"of getting very red in the face and thundering at my father that he was no friend of his, and then as suddenly, with tears in his eyes, dragging us back into the house and pouring out for us a glass of his rarest tokay, a priceless liquid, topaz, siphoned from a small cobwebbed barrel in the cellar—a barrel one could have tucked under one's arm, a little cask that had slumbered for forty years, nestled close to a giant one whose ample sides were bulging with samorodni." The Count lifted his glass and said, "Do you know that I have always had a peculiar feeling about that little cask? The one that for scores of years had slumbered had grown emptier.



A HUNGARIAN NOBLEWOMAN

Often it had been called upon as a special honor to toast some gentle bride. Again, in loving memory of a kind grandfather; once to the health of a little blue-eyed girl, and now it healed an open wound between two old friends."

Again the Count lifted his glass.

"And I remember, too, another old Magyar trick. This was to grease the carriage of the departing guest with wolf's fat. It was impossible to force the horses into the shafts when they scented it," chuckled the Count. "Sometimes," he continued, with a wink, "the guests' horses would be speeded away to a distant farm. Then there was nothing to do but to wait the host's good pleasure to send for them.

"Often when a house party arrived at an estate," continued my friend, smiling as he recalled a few of the red-letter days of his life,

"the host would meet them in a state of embarrassment and say that he regretted bitterly being obliged to quarter every one in the little rooms beneath the eaves, as all the large rooms were still, unfortunately, in the hands of the painters! And so the guest would be shown, under this ruse, to the tiny rooms, and as there was no space to spare within, their trunks would be speedily unpacked and placed in the halls. Then the trunks and portmanteaus of the new arrivals would be carried off by the servants and hidden, and thus the host would make prisoners of his guests often for weeks at a time."

"And what was the usual daily schedule of

such feudal hospitality?" I asked.

"I must then begin at daybreak," he answered, "for very early in the morning it is the custom to wake you up and pour out for you at your bedside a stiff glass of brandy; then we would all go to sleep again until eight or nine, when a hearty breakfast would be served. After which followed a walk over the farm, during which your host would proudly show us his horses, his dogs, his crops and his cattle. Then every one returned for luncheon, after which the ladies went to their rooms for a nap, while the men smoked and talked or went over the estate; in season, he would go shooting. Guests were never left alone. At five tea was served, and later dinner, lasting half the night or until broad daylight. Many of these dinners have lasted twenty-four hours. drinking, story-telling, singing and listening to the Tziganes; for, as I told you, every estate has its gypsy band.

"The time of the vintage is the season when the Magyar entertains royally; often he invites more guests than there is room for, and a jolly party would be assigned even to the stable, the horses being quartered elsewhere. their stalls filled with fresh straw, and here thirty or forty would camp for the night; and it is needless for me to say," continued the Count, "that there was more singing, dancing,

and drinking than sleep."

"The bank accounts of the genial hosts you describe, Count, must be colossal?" I ventured.

"They are not as rich as you suppose," he

replied, "that is, as you say, in cash.

"Although they are rich in produce, their wines come from their own hillsides, and their estates raise more to eat than they themselves can possibly consume. Their peasants and servants cost them next to nothing.

"As to communications in the old days there

were no railroads, of course, the mail being carried by coach, and that, too, at infrequent intervals, and sometimes by gypsies, the estates being isolated from each other by long distances."

"Did everybody travel that way?"

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"Old-fashioned people, in those days, made long journeys by carriage. They would take upon these trips half a dozen carriages, bringing with them their entire retinue of servants; and so my great-grandmother and great-grandfather went on their wedding journey, driving from their estate in Hungary all the way to Venice and back. There were forty carriages in this honeymoon cavalcade, besides their outriders and their bodyguard."

The Count paced to the window and glanced out at the storm.

"This is bad weather for April," he said; "we should have our sunny, balmy spring soon."

He touched an electric button on his desk and his servant appeared through the portières. What he said in Hungarian to the rosy-cheeked little maid I haven't the slightest idea—I could not even pronounce a syllable of it. I only know that the result of his well-chosen words was the sudden and noiseless appearance of a rolling table shining in silver and hearing whiskey and soda.

A second later a fresh log was crackling upon

my friend's fire. We drew our chairs nearer to the blaze and shook the ice in our glasses. and the Count continued: "There are many old-fashioned and primitive people in Hungary. I once knew an old gentleman who lived in Buda, who, when the stone suspension bridge was built over the Danube, never crossed it to Pest, because he was afraid it would fall. He waited for years until the new iron one was constructed before venturing upon it. And there was another old gentleman of the old school, who, upon the death of his wife, shut himself up in a little old-fashioned house in Pest, and there, for twenty-five years—until his death, in fact-he never saw the outside world. The Revolution raged about him, but he never saw it.

"It was the lack of this very bridge across the Danube that lost for one of our young noblemen nearly sixty years ago a charming bride. The baron whom you met this morning was then a boy."

"He has not changed much," I said, as I recalled his rugged, jolly face, courtly manner, merry blue eyes, straight as an arrow and over six feet tall, and whose eighty years seemed to have preserved all of his youth and nothing of his age. I remembered, too, the virile, hearty grip with which he had welcomed me that morning and the cheery chuckle of his voice.

"When the Baron was a young man," con-



SERVIANS

tinued the Count, rattling the ice in his whiskey and soda, "the Baron set out to cross the Danube to Buda with a dozen other young fellows, to attend a ball given in honor of the engagement of the daughter of a nobleman.

"The man who was to marry the fair young lady was with them. It was a winter's night, bitterly cold, and the river was heaving and

crunching in running ice.

"It was a perilous undertaking, but, with their evening clothes in valises and themselves well wrapped up in their storm coats, they made

ready forthe crossing. There was only one young man among them whose courage failed, and that young man was the fiancé! No amount of entreaties could persuade him to risk his life. Say what they would, he flatly refused to join them, and so they were obliged to leave him on the shore and push out into the river. For two hours they fought their way across, pulling at their oars with the bitter cold, and many times the boat was nearly capsized with the running ice. Finally, they reached Buda in safety and proceeded to the nobleman's house to dress for the ball, only to be disappointed. For when the bride-elect learned that her

fiancé had been afraid to risk his life to come to her, she never spoke to him again."

My host passed me the cigarettes, with the remark that I had doubtless noticed that the invariable custom in Hungary was to offer cigarettes to everyone you received in your office or your house, unless it be a servant, just as in the Orient the Turks offer you coffee, adding that between the hours of three and seven in the city it is also the custom to offer as well a glass of cognac, or, if it be in the country, a glass of slivovitz, a strong plum

brandy resembling somewhat very old applejack.

"Do the gypsies make it?" I asked.

"Sometimes; but you must go into the real country to see the real gypsies," said the Count, "where you will find them in their nomad camps. But keep your eyes open; the gypsies are born thieves and great cowards. A Hungarian with a stick can scatter twenty of them armed with guns. They cause much trouble for us—these gypsy nomads—evading army service and all taxes—

and since they are continually moving from place to place, they are difficult to regulate or discipline: but otherwise, with the exception of their thievery, I must say that they are not bad people, and, like many vagabonds, have many good qualities. They rarely commit other crimes; they will steal, but do not kill to steal. They are really people without a country, and for that reason," said the Count with a gentle gesture, "they are to be forgiven for many of their sins.

"As to their inborn love of music and their playing so marvelously by ear, it begins with their babyhood."

"How young do they begin?"

"I once stopped on a drive and saw a naked gypsy child, not four years old, standing by the roadside intent upon the tune his father was playing to him. This baby could not yet talk, and yet he took his father's violin, which was nearly as big as himself, and clutching it as best he could, began to play."

It had grown late; the last log upon my friend's fire was now slumbering in its embers, and I rose to bid my host good-night. He held the lamp at the top of his stairway that I might pick my way down the winding flight.



A HUNGARIAN BEAUTY

The Secret Cannibal Society of the Kwakiutl

By Walter L. Beasley*

Among the many Indian tribes of the northwest coast, probably the most interesting in regard to their mysterious and spectacular ceremonials is the Kwakiutl of North Vancouver Island. Their mythology is based upon the adventures of a number of their mythical and supernatural ancestors, who either dropped down from the sky, arose from the underworld, or emerged from the ocean. All the people are therefore supposed to be the descendants of these fabulous personages. This has afforded a wide range for their superstitious imagination to weave innumerable tales and legends and to construct enormous grotesque masks. The wearing of these carved representations of their ancestral spirits, who are still supposed to be present, will bestow supernatural help and power upon the person or clan who has acquired the right to use them. The magical gifts, dances, and crests of these *By courtesy of The Scientific American.

spirits are all hereditary, but can also be obtained by marriage and initiation into one of its secret societies. The Kwakiutls have a number of these organizations, the most important and highly prized of which is the Ha-matsa. The startling and surprising feature of the Ha-matsa fraternity, aside from the weird and severe initiation, is the employment of a cannibalistic rite, which is rigidly enforced and enacted by the candidate. This flesheating habit, while known to a limited number of ethnologists who have witnessed and technically reported on the same, to the general public, however, has possibly never been pictured nor described. The writer lately had the exceptional opportunity of having several interviews with the most enlightened and influential member of the Kwakiutls while on a visit to New York. This gentleman is the leading authority on the customs and mythology of his people, having collected and fur-



Form a photograph provided by the American Museum of Natural History

MASK OF THE DOUBLE-HEADED SERPENT



From a photograph provided by the American Museum of Natural History

MASTER OF CEREMONIES OF THE HA-MATSA SOCIETY

nished the National Museum at Washington and other institutions, here and abroad, with specimens and ethnological material relating to his tribe. The following account of the initiation ceremony of the cannibal Ha-matsa society is based largely upon his narrative; though it has lost some of its old-time ferocious qualities, when the Ha-matsa candidate is said to have devoured a body, yet in its present modified form it is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable Indian ceremonials of to-day. The origin for the Ha-matsa is based on an old myth or tradition which is considered one of

the most sacred of the tribe. An ancestor, the protector and founder of the cannibal society. came down from the sky and was possessed of magic power, which he could throw into objects, making them alive, and into men, either killing or transforming them. The source of this supernatural power lay in a small animal, said to be a frog that lived in his stomach, which caused unusual hunger. When his appetite had to be satisfied, a ceremonial piece was given, at which he wore ornaments of red cedar bark, which are at present the emblems of the society. He had four sons. Supernatural powers manifested themselves in one in his acting at times as a cannibal, and he also wore ornaments of red cedar bark. He was made invulnerable by being rubbed with the blood of the double-headed serpent, and thereafter became a great warrior and by conquering many chiefs acquired much property. Thus, to be victorious warriors, and to secure the above supernatural qualities of their great ancestor, the Kwakiutl instituted the Ha-matsa. In the initiation dances the candidate personates the protector by wearing his mask and ornaments, showing thereby to the assembled people that by a visit to the abode of the Spirit he has obtained his powers. The ceremony of initiation only takes place during the winter months. Before the candidate is admitted to the Ha-matsa he must have been a member for seven years of some of the lower orders. The preliminary meeting is called by the chief, who announces to the people that a certain young man is to be initiated. Shortly the candidate disappears and soon afterward his cry is heard in the forest. Then the head man of the society proclaims to the tribe that the Cannibal Spirit has taken the young man to his abode in the woods, to prepare him for initiation. He remains from three to four months in the forest. During this period he is isolated from the outside world, and is supposed to be living in touch with the supernatural Cannibal Spirit. When the time approaches for the return of the novice the various details for the initiation ceremony are arranged. Singing is one of the special features. Eight songs have to be arranged: these are looked after by the musical master, who takes a band of selected singers into the woods to compose and rehearse these new songs and tunes. A certain clearing in the thicket is always selected for this purpose. Here the songs are practised which are to be used in the forthcoming performance. The Ha-matsa novice, however, listens unseen to the tunes,

as he must dance to them correctly when he makes his first appearance. Any mistakes he should make are considered ill-omened and will bring disaster upon the people. When the time for the return of the absent novice draws near, the old members of the Ha-matsa and the rest of the various secret society men who are to take part in the initiation ceremony assemble at a special dancing-house set apart for the purpose, usually ornamented in front by a totemic column, capped by the curved beak of the Raven, who is a messenger of the Cannibal Spirit. Here, by loud singing and other demonstrative effects, it is intended to attract the attention of the absent aspirant and induce him to return, when, by specially composed songs and dances, it is hoped that his wild and half-frenzied nature will be subdued. The waiting assembly is made up of the highest rank of the various secret orders, a master of ceremonies, a musical leader and several rows of singers. The Bear fraternity, who are dressed in the skins of grizzly bears, do a sort of detective duty, observing and punishing any mistakes made during the performance. The person making the error is scratched with their claws, which afford painful injuries. singers beat their rhythm on pieces of pine boards, in a seated position. The square inclosure of earth is reserved for the dancing space, in the center of which a fire is kept burning. The faces of the old members are painted black and they wear rings of red cedar bark around the neck. Eagle-down feathers are worn in the head-dress. Then commences a loud musical and song recital, designed to charm back the novice. Messengers are sent out to report if he has been seen. Suddenly his steps are heard on the roof, which he has ascended by means of a pole arranged for the purpose. He jumps down and lands in a secret room in the rear set apart for him. This inclosure is dedicated to and supposed to be the abiding place of the cannibal deity of the Hamatsa. The front curtain is ornamented with a design, which is intended to represent the great deity himself. By special arrangement, when the Ha-matsa candidate appears, he is made to come out of the opening in the mouth of the drawing. He rushes out into the room in a frenzied state, wearing a head-dress of red cedar bark, with hemlock branches wound around his waist and ankles. Immediately upon his entrance he is seized by the large neck ring of cedar bark by several attendants, who try to hold him to prevent him from biting people. After wildly encircling the fire four



Courtesy of The Scientific American
THE HA-MATSA NOVICE

times, during which time there is kept up a pandemonium of song and cries, he quickly makes his exit through the curtain of his secret apartment and disappears from the building. Not long after this his whistles are heard in the distant woods. The master of ceremonies then requests the assemblage to go out and try to recapture the fugitive novice. the new songs composed are sung by all the people as they walk to and fro in the village and up and down the beach. During this interval the candidate has appeared several times at various near-by points. One of the assembly, half clad, is then sent ahead to act as a decoy or bait for the novice. As soon as the Ha-matsa sees him he rushes up and bites mouthfuls of flesh from his arm. He is then surrounded by the assembly and marched toward the dancing-house, the people singing on their way. At this point a female dancer appears and begins to sing her new Ha-matsa songs, during which she moves toward the dancing-house, stepping backward and facing the novice, whom she desires to coax inside. Her hands and arms are extended as though she was carrying a body for the candidate to eat. The palms of both hands are turned upward in front of him and he keeps watching the hands of the dancer. All the assembly enter the house. After lingering an hour or so the novice goes to the rear and climbs up the pole to the roof, and descends into the secret room. Shortly afterwards he dashes out among the people and seizes the nearest man

and bites his arm. He circles round the fire holding on to his victim by the teeth. This performance is repeated four times, the novice selecting a different man on each occasion. He is still thought to be out of his senses. In the first dance of the candidate he represents one looking for human flesh. His movements are executed in a squatting position, making wild and violent gestures as he proceeds. He wears a crown of red cedar bark, and is held by a large ring around his neck, so that he will not attack and bite more of the people. The female dancer again appears in front of him, dancing as before described. The candidate then returns to his secret quarters, and the people take off their cedar ornaments and throw them into the fire. This is called smoking the wildness out of the new Ha-matsa. For two nights thereafter the dances are kept up, after which the novice shows signs that he has become nearly pacified. The last night of the ceremony ends in a general festival, at which all the men, women and children of the tribe are invited. The candidate now appears dressed for the first time in a button blanket and a new head-dress and neck-ring. He then pays the men for the bites he has inflicted during initiation, the price being a canoe for each bite. The women dancers are given bracelets, and the men who sang, button blankets. The cannibal pole and curtain of the secret room are pulled down and burnt. The new-fledged Ha-matsa is henceforth considered a person of rank and power in the tribe.



From a photograph provided by the American Museum of Natural History

THE HA-MATSA CANNIBALS IN A FEAST

Major André's Last Love

The following story is taken from Mr. Mills' exquisite series of sketches, "Through the Gates of Old Romance."* The book is cleverly done, giving a charming poetic picture of life two centuries and a half ago. It is full of the glamour of the period it portrays, and in addition it tells a number of interesting stories. The excerpt which we give will show something of its character. André, sketching in Bowling Green, sees a young lady go past who waves at him from her chair. He discovers that she is Sally Townsend, "the belle of Long Island,"

and he determines to go over to Long Island and see her again.

The love-affairs of Major André have always created as much discussion as the justice of his lamented fate. Whether he was true to that paragon of virtues, Honora Snevd, as has often been written, or forgot her for Peggy Chew, Rebecca Redman, or any of the host of Colonial beauties whose names have been linked with his, can never be answered. This we know, that after she was married to another, "the endless Mr. Edgeworth," André still wore her miniature, and he himself tells us that he secreted it in his mouth when taken

a prisoner at Quebec. His affection for her was pure and lofty, and in his sprightly and characteristic letters to Anna Seward, her foster-sister, who corresponded with him under the pseudonym of "Julia," we obtain glimpses of a hopeless passion; of a lover who truly loved and longed, but was never an accepted suitor.

*Through the Gates of Old Romance. W. Jay Mills. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company. Copyright 1903, by J. B. Lippincott Company.

Although Honora Sneyd was the grand passion of André's life, he had a gay and volatile temperament, and many a pretty face caught his fancy after donning the king's livery; and so we find him in the days that followed his meeting with the belle of Long Island journeying to her home in Oyster Bay.

The house where Sally Townsend resided still stands on the main street. The old

building was erected by Samuel Townsend in 1740, and is little changed since the day Sally's gallant British admirers used to hurry over from windswept Fort Hill in search of her. The Townsends were among the first Long Island settlers, having purchased land in this village in 1661. One of the early daughters of the family, by the name of Freelove, married the famous pirate, Tom Jones, as dreaded by Long Islanders as Captain Kidd was farther south. Their house at Massapequa, known as "the pirate's house," remained standing until well into the last century.

Tom Jones had long been a troubled shade, if we credit

the tales of ghost-hunters, when Major André first came to Oyster Bay. Colonel Simcoe, commander of the Queen's Rangers, was then quartered at the Townsend house, and General Clinton's aide, on his week's leave of absence from New York, knew he would receive a warm welcome from him. It was noonday when he and two of his fellows arrived at the village; a market lad directed them to the house. Wilting under the rays





of the hot sun, they were longing for the cool strip of Quogue's beach.

André was inwardly lamenting his foolhardiness in coming such a long distance simply to get a closer view of a maiden who had waved a kerchief at him. As they approached the wide gray shadow of the Townsend dwelling the noise

of some disturbance from within met their ears. There was a clatter of chinaware, deep, boisterous laughter, and a woman's voice in shrill accents. "Don't!" and "Lud!" and then "Keep it up!" floated out through the windows. André parted the plumes of a high peony bush, stood on tiptoe and gazed in at the scene. A girl, dodging a line of lusty youths pursuing her about a table filled with steaming viands, stopped in her flight.

For a moment she gazed at the man's head and shoulders rising out of the plant in the garden. To both their minds came the picture of a patch of grass at the foot of Broadway and the memory of a waving bit of white gauze. The girl blushed and so did the man over the peonies. The noise was still going on about her. For a moment she hesitated, then, rushing to the window, she merrily called, "Help! Help!" One of the young soldiers had also caught a glimpse of André and recognized him.

"'Tis John André, Clinton's aide, coming," he said; but the words had no more than left his mouth when a biscuit hit the

spot from whence they came.

"Take that, and that," the rescuer cried, as he aimed the crispy balls at the ungallant youths. "Shame on you! Four lads to one maid!"

The men were laughing.

The girl had become silent and her cheeks were flaming scarlet. "'Twas a game of forfeits, sir," she cried, "and they took advantage. I shall call the others of your tribe, gentlemen," she said, turning to her tormentors. There was scorn in her voice, but her eyes smiled on André.

Later in the day André sat at the feet of Sally Townsend as she shelled peas in a grotto at the back of the house. Almost up to the entrance of the spot which she herself had planned in imitation of a Ranleagh grotto marched an army of radiant blooms. Over their fragrant faces hovered a band of butterflies, and now and then a brigand bee droned of his thefts to a heedless world. Every Simcoe redcoat was away drilling in a distant field. The house seemed like some great white bird asleep in the sun. The man and the girl under the cool arch of cedar boughs were facing each other. Even the brook in the distance had stopped its murmuring.

"And why did you wave to me that morn on Broadway as you journeyed to your

Aunt's?" André asked.

"'Twas all a mistake; I took you for some one else," the girl replied.

"Tell me, was he much like me?" he began again.

The girl smiled. "Why press me, Major André?" she said.

The peas were flying through her rosy fingers.



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THE TOWNSEND GARDEN

The young soldier by her side reached out to a gaudy poppy and broke it from its frail stem. Now he was playing with it. A shaft of sunlight had strayed over from the flower field, and was loitering on his unpowdered hair, beating it into gold.

Suddenly he spoke.

"I came all the way from York to obtain another view of you, Miss Townsend. The face by the chair window was so wonderfully sweet. Won't you tell me why you waved?"

The girl bent her head over the pea-pods. The bees, for a moment deep in the honeyed hearts of the flowers, were silent. The hot world seemed like a colored print in a picture-book, brilliant but without life.

"If you must know," she said hesitatingly, "I thought for a moment you were the man I love. The color of the coat showed me my mistake."

She was smiling at his chagrin.

There was a silence for a few minutes.

"Where is your rebel to-day?" he said, when he had cast his dream away.

A look of sadness came over her face and tears choked her voice as she answered, "God knows!"

It was the calls of old Miss Townsend for her evening vegetables which broke up the visions of the two. The girl's last words had brought to André's mind a picture of his Honora separated from him by miles and miles of ocean. Did she care whether he followed this new beauty? he asked himself. No; she had forgotten him. He looked at Sally. Where were her eager thoughts now? With some slender youth tramping along a Jersey road, perhaps. She was following him through the dark forest where he walked with bleeding feet. Camp fires glowed before her eyes as he ate his starvation rations, the wind whistled in her ears with its shriek of musketry and deep roar of cannon. Now she gazed upon him wounded and creeping over the mossy turf to some stream to quench his thirst of death. The agony of it was awful. André saw the horror in her face.

"Poor girl," he whispered, "he is safe somewhere, I know; my heart feels sure of it."

Sally rose and carried her basket into the kitchen, where a slave woman took it, murmuring protestations of thanks. There was no room in the house for him to sleep, but Sally assured him that he could find a lodging at the tayern

"May I come and see you to-night?" he said, when they reached the garden gate.

"You had better not," she answered. "You know me only as a hoyden with silly wits. I should hate all of you redcoats!"

"Let me come and I will talk only of him,"

he whispered.

"Then come," she said. "King George has the whole village in his power; and besides," she added, "you somehow make me think of Jack." And her eyes followed him as he walked down the street, turning often to bow to her until the night folded him in her arms.

"André hath captured the belle," was the verdict of every Simcoe officer quartered at Townsend's. They had become firm friends. The gay young officer had journeyed into the country in search of a pretty face and had found a good heart. André settled in his mind that the waving fichu was but the caprice of a moment; the act of a young and thoughtless girl who never hoped to see him again. Did he really look like Jack? he often asked himself. From Sally he heard of that youth's good parts, and soon began to feel a strange sympathy for him. Before the war he was the master of the village school. He was a dreamer and a writer of sweet verses who should have had naught to do with battle.

In a little vine-covered cot by the king's highway his mother dwelt, breeding doves and rarer birds for a livelihood. There were few sales for her now. André passed her sometimes, seated by her doorstep, her wrinkled old face turned towards the west road where she had followed her best beloved to the turnpike one bright morning two years before. Her eyes were like those of a troubled parent bird, as she often sat there brooding. Once he went to see her with Sally. The girl had told him more of her lover. In a burst of confidence she had informed him that they were not even betrothed; his poverty forbade him the house. André sighed with her over the tale of no letters. There was one who never wrote to him, too, but alas! from choice. Once he showed this younger woman her miniature. He was going to love Sally as a brother would. They were so alike with their smiles and their laughter, yet each with a sad secret. At Philadelphia and York, where gaiety was rife, the image of his Honora did not come before him as often as it did in this quiet village.

With Sally, André would leave the house ostensibly to walk over to the camp; but, once away from prying eyes, they would wander off through the pines to heathy wastes where

the golden-rod tossed its tassels knee high, and through fields green and riant, filled with the very passion of ripe summer. It was on these walks that they entered into the closest communion. All their superficialities seemed to vanish. André forgot the many beauties the god of Love had led his footsteps to in America, and for the time was the simple "Cher Jean" of younger days. The girl by his side felt stronger with him. Jack must be safe, for he said so. "You will find him again, and happiness," he would often tell her. "The world cannot be all made up of dreary days." And a smile always followed the sigh.

On the fifth day of André's stay in Oyster Bay he wandered with Sally as usual beyond the outskirts of the township. Starting for home when the sunbeams were beginning to fade along the roadway, they came upon a fisherman's wife driving an empty cart. The woman was all excitement, and in a jumbled Dutch dialect tried to tell them of something that had happened, pointing often to the village. She evidently feared André, for her eyes resting on him were filled with hatred. Sally was used to seeing the woman pass by the Townsend gate. What could she mean by her queer actions? She was evidently trying to tell them that something had been taken from her.

"Her fish may have been seized by the soldiers, poor thing!" the girl said, as, still gesticulating wildly, they watched her drive away. When she was out of sight the two

hurried on.

The sun left the tree-tops and sank into a misty grave. Gray vapors stole over the meadows. The day was dying sadly. The dew came suddenly upon the country-side and drenched all its vari-colored beauty in tears. The wings of a storm could be heard in the distance. André seized his companion's hand and they ran laughingly with the wind.

The girl paused for breath. Her face changed. "Major André," she said, "what

do you think the woman meant?"

"'Twas her fish," he said, to comfort her.

Nature's swift transition coming upon them so silently gave him a strange foreboding of

impending trouble.

They were entering the street; the storm was at their backs. The day was stifled in a sable pall. There was a roll of thunder, and a swift flash of lightning illumined the sky. Then out of the sullen blackness loomed the house, a sheet of fire, candles glowing in every room. A group of townspeople were about

the door. Sally ran from André's side. Old Miss Townsend sat on the doorstep weeping, with her head in her apron. Sally looked at her and then at the faces about her. Most of the people were Tories, and there was little in their eyes but curiosity. Two or three neighbors glanced at her tenderly, and one stepped forward as if to speak, then checked herself. Inside there was the murmur of many voices. One that lived ever in her heart now came to her ears like an evil dream. Her face blanched. André was by her side in an instant.

"Tis Jack," she whispered. In the hall she saw him bound and bleeding. His face was thin and haggard. There were bayonets

all about him.

"You cannot enter here yet a while," a sentinel called out; but her ears were heedless. In André's arms she had swooned. The few who remained by the door were bending over

her; about them roared the storm.

Sally's lover had been captured that afternoon in a rye field a mile from his home. He was dressed in a cheap, soiled homespun, and would have passed as a farmer's lad if a townsman vigilant in the service of King George had not recognized him. The youth was free after a long incarceration in a British warehouse prison in New York City. Many a weary mile he had skirted homeward bound. His one thought was to reach his mother's cool little cot again. The fever was still in his veins. He was nearing the road to rest when the soldiers ran out upon him. To his distraught fancy they seemed like red devils eager to drag him back to hades. Off over the fields he could see the roof of Sally's home. How glad she would be to see him again! Further on was the little house he loved so well. The storm-clouds were beginning to form over it. His mother was no doubt bringing in the birds now from the willow garden house. Hark! was that the faint call of Rollin, his own pet bluewing?

"Yes, he belongs to the rebel forces," he heard a voice cry out. "He must be here spying." Grim faces pressed closer to him. Cruel hands bound him. Death was whispering to him—mocking. A thoughtless youth who carried a flute began to play the doleful music of "The Rogues' March." On they went to the

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Colonel Simcoe, who was kind at heart, could not condemn the young prisoner to death when there was little proof that he was a spy. His men had searched him for possible papers, but none were to be found. "Still, he may be a

clever trickster," he mused. After consulting with his chief officers, it was decided to give out a mock sentence that he was to die on the morrow, to see whether aught could be learned from him. Then Major André, who had helped old Miss Townsend to carry the prostrate Sally to her chamber, stood by the door from whence emanated justice when the verdict was reached. "If he is hung it will kill the poor maid," he thought. Through the anteroom he saw the prisoner. His head was drooping; the very attitude of his body betokened abject despair. "Poor lad," he said; "can Simcoe mean to carry out the murder?"

The storm was ceasing. So grave were the affairs over which the little world in the Townsend house were concerned that the night was on them unawares. The hour was long past the usual evening meal-time. The sentence of death sickened the hearts of all of those not in the plot. The court was about to break up when the prisoner asked permission to speak

with Colonel Simcoe.

For the last hour they had been trying to wring from him that which he knew not. Was this a confession? The thought of death was a compelling force. A hush fell upon the room, broken only by the sputter of a candle.

"Colonel Simcoe," he said, "as this is to be my last night on earth, I ask of you a favor." He had suddenly grown pale like one arisen from a weary couch of sickness. "'Tis a great boon to ask, sir, and I have naught to give in exchange but my word. I came to this place to-day solely with the thought of seeing my old mother-and one other," he added, he sitatingly. "This has cost me my life, and I beg that you will let me go to her just for an hour or two, and I promise to come back again. Half a mile down the road is our house. She is thinking of me now, poor soul!" His voice had sunk into a whisper. "The bird woman; perhaps you know her, sir. You must trust me to go, and go alone. The knowing I am a prisoner would kill her. Do I ask too much?"

The officer looked at the youth. 'Twas a prodigious request, but bespoke honesty. The words touched a hidden part of his nature. The fair white face before him with the eager eyes brought back to him dead faces dreaming under cypress-trees. "I will set you free for two hours," he said, "on your promise to come

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"I promise to return, by all that I hold sacred," the youth answered.

The cords that bound his welling arms were loosened. The great hall door swung back for

freedom, and he staggered out into the garden. The storm was over. After the brightness of the room his eyes could not penetrate the darkness. A dash against a drenched rosebush brought a cloud of raindrops and loosened petals on his head. The dampness and the faint odor of the flowers awakened him. A wind was arising, making a low murmur among the bushes.

Suddenly it came over him that he was leaving Sally's house. Only the Townsends had white garden-posts. Sally! How sweet the name! Long, long ago it was that he bade her good-by in the meadow. He felt her kiss on his cheek now. Then the wind sighed, "You are to die!—to die!"

A chill was creeping over him—he was to go back to the great house. No, it was not right. He was young; he was free; he could escape to the forest, and they would never know. For a moment he turned and looked at it, then hur-

ried off into the road.

He began to run slowly at first, gradually increasing his pace until his strength was taxed to its utmost. He was a wild, hunted thing that the forces of the world were about to drown. A wet blanket was over the earth. Watery trees touched him with their wet arms, making him shudder. Deep pools in the middle of the roadway showed him his shadow. Dark, wet things flew out at him from coverts, and joined his mad course. The wind was at his heels, growing louder and more insistent. "You are to die!—to die!" it shrieked. Now he was battling with it. "I cannot die!—I shall not die!" his soul said. On he plunged.

It was his own log school-house overlapping the road that stopped him. Close to his path it stood like some grim sentinel. Before it he paused, his breath coming in short gasps. "You must go back," it whispered. "You have promised." "I cannot die," he answered; but he lingered by it as if afraid to go on. The wind was lessening; it no longer challenged him. In its sweep he now heard the voices of children. "Here you taught us the meaning of faith and honor." Over the years he saw them all. A long line of eager little forms were stealing through a gate whose latch was rusted. Where were they all to-night: the merry boys who dreamed of playtimes over dull books; the girls with their flowers and apples for the master? No longer would he guide them. They were gone forever from him. The wind had caught their droning voices. A lad who wore the dunce-cap often was before him. He saw him stolid and indifferent in the corner of

the dreary room; then again, awakened by the call of war, he was by his side, a drummer-boy, charging the heights of Bergen. The dunce was not afraid to d.e. "You will go back," the voices wailed, and he answered, "Yes!"

The moon was throwing off the mist veils, and her first pale beams sent earthward showed him his mother's cot. There were no lights in the windows. He approached the door and stood by it shivering. An awful fear came over him that perhaps she was away. A fourth of his time was already gone. What if he could not see her again? He longed to feel her tender arms about him, and yet he knew that the agony of leaving them would be more than he could bear. He dared not knock, but crept softly to an open window. In the old stoleband rocking-chair she was seated close to a dying fire, her eyes closed by sleep. The worn strip of wool rag carpet he knew so well was smooth beneath her feet. A pair of finches were twittering softly in their cage by the south window. Over the broad sill he climbed as in the days of his boyhood. To her side he crept and began to stroke her calloused, tired hands. His touch brought her back from her visionary realm. "Is he dead?" her waking lips murmured, and then she saw her son.

At the Townsend house none of the officers knew that the youth who left them was anything to Sally. It was proper for a tenderhearted maid to swoon at a danger. After the door closed upon him there were calls for the hostess. Was she revived? Then André stepped forward and told the officers what the condemned youth was to her. In his graphic way he repeated the simple love-story. The eyes of all in the room, expressing varying emotions, were still centered on his face when a faint rustle of women's garments was heard in the hall. André stopped speaking. In their midst stood Sally, pale and with anguish in her eyes. Miss Townsend was near her, wringing

her hands.

"Sirs," the girl said, "you have been here nigh a month, and we have given you of our best, hiding naught, although you are not of our color." Her voice was breaking. "I," she continued. "have worked for you, amused you, laughed for you, and now I want my pay. You must give me an innocent man's life. The one you have condemned to death is not a spy. I swear it before God!"

Bluff and hearty Colonel Simcoe, in the act of drawing a goblet of port, lowered the glass a few inches at each of the girl's passionate outbursts. He began to feel of his wig to see

if it were awry. "Lud. here is a pretty to do," he murmured to himself. The lady was a fine creature and her words were true. He placed the heavy cut piece on the table and then he spoke. "His death-sentence was but a mock one," he said. "'Tis our mind to set him free, yet 'twas necessary to find out if he knew aught."

"Oh, sir, let me have his life! Write it on a paper that you set him free." The girl's tones were entreating. "I must go to him, and

now."

For a moment the commander hesitated; then André's voice rang out. "Those who are for Sally unsheath their swords!" he cried. The room was full of flashing steel. The pardon was in Sally's hand.

"Come," she said, as she turned and faced

the group of excited men.

The next moment she was out in the night, followed by a line of supperless redcoats.

The moon, grown round and full, smiled on the procession. Sally and André headed the company splashing through the wet road. So intent were they on their errand that scarcely any one spoke.

They were nearing the lights of the cottage when Sally paused. Placing her finger to her mouth to enjoin silence, she said, "You must turn back, friends. The sight of you all might kill his mother. 'Twas thoughtless in asking you to come with me. André," she whispered,

"you must stay to bring me home."

"Brave little Sally!" a youth's lusty voice rang out. The men surrounded her. One by one they asked to kiss her hand, then crept off through the dripping foliage. All the while she was gazing at the house. Rain-drops glistened in her hair and her garments hung limp about her knees. André stood by her side seemingly lost in thought. He was dreaming of days that were dead. Softly she touched his shoulder.

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"André," she said, "I am afraid to go in."
The crashing of twigs under foot died away in the distance; the clouds were all swept out of the heavens and the night seemed one vast ambient plain of loneliness. The girl and the man in the middle of the roadway drew closer to each other. Tenderly he caught her trembling hands in his. "Do not be afraid. Sally," he said; "you will find happiness." His voice was breaking. "Two hearts will always beat for you—one belongs to the man in yonder cot, and the other to John André." Softly she crept from him to the door which opened into her earthly Paradise.

The Aborigines of Victoria

The survival of the fittest is one of the natural laws which seems most far-reaching in its application; yet those who give any thought to the vanishing of the savage before the civilized man cannot help a feeling of sadness when they see nations, or rather tribes, slowly dying out. This is what is now happening among the Victorian aborigines, in spite of the care and attention bestowed upon them. About the year 1840 competent judges estimated their numbers at from five to seven thousand; but those now collected on the various reservations only slightly exceed four hundred in number. Year by year the deaths outnumber the births; therefore, long before the present century closes, the aborigines of Victoria will have ceased to exist.

Our first account of the Victorian aborigines is obtained from the journal of Colonel Collins, who was the governor of a convict settlement for a short time located near the entrance of Port Phillip. The convicts arrived in 1803; but after a few months, Collins decided that the site was unsuitable, and removed the settlement to Tasmania. During the few months of their stay they had dealings with the natives, who were friendly at first; but after a time disputes arose, and on one occasion the English had to use their rifles, and at least one black was shot

Time after time convicts escaped from the settlement. Of these, some grew tired of their savage liberty and soon returned, and the others were probably killed by the blacks; but one, William Buckley, lived among his savage companions for thirty-two years, and was found by Batman's party in 1836, when they landed at Indented Head in Port Phillip, determined to found a new colony. Very glad indeed was Buckley to meet white men once more. For some time he acted as interpreter, though, when first found, he had forgotten his own name. A year or two afterward he went to Tasmania, was appointed to a small post in the public service, and died in 1856. He gave a good deal of information to those who questioned him; and an account of his life has been written, which gives a graphic picture of his lonely, miserable existence during the thirty-two years of his isolation.

From the time of Batman's settlement the history of the aborigines may be said to begin. According to the opinion of those who had the best opportunities for judging, there were not ten thousand blacks in Victoria. There were from twenty to thirty principal tribes, varying in numbers from one hundred to five hundred, and also smaller clans. Each tribe had a large tract of country, and required a large expanse. because their sole sustenance was game and They knew nothing of tilling the ground: in fact, their only vegetable foods were yams, rushroots, pig-face (a kind of mesembryanthemum), and the few wild fruits, such as the native cherry, raspberry, and currant. They wandered from place to place two or three families together, avoiding the thick forest and clinging to the valleys by the creeks and the lightly timbered country.

The well-being of the aborigines was, like that of most savages, very precarious: sometimes they reveled in plenty, and gorged themselves to repletion; then came periods of scarcity, generally in the winter, when they were very near starvation. The native hut (mia-mia) was roughly constructed of bark, with holes at the top; but during the summer a break-wind, made of a few bushes, was all the native took the trouble to construct. The customs and manners were rather peculiar. The old men held the chief power in the tribe, and settled things on the broad principle that most of the good things, including wives, were kept for themselves: a wife was always got by purchase, exchange, or capture from another tribe. If a man had a daughter he sold her as soon as she had attained a marriageable age, and her purchaser, if she refused to follow him, promptly knocked her down with his waddy and dragged her to his hut. Though this style of wooing may seem rather rough, in many cases a genuine affection seemed to spring up, and there are authentic instances of both husband and wives dying of grief at the loss of a spouse. The women were regarded as inferior in every way; they did all the work, and carried all the utensils, etc., in the marches from one camp to another, while the men strode along bearing their weapons only. When meal time came the men fed first, and threw the remains of the feast to their lubras.

The blacks had but few notions on the subject of religion. They certainly believed in a great and good spirit, called by some of the tribes Bungil; and they believed also in an evil spirit. Their superstition about death was very peculiar, and caused most of the murders which are constantly going on. When a man died, no matter from what cause, they imagined that his death was due to the evil influence of some person. Their witch-doctors gathered round the body and, after performing certain rites, announced that the murderer was in a certain place. The relations of the dead man at once seized their spears, went to the place, and killed the first person they met. Thus bloodfeuds were perpetually carried on among the various tribes.

It will not be out of place here to give a short account of their weapons, both offensive and defensive. The boomerang was specially notable, because it was one of their own invention, and has never been found anywhere except in Australia. There were two kinds-one, the wonguim, a light, sickle-shaped weapon, which the thrower could make return to his feet. Its gyrations were remarkable, and it is perhaps the only weapon which, like Paddy's gun, can shoot round corners. This kind was used principally for amusement, like the weetweet. The latter, a toy-like weapon, was a cone of wood, with a long, thin handle, which was thrown with a kind of jerk; and the black who made the farthest throw was considered the winner. Another kind of boomerang was made of much heavier wood and was used in war and hunting. In shape it was not so much curved as the wonguim, and as the edges were sharp it must have inflicted a severe wound. There were several kinds of spears in use, and the waddy (club) varied in size. Some were short and used for missiles; others were held in the hand to give a knock-down blow.

The shields were oval in shape, about three feet in length and one foot in breadth, with a hole through which the left hand was inserted. Though these were comparatively narrow, the blacks were wonderfully clever in using them, and could ward off spears with the greatest ease. A splendid exhibition of quickness used to be given by Dick-a-Dick, one of the aboriginal cricketers who visited England more than twenty years ago. He allowed cricketers to throw the ball at him from a distance of only fifteen yards. They threw their hardest and straightest; but the shield was an invincible

barrier, and no one ever hit him.

We will next consider how the Government

of Victoria has treated the dispossessed natives From the outset the leading colonists recognized in some degree their responsibility in the matter, and as early as 1836—that is only one year after Batman's landing-a protectorate was formed to look after and care for the natives. The site of the station was the ground now utilized for the splendid Botanical Gardens of Melbourne. The first protector was Mr. G. Langhorne, and the first teacher Mr. J. T. Smith, who was afterward seven times Mayor of Melbourne. As the white population increased, further efforts were made to improve and civilize the blacks; but the restless disposition and habits of these wild sons of Nature made them very difficult to deal with. Those who remained in a wild state and committed depredations on the live-stock and homes of the outlying settlers were in the course of a few years killed off; and those who became "tame" blacks eked out a miserable existence in camps which they formed in various spots. Each of the country districts had its little tribe, which lived mainly on the charity of the chief land-owners or squatters. At times they used to come into the towns and give exhibitions of their skill in throwing the spear or bocmerang. If they got a few shillings, there followed a glorious "drunk" in which all joined. Of course, from the earliest times white men were forbidden by law to sell intoxicants to a native; but it was easy to get over this difficulty, and when the native had money, he could always get grog. Under these circumstances their numbers rapidly dwindled. in spite of the efforts of the various protectors -of whom Mr. W. Thomas was the most notable-and the many other gentlemen who interested themselves in the fate of the dying

At last, about the year 1860, a Royal Commission was appointed to examine the whole question, and a number of meetings were held and evidence from all quarters taken. The Commissioners found that four large reservations of land had already been made, round which were collected some aboriginals. These varied in numbers, according to the season, as they usually spent the winter near the stations, but preferred a wandering life during the sum-

After an exhaustive inquiry, the Commission decided to recommend the appointment of a Board, which should control supplies and manage all matters appertaining to the natives; and this recommendation was afterwards adopted by Parliament. At this time (1861)

the number of aboriginals was estimated at two thousand three hundred and forty-one, distributed among thirty-five tribes. After little more than a year it was found that the site of one station was unsuitable, and it was therefore abandoned, while two new stations were formed. Both these stations are situated in Gippsland, where the blacks were numerous. In the following year a third station was formed about forty miles from Melbourne, and two years later a fourth station was founded near Warrnambool. After the formation of these stations-each presided over by a missionary. and with a large tract of country attached which the natives are induced to tend-the Board used great efforts to attract as many as possible from their wandering life, and induce them to settle down; and these gradually proved successful, especially when the distribution of rations and blankets to those not resident at

any station was given up.

Coranderrk, which is under the control of the Rev. J. Shaw, is now the principal station. I visited Coranderrk last year, and was much pleased with the evidences of comfort and happiness. The houses seemed to be neatly and well kept, and many of them were surrounded by flower gardens. My principal object in visiting the station was to see King William Barck, aged about seventy, the last of the once famous Yarra tribe. We found him and a friend idling, as the weather was very wet. He did not wear a crown, nor did he present a very majestic appearance, yet it soon appeared that he had some exclusive privileges. We asked that he would make fire in the time-honored way-that is, by rubbing two sticks together. He consented, and one of the other blacks was at once summoned to do the work, while His Majesty superintended. The modus operandi is rather interesting. Two stick are used, one about three feet long and three inches wide, the other also three feet long and as thick as a walking-stick. A small notch is made in the wide piece, and the walking-stick is twirled rapidly round and round, with its point pressed on the notch. The twirling is done by the rapid rubbing of the hands, beginning at the top of the stick and working downward. When the black has almost reached the bottom, he shifts his hands quickly to the top again and continues the rotation. In a very short time the lower piece of wood begins to smoke, and then to smolder; next a piece of stringy bark is applied to the smoldering wood, and a few puffs from the black's mouth kindle the bark into flame. The old king sup-

plied the bark, and by so doing seemed to assume the credit of the whole transaction. The natives assured us that there was only one kind of wood which could be ignited in this way. As soon as the fire-making began, we had been joined by two other natives, so that there were now four of them present. They were all able to speak good English, and I think all except the king could read and write. We had a long conversation with them about their previous history and their present condition. At one period of this talk it suddenly seemed to dawn on the old king, who could not speak as volubly as the others, that he was being pushed into the background, as it were, by the superior fluency of his mates. We were at the time talking about the native game and the methods of hunting, when suddenly there was heard an exact imitation of the cry of the swan, followed by the quack of the black duck. The king had asserted himself, and drawn our undivided attention to him. We next inspected the manuscript life of the king. This was a rather incoherent account, taken down verbatim from his lips by some of the younger natives. The event of which he seemed most proud was that when a little boy he had seen Buckley. Mention was also made of the kindness of the various protectors to the poor black fellow. There was a strong religious strain in parts of the narrative.

In conclusion, the position of affairs may thus be stated: The blacks number only about four hundred and forty-nine, according to the last official return, and the deaths outnumber the births by about twenty per annum. The expense of supporting them on the various reserves is rather more than five thousand pounds per year. Their superintendents are kindly Christian gentlemen, who treat them rather more gently than is consistent with discipline. During the last two years a suggestion was made that the blacks should all be collected into one spot, and thus the cost of management would be greatly reduced. The Board, after careful inquiry, found that the feeling of the blacks was strongly opposed to this, and the idea was at once abandoned. This fact shows more clearly than words that the Government is dealing in a very kindly way with the poor relics of the once numerous aborigines. In fact, it is difficult to see how their condition can be further improved by governmental aid. They live in the beautyspots of the country, receive a liberal allowance of food and clothing, and are under a very mild system of discipline.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

THE WANDERLUST......THEODOSIA GARRISON......HARPER'S

Oh, the voice came again when the fields were bare for sowing—

A-whispering, a-whispering, it never gave me rest, "Oh, lad, the world is white with spring, oh, lad,

be up and going—
Down the wide road, the free road that stretches
to the West."

I looked adown the wide road and I was fain to go; I looked into a stranger's eyes and I was fain to stay:

But still the whisper burned like flame that flickers to and fro,

"There's much to see and much to find, away, my lad, away!"

Oh, the voice came again when the grain was in the growing—

A-crying and a-crying, it followed where I went, "Oh, lad, the summer trails are clear, oh, lad, be up and going—

Through the far way, the green way, the way of all content."

I looked upon the far trail and I was fain to go; I looked within my sweetheart's eyes and fain to stay was I;

But still the voice kept pace with me adown the blossomed now,

"There's much to see and much to find, oh, lad, before you die."

Oh, the voice comes again when the fields are ripe for mowing—

A-clamoring, a-clamoring, I may not choose but heed,
"Oh, lad, the keen wind fills the sails, oh, lad, be up

and going—
The unplumbed seas, the unfound lands are waiting on your speed!"

I look across the wondrous world—I may not

choose but go;
I kiss my wife upon her mouth nor make her

prayers reply;
Oh, voice that is the soul of me. I follow high or low—
There's much to see and much to find—good-by,

TWO WAYS DIVERSE, MARION FLOWER HARMON. INDEPENDENT

My neighbor's daughter weds to-day; Lo. radiant guests in fair array Group round the bloom-decked altar, where In reverence kneel the bridal pair.

my sweet, good-by.

(My daughter lies beneath the sod; The flowers she loved—the golden-rod And lily—twine about the spot; She heeds them not, she heeds them not.)

My neighbor's son stands at her side, In youthful manhood's strength and pride, Glad with the might of sturdy arm To comfort and to shield from harm. (My son is in his quiet grave; There pansies nod and rosebuds wave— His favorites in the long ago; He does not know, he does not know.)

My neighbor sheltered rests at home, Her sure retreat though wide she roam; (I sit beside a stranger's board, In what chance cheer such may afford,)

Two ways diverse; yet over each The same blue heavens shining reach; Though hers the joy, mine grief instead, God is not dead; God is not dead.

SEA-TOKENS..... ARTHUR L. SALMON..... TEMPLE BAR

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Round the timbers of the boat Waifs and strays of ocean float— Carven things of human hands, From some undiscovered lands.

And the skipper turns to go Toward this land he doth not know, Not in vain interpreting Signs that wind and waters bring.

As I float upon life's sea, Hemmed around with mystery, Sometimes on the tide I find Tokens brought by wave and wind.

These I take with careful heed, Treasure them and strive to read— Tokens of some land that lies Unexplored of earthly eyes.

With such course as I discern, To this wonderland I turn, Trusting at the last to glide Into haven safe and wide.

Shall I find upon the shore Those whom now I see no more?— Will they take the rope I cast, Draw me in and moor me fast?

"I LONGED FOR LOVE"..FLORENCE EARLE COATES..OUTLOOK

I longed for love, and, eager to discover
Its hiding place, I wandered far and wide;
And as, forlorn, I sought the lone world over,
Unrecognized, love journeyed at my side.

I craved for peace, and priceless years expended In unrewarded search from shore to shore; But, home returned, the weary seeking ended, Peace welcomed me where dwelt my peace of yore!

THE PRODIGAL....THEODOSIA GARRISON.... HARPER'S BAZAR

I bought my laughter with the coin of grief,
I paid for happiness as kings might do,
Yet, though I beggared go beyond relief,
Oh heart, the glad, mad spendthrift hours we
knew!

Matters Musical and Dramatic

THE ART OF MR. J. M. BARRIE

Mr. J. M. Barrie has been designated in many ways, not the least frequent of which have been "fanciful" and "sentimental." Indeed these two adjectives have been most often applied to him. And yet Mr. Barrie has declared himself in his work. It is true that there were elements of the sentimental in "The Little Minister," and in "Quality Street," and in other of his writings. But side by side with these were such novels and plays as "Tommy and Grizel" and "The Admirable Crichton" and "Little Mary." Mr. Barrie is "fanciful" and he is at times "sentimental." His work is away from the conventional, beaten track, and yet it is redolent with the sentiment which delights the soul of the matinée girl. Here was the case, then-"fanciful" and "sentimental." The critics could say no less. Strange it is, too, that they looked no farther when the signs were all about them. Strange, when the study of Tommy stared them in the face-Tommy with his artistic craving, Tommy with his lovable weakness, Tommy the martyr marrying the insane Grizel, finally Tommy hanging, strangled, to a picket fence-an effigy, a shrieking witness of the end of the artistic temperament. And yet Mr. Barrie was called sentimental! Then came "The Little White Bird"; of course it was all sentimental. Verily one must make one's point with the bastinado, not by the delicate rapier. But Mr. Barrie was too much of an artist to do that. Instead, he wrote "The Admirable Crichton" and "Little Mary." The former play is even now designated on the program as "a four-act fantasy by J. M. Barrie." "Fantasy?" somewhat allied to "fanciful," is it not? But more anon. Meanwhile let us look at "Little Mary," the play which has set London agog. On the night of its production manager and actors were in fear and trembling. It was a toss-up whether the play would be hissed off the stage, or be a great success. For Little Mary, the name which gives the title to the play, the name which echoes through the play, the name which causes all the curiosity and intensity of the play, is not explained until the very end, when the heroine steps forward and in a word clears the matter by saying that Little Mary is just -stomach. For a minute after that line was

spoken it was said that the house held its breath—and so did actors and manager. Then followed the most enthusiastic applause. And in that minute's hush Mr. J. M. Barrie's success was made secure, and surely he earned the right of being something more than fanciful—of being the sanest, cleverest satirist of the age, of being a not unworthy pupil in the school of Molière, to whose work time and condition have given an individual character.

"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

Turn now to "The Admirable Crichton," the Barrie play in which Mr. William Gillette is at present appearing to packed houses-and deservedly so; for never has there appeared on the American stage a modern comedy of such poetic sweep and good humor and keen satire. It has to do with a wealthy British peer, the Earl of Loam, a man with a hobby. The Earl's hobby is "nature and equality." Modern social conditions are merely arbitrary. "Whateveris naturalis right." He might echo Emerson and say "The man is all." Like most unpractical hobbyists, he puts his to an unnatural test. Once a month he entertains all his servants, from scullery maid to butler, and forces his nephew and his three daughters to entertain them as they would their social equals. The experiment, according to his lordship, is a great success, but according to the butler, Mr. Crichton, it is a rather sad failure. For Crichton sees that as it is "natural" for men to desire power over others, so too is it "natural" to look up to others; and he admires the Earl's eldest daughter, the Lady Mary, for her aristocratic manners, manners such as he himself uses to the under servants in the servants' hall. Now real and fictitious tests bring widely different results. The Earl's drawing-room experiments might have been of sufficient success to have warranted him in continuing them for years, much to the disgust of his daughters, had not Fate slipped in and offered the real test. It came in the nature of a shipwreck upon an island out of the way of the beaten track of commerce. The Earl, cruising in his private yacht with his nephew, three daughters, a young minister and but two servants-one of whom is Crichton-is wrecked. They have little or no clothing or

Being aristocrats, the noble family is quite helpless. It is here that Crichton shows himself "admirable," by supplying shelter, food, by practically making it possible for all to live. The only aid which he receives is from the young preacher. The remainder, milord and milord's family, are mere hindrances. Now comes the test for milord's theory, though he is far from thinking of theories or tests now. Now comes the time for the Man to assert himself. All here are equal-supposedly. Not quite. The Man does assert himself. And in three years after being on the island, Crichton, the admirable Crichton, is seen as lord and master, with milord and his family doing servant work, and the haughty Lady Mary waiting upon his table and fanning him as he dines alone. He wears fanciful (hateful word) garments of weird manufacture, and decorations. He reads his books and he governs. while milord "cleans the dam." The Man has asserted himself. And even on an island, where there are but seven people, class distinction is as strong-stronger than in England. Thus, when Crichton condescends to propose to Lady Mary she accepts him as a peasant girl would a king. Milord's theory has been put to the test, and it reaches the limit when his nephew proposes to Tweeny, the other servant, and is promptly refused. Of course the party is rescued, and they go back to England. And, of course, they go back also to former conditions. Crichton again becomes the butler, and while Tweeny is raised to the dignity of a lady's maid, she still retains her former social level. And Lady Mary marries a numbskull of a young nobleman, and the Earl's nephew writes a book all about the venture, full of himself and wanting in truth. And milord discontinues his receptions to his servants. "Fanciful?" And not half of the play has been told yet. Nothing has been said of the keen satire on the worthless, witty young man who is clever and nothing else; of the stupidity of the upper-class society woman, with her absurd, false ideas; of that fine poetry which stamps everything that comes from the pen of Mr. Barrie. When Crichton proposes to Lady Mary, he sums up the whole thesis when he says that he had a dream: "I was a king in Babylon, and you a Christian slave." Conditions may change, and time is a great leveler of ranks, but ranks and classes there have always been and there will always be.

Mr. Barrie can no longer be called merely "fanciful" or "sentimental." He is one of the most brilliant satirists of our time, a man

with the sunniest of humor, the sweetest of sentiment, and yet at bottom a man with a keen insight into modern conditions.

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW

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Mr. Arnold Daly produced, the other day, at a special matinée Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's "Candida," probably the best of Mr. Shaw's plays; at least the one in which he seems most in earnest. The play is not a masterpiece, but it is a brilliant piece of work, a play which reads as well as it plays. In some ways this play might be called the "quintessence of Shaw," for in it there are to be seen all the elements which have gone into his work. Mr. Shaw has humor, but it is a biting, hard humor. He has unquestionable dramaturgic skill. And he has a decided, if at times disconcerting, view of humanity. One could read Mr. Shaw's works to a sufficient degree to doubt everything on earth-man, woman above all. and conditions. His method of raising this doubt is to slip into the surest complacency a little question-mark, which he introduces by a supposing, and before you realize it, you have forgotten the supposing and are absorbed in the question. Take "Candida," for example. Supposing first a minister, absolutely happy in his work and ideal in his home life, "the happiest man on earth." Supposing into this practical self-sufficient life you introduce, in the shape of a hair-brained poet, the question-mark, "Are you so sure of your wife, are you not egotistical, are there not things which you call visionary beyond this little world of yours-may not your soul and her soul be miles apart? In a word, the soul is all. How about your soul and hers?" Now add to this a biting satire on religion, on sociology, on the very essentials of character and condition, and there you are. You forget the supposing. You begin to believe that "unconventionality is conventional," that every heart has a crack in it somewhere, that the whole soul security and social security result in ignoring rather than facing a problem. Mr. Daly deserves praise for a very excellent production of this excellent play. It is a play to see, to read and to think about. Mr. Shaw's "pleasant" plays are none too pleasant, it is true; and his "unpleasant" plays are-well, very unpleasant. But Mr. Shaw in raising the question places himself upon a worthy high plane of endeavor and makes himself a real literary force. He is, in a way, a W. S. Gilbert with the potentialities of an Ibsen.

A BAD THEATRICAL SEASON

For some time the papers have been full of disconsolate reports concerning the present disastrous theatrical season. Play after play has run but a few weeks to miserable business. Actors of high reputation and great following have been forced to discontinue plays and revert to old successes, others to close for the whole season. There are hundreds of actors out of positions, and there are few attractions which are crowding houses. There have not been a half-dozen decided successes in New York this season. And the "long run" is yet to materialize. What is the cause of all this? There are probably many causes. There have been a half-dozen new theaters' built here. More than that, there have been too few "striking" plays. The public has now reached a stage where it will not pay two dollars to see an "ordinary" commonplace play. And most of the plays we see these days are upon the old, old themes, in most cases done in the old, old ways, with the old, old stage tricks and methods of characterization. We have reached a state where we want characters of real flesh and blood, and not mere puppets of theatrical declamation. Moreover, we have been overrun by musical comedies until their importance has been unduly exaggerated, Finally, there are too many "stars," and too few good stock companies. When the managers shall produce again worthy plays, in addition to scenery and accessories, and when the public can feel sure that speculators have not all the desirable seats, when "stars" shall become actors, then we shall have successful business. And the proof of this is that the few successes in town now are successes deserved because of excellence of play or actor.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN PLAY

There has been a fluorescence of Colonial plays this season. We have had, too, an unusual amount of George Washington-the conventional idea of George Washington. The two recent examples are "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner"—a play of no great success—and "Captain Barrington," which is doing very well. There is no little talk about Washington in the former, and no little talk from him in the latter. In "Captain Barrington" he walks upon the stage in all his "fatherly" character, under which can be seen the boy of the cherry-tree myth. Then, too, there was the late "Major André," which not even the name of Clyde Fitch could urge into success, and "Hearts Courageous," which had a short

in in New York. What is the meaning of this repletion of Colonial Revolutionary plays? Is it a catering to Yankee patriotism and the ideas of "expansion" and "world power" that we hear each day? Or is it an attempt to produce the "typical" American play? Hardly the latter, for the typical American play is not necessarily based upon American history. any more than the typical French play is upon French history, or the typical English play upon English history. What, then, is or will be the typical American play? Has Mr. George Ade struck it in the "Country Chairman," the rural play? We can gain a side light from foreign sources. That play which shall mirror presentday conditions of American life, which shall be a commentary upon our endeavor and aimthat is the true American play. Mr. Fitch touches it at points; Mr. Thomas, at others; Mr. Bronson Howard at still others. If the dramatization of "The Pit" realize the expectation of the book, we will come near to it. But we shall never approach it by jumbling up a lot of historical characters into a melodrama. Of the plays mentioned above, it may be said that "Captain Barrington" is a stirring melodrama, not without novelty and relying mainly upon the love element for its appeal.

THE GRAND OPERA SEASON OPENS

With great éclat and marked success the grand opera season opened this year under the management of Herr Conried. The redecorated and improved Metropolitan Opera House has received no small praise. The well-known singers, such as Sembrich, Ternina, Gadski, Scotti, Campanari, etc., who have returned, have lost none of their charm nor richness of voice and art. Among the new arrivals, Caruso, the Italian tenor, has made a distinct and decided success. Speaking of his first performance as the Duke in "Rigoletto," the Tribune says: "He was musically the finest Duke which New York has heard for a generation." The Sun says:

Mr. Caruso, the new tenor, made a thoroughly favorable impression, and will probably grow into the firm favor of this public. He has a pure tenor voice of fine quality and sufficient range and power.

Since the opening performance the impression created, so far from decreasing, has been intensified. Mr. Caruso has made an unquestionable success. Another singer whose success has been marked is Olive Fremstad, who is not unknown here in concert work. She is a pupil of Mme. Lehmann, and possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of beauty and richness. The new conductors, Herr Mottl

and Signor Vigna, have also come in for praise. The season bears every mark of being a great artistic and financial success.

MR. CONRIED'S SCHOOL OF OPERA

Herr Conried deserves great credit for establishing his school of opera, and thus enabling every woman who thinks that she has the talent to have the opportunity of making sure, and if she has the talent, of

developing it.

The School of Opera opened this year at the Metropolitan Opera House, says the Evening Post, is the first step toward an American conservatory; but whether it will ever become a national institution is a matter of conjecture. For the present it is a private enterprise of Mr. Conried's. He induced Frau Jager, the first instructor in the Vienna Conservatory, to take direction of the school, and she brought with her several of her most promising pupils to finish their course in America. Thus a very important portion of one of the famous conservatories of Europe has quietly emigrated to the United States. This cannot fail to be regarded as an interesting event in the world of art.

Any woman who believes or hopes that her voice is capable of the highest development has only to write to the opera-house management and ask for a hearing. She is given an appointment and meets Frau Jager. After her voice has been heard and her other qualifications examined, she goes home and waits for a second summons. In the majority of cases, of course, this never comes. The operatic voice is a rare thing, and there are other things besides which must not be lacking in the artist.

The second hearing takes place before the director of the opera, one or two of the conductors, and other authorities. If the voice is pronounced really good the singer is admitted to the school. She signs a contract binding herself to the opera for a term of five years. She cannot sing for money anywhere else, in church, concert, or drawing-room during this time. She must sing for two years without pay, after her training has progressed far enough to permit her appearance in small parts, and for a small

salary during the rest of the period.

To offset this the student receives a lesson every day from Frau Jager, or other instuctors in singing, and lessons in stage-craft of every kind from stage managers and directors. She hears all the artists, attends rehearsals, learns the stage, the traditions of her art, lives, in fact, in an atmosphere of music. When she goes on the stage she is an artist. The tuition and the training is absolutely free. The student is supposed to pay her own personal expenses, but in special cases, where the talent is great, and other circumstances warrant, a small salary is paid enough to pay living expenses.

Art and Archæology

LITHOGRAPHY AND THE FINE ARTS

Lithography has a right to rank among the fine arts. Those who have seen the beautiful lithographs of M. Fantin-Latour will not hesitate to place this fascinating art high among its sister arts. Some have sought to catalogue lithography in the useful arts. But there is more than utility in it. A writer in The International Printer discusses its claim to membership in the fine arts as follows:

Lithography has no directly useful end: utility enters into consideration merely in the manipulation and some indirect ends which it achieves. It deals with precisely the same elements of judgment, taste imagination and truth as sculpture or paint ing. It comprises the laws of truth in form and color, and its aim is to impart pleasure and also to ennoble. When it is used to produce a pictorial result, it is used to tell an intellectual story, and, just in so far as its results are elevating, it is entitled to rank among the fine arts. Often, very often, the life of true art is found wanting in its subjects, just as the remains of Pompeii show the same in their licentiousness; but this is no argument against its legitimate position as a stimulus to national culture and a purifier of man's desires. It is an agency of human refinement, just as much as painting or sculpture, and its molding influence can impart, and, indeed, has imparted, a new intellectual and even moral impetus to the life of the nation.

The fact that the American people are just awakening to the appreciation of art-study is the surest evidence of its advancement. The intelligent lithographer must have recognized this in the rapid transformation of taste which, at one time, and that not very long since, aspired to the chromo in a garish scale of colors; whereas now it turns with disgust from such a thing, demanding truer expression of the scenes of Nature and moving life presented to the eye. At that time, lithographers, when reproached for executing such monstrosities, replied that the people wanted them, and it was only the efforts of men who showed that real artwork could be done and sold with profit to them-selves, which educated the popular mind to demanding better things. Competition, doubtless, has had a hand in the result, and many who turned their attention to higher effort did not do so from a love of the work, but from the desire to be benefited. Still, the results are here, and they are what count to-day.

FRENCH CARICATURISTS AND CARICATURE

It may be fairly questioned whether any phase of French art has during the last half century developed to such an extent as caricature. The work of Monnier, Gavarni and their followers in this line is well known. Mr. W. Roberts, in the National Review,

gives a very interesting account of this art and those who follow it:

English and French ideas of caricature, as we view them expressed in the illustrated papers of to-day, have very little in common, and it would be a waste of time to set up any sort of comparison. With us, however, the caricature is regarded as an occasional diversion; with the French it has become as essential as the daily newspaper. For every one in England who earns a reasonably good income as a caricaturist, there are probably at least a score in Paris who find the gift a profitable one. Many of them, as a matter of fact, keep luxurious establishments, and maintain motor cars. Some of the earlier men found it difficult to make both ends meet. The French have a very keen sense of the ridiculous. To them nothing is sacred; life, death, eternity—the great problems of which mankind has been seeking the solution for thousands of years, and failing in the attempt—afford food for the most ribald jest. The Pope is as frequently a target as the cabman, and Monsieur Loubet as the King of England.

Curiously enough, personal caricature was popular in England long before it obtained a serious footing in France. Hogarth, who was perhaps a satirist of manners rather than a caricaturist-the real difference between the two is a very fine one indeed-had no alter ego across the channel. Champfleury, in his *Histoire de la Caricature Moderne*, candidly admits that. French personal caricature dates from the latter part of the eighteenth century, but it can hardly be said to have definitely established itself until the ignominious downfall of Charles X, for it was then that the French bourgeois first had a hand in governing the country. The craving of the bourgeois for administrative power was chastened by the caustic caricatures of a young man who held a minor post in a government office— Henry Monnier, the father of modern French carica-ture, and one of its greatest and most versatile exponents. Born in 1802, and dving in 1877, Monnier was for half a century the relentless satirist of the little weaknesses of Parisian life; always kindly in his treatment of women when they came under his dissecting-knife, he had a rabid antipathy to the blue-stocking. A remorseless enemy of Louis Philippe, he would have achieved immortality by his one great creation alone-Monsieur Joseph Prudhomme, the quintessence of bourgeois self-satisfaction, a pompous, serene person, forever perpetrating mixed metaphors in the firm belief that they were wit-in short, the French Podsnap. Monnier had at least two friendly rivals in his particular sphere. H. Daumier, who died in 1870, derived his inspiration from other sources. With him, also, Louis Philippe was a bête noire: his Gr s Cupide, Va! and the four stages of the evolution of the king's head from a human resemblance to a juicy-looking pear, have never been excelled in ferocity. Never was a monarch so cruelly caricatured. Daumier, like Monnier, created—or, rather, "materialized"—a great character or type, Robert Macaire, a blending of Panurge, Sancho, and Falstaff. The third great creation of the period was C. J. Traviès' Mayeux, "le petit bossu," who, like so many deformed men in real life-Alexander Pope, for example-was witty and brave. The French Maveux is the type of a vain and licentious person, a cross between a man and a gorilla. One might dwell for pages on the characteristics of this worthy trio, and many more

could easily be filled up with their brilliances and paradoxes.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EASTERN LANDS

The treasures of ancient times are constantly being unearthed by the pick of the archæologist. Following the discovery of the Laws of Hammurabi, have come other important finds throwing new light upon the history and customs of the past. From the Independent we quote a synopsis of these discoveries:

Remnants of a drama of Sophocles, hitherto entirely unknown, named Achaion Syllogoi, have been found in a papyrus collection brought to the British Museum. Arrangements for its early publication have been made. The extracts are not large, but enough to show the character of the book. Considerably more extensive are the portions found of the *Protrepdikon* of Aristotle, which also had hitherto been known only by its title, these remains having been discovered in the papyri storehouses unearthed by Grenfell and Hunt in Oxyrhynchos in Lower Egypt. Ninety lines have been found of two odes, one a Partheneion, by Pindar, and the other the argument of a drama named Dionysalexandros, by Cratinus, on the subject of Paris of the Trojan War. A very important Latin manuscript from the same collection is an epitome of Livy, Books 37-40 and 48-55. Such Latin papyri are very rare, and this covers eight books that were lost. The period covered is from 150 to 137 B. C. There has also been found a part of the Medea of Nophron, which is of historical importance, because it was originally written for the contest that won the prize for the drama of the same title by Euripides.

A whole collection of Egyptian peasants' letters, written in Greek and ascribed to the third century, were recently brought from Egypt to Florence. They are of special importance for the study of the agricultural conditions in the Nile Valley, and supplement in a most satisfactory manner the letters discovered some months ago and published in England, being the work of the Roman planter, Lucius Bellenus Gemellus, about 100 A. D. These are of value in explaining the Alexandrian Greek of the New Testament. Thus in the last finds the word kamelikos, meaning "carried by a camel," explains the meaning of onikos, "drawn by an ass," in Mark 12:42.

Another third-century fragment was from a noncanonical gospel parallel in form to the Synoptists. In it was a part of a discourse similar to the Sermon on the Mount, and a conversation between Christ and his disciples, answering the question, "When will Christ's Kingdom be realized?" An interesting fragment of Irenæus was found.

Professor Petrie also announces the discovery of another collection of the "Sayings of Jesus," similar in style to the Logia found six years ago in Egypt. These and other theological and classical fragments will be published next June. These newly found "Sayings" are not well preserved, and do not seem to be as important as those which so excited the interest of the religious world in 1807. But this is of much interest, that they are stated to be "sayings" which our Lord uttered to Thomas. In them are included one which was previously known because found in the Gospel according to the Hebrews: "Let not him that seeketh cease from his

search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom [of heaven], and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest." Another important one is on the subject, "The Kingdom of God is within you," but it is reserved for the full publication. This new discovery proves that this and the "Sayings" of 1897 are no part of the Gospel according to the Hebrews, nor of the Gospel of St. Thomas, nor of any other uncanonical Gospel, but simply a collection of Sayings, popularly attributed to St. Thomas, which had its origin somewhere from 100 to 140 A. D. They illustrate the superior character

of the canonical Gospels.

Père Scheil, so well known from his connection with the Hammurabi finds, reports a most interesting discovery made in a Babylonian city, the details of which are published by the French Archæological Institute of Cairo. This find is nothing less than a complete school, with all its equipments, furnishing full information on the pedagogical work of the times of Hammurabi, twenty-one centuries before the Christian era. The little city of Sippara, where the find was made, called, in distinction from less important towns of that name, Sippara of the Plains or of the Sun, measured only 1800 by 800 meters, but was surrounded by good-sized schools. least among a lot of interesting discoveries there is a regular school house, with the working materials of both masters and pupils. Here may be found a lot of statuettes and tablets. On one of these are found the words: "He who distinguishes himself in the school of writings will shine like the sun." The structure had seven rooms, in one of which were found arranged in regular order a very large number of small tablets. Quite a goodly number were yet intact and their contents very instructive, containing hymns in Sumerian, the oldest language of Babylon; meteorological lists, primers, word lists, arithmetical problems, contracts, etc. Père Scheil arithmetical problems, contracts, etc. Père Scheil was able to reconstruct pretty fairly the program that was adhered to in teaching the Babylonian youths, of nearly four thousand years ago, how to read and to write.

THE LOUVRE OF LOUIS XIV

The famous Palace of the Louvre is considered by the average traveler as only the housing of a noble art collection. Yet the building itself is of great architectural beauty. The news that a new basement has been discovered in the palace has aroused the interests of both artists and archæologists. The New York Tribune briefly describes the discovery as follows:

M. Gaston Redon, the architect in charge of the Palace of the Louvre, has made an interesting discovery. It occurred to him that there was something anomalous in the portions of the building constructed during the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XIV. The fine broad windows and arches that impress the sight-seer looking at the palace through the railings of the Rue de Rivoli, to the architect's mind, did not belong to the ground floor or basement, but to the second floor. That is to say, the basis of the Louvre was wanting. M. Redon wisely kept his ideas to himself, fearing that his efforts to discover a new Louvre would, in the

event of failure, make him ridiculous. Nevertheless, excavations were begun along the front of the palace occupied by the Ministry of Finance, in the Tuileries gardens. M. Rouvier, the Minister of Finance, one morning caught sight of M. Redon's workmen digging away merrily with pick and spade. "What in the world are those men digging for?" he asked. "Oh! we are merely making a new subway for telephone wires and water-pipes," was the evasive reply of M. Redon. In a few days splendid masonry that for nearly two hundred years had been covered beneath the soil to a depth of twenty-three feet was disclosed. The Society of "Old Paris," and notably M. Victorien Sardou, one of its most energetic members, became keenly interested in the excavations. The Society of the "Friends of the Monuments of France" also took the matter up as of national importance. Preliminary funds were voted. M. Redon's discovery now excites widespread interest, and Americans revisiting Paris will find that the venerable old palace has quite a surprise in store for them.

M. Redon, when questioned on the subject, said that the newly discovered basement occupied three sides of the large, square courtyard. The masonry is perfect, and the blocks of stone, cut with share angles are joined without the use of mortar.

sharp angles, are joined without the use of mortar.

"It is certain," continued M. Redon, "that the architect, Claude Perrault, when he undertook to complete the work of Lemercier, actually terminated the three fronts. It is ridiculous to suppose that this fine and costly masonry was intended to be hidden under ground. The masonry was, according to the plans of Claude Perrault, to have been surrounded by a vast dry ditch twenty-three feet deep, very much like the ditch that encircles the Palace of Saint Germain."

"How could the Louvre be entered?"

"By means of three gigantic drawbridges corresponding to the three great entrance gates that lead to the square courtyard. Imagine what an imposing architectural effect would be caused by the colossal structure of stone rising above the enormous ditch!"

"How has it happened that so many years have elapsed without the truth concerning the construction of such an important building as the

Louvre being suspected?"

"This is due partly to the indifference manifested even so long ago as the time of Louis XV to the architects of the period of Louis XIV—an indifference that lasted until the end of the nineteenth century. Now, however, there is a revival of interest in all that pertains to Louis XIV, and there is, indeed, a proposal on foot to restore the Louis XIV portion of the Louvre to its original truly magnificent proportions."

It will certainly be many years before the real Louvre of Louis XIV can be revealed, formidable and majestic, with drawbridges over which visitors must pass to enter the old palace, and with broad, deep, dry ditches, lined with flower gardens. An odd reflection, suggested by M. Redon, is that for nearly two hundred years historians, poets and architects have expatiated on the "perfect proportions" of the famous colonnade of the Louvre, and now it is discovered that during all that time the entire base of the edifice has been concealed from view.

Among the Plants:

Edited by Robert Blight

Life without competition would be but a poor The present state of civilization, with its high standards in every department of mental, moral and physical life, is due, in a large measure, to that stimulus to well doing. In the ever-advancing evolution of the individual and social life of mankind "the survival of the fittest" is one of the most important factors; and we cannot have "fit, fitter, fittest" without competition. We notice the effect of competition very plainly in the matter of gardening. No one, at least no one worth surviving, ever saw a garden which was more attractive than his own without an inner resolve to "take a leaf" out of the book of the more successful gardener. But it may be questioned whether the ordinary flower shows and fruit shows do very much toward inspiring the multitude with emulation. The results of gardening as there shown are too frequently due to such special appliances and conditions that the commonplace individual can rarely hope to approach them. Hence the flower show has a tendency to degenerate into a parade of fashion. Not that such an occasion for the display of art is to be deplored; for the truly esthetic (shall we say) cynic has a rare opportunity of comparing natural and unnatural beauty, and, doubtless, comes away with a certain feeling of satisfaction. If, however, we could have competition under the ordinary conditions of everyday life, there might be some real advantage for each one of us in entering upon it. Some such rivalry is to be seen in the garden show of the Horticultural Society of Neuilly, France, of which an account is given below:

To the Horticultural Society of Neuilly is due the credit of instituting for the first time in France a garden show. Flower shows and fruit shows of every imaginable description take place almost monthly in Paris, but the graden competition opened this week (the first in October) at Neuilly-sur-Seine, the delightful suburb of the capital, where each house is surrounded by a lawn bordered with flowers, is a pleasing novelty and is crowned with success. The competition lasted five days, during which the jury, composed of the Mayor and six leading painters and horticulturists, visited the gardens of the residents of Neuilly who participated in the show.

The prizes offered this year comprised a fine Sèvres porcelain vase, groups of statuary, a Venetian fountain and numerous garden implements, such as lawn mowers, rollers and water hose. Among the members of

the jury were the artists Dagnan-Bouvet, Courtois and Dubuffe. There were thirty gardens in the show, and the first prize was obtained by one whose island of mosaic culture in the middle of a beautiful English lawn was far and away better than any other. Second prizes were awarded for delicious combinations of color: for beautifully arranged beds of rare flowers; for an admirable park planted entirely with Marguerite daisies, bordered with mosaics; for an artistic grouping of large pyramids of luxurious vegetation; for a grouping in which the fine white marble statue of the "Liseuse," by Lami, was surrounded with fairy-like combinations of mauve and violet flower beds.

The jury in awarding the prizes was guided chiefly by the artistic disposal and arrangement of beds of flowers so as to cause the finest effects of color and landscape. The question of rarity of plants or of very costly flowers carried no special weight with the jury, composed largely of prominent painters. The idea is to encourage and develop purity of taste in gardening. The relative merits of individual flowers, plants or trees were left to the decision of the juries of the various flower, plant and tree exhibitions which take place in Paris and other French towns in the spring and autumn. The Neuilly garden competition has aroused great interest, and, if present intentions are carried out, will be repeated next year on a more imposing and more instructive scale.

That expression, "purity of taste," sets one thinking, combined, as it is, with daisies bordered with mosaics and a marble statue surrounded with mauve and violet flower beds. There are situations where such combinations are permissible, doubtless; but "Il Penseroso" was not inspired among such scenes. Designs of bedding plants may be very brilliant in their way; but do they give such "all-round" pleasure as the old-fashioned border of hardy perennials, for which the taste is strongly developing? But concerning tastes, we must not dispute, so let us turn, without further comment, to a good, old-fashioned flower which well deserves a place in every garden:

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

The hedgerows in some of the counties of England are full of them, and the delicious scent which fills the air on a May morning must be experienced to be appreciated. They are not only blue, "the youngest sky of the self-same hue," but also lilac and white. It will take me longer years than I have lived to forget the perfume of a bunch of all the colors given me by a Warwickshire chubby maiden as I wandered along the lanes of Shakespeare's country.

HARDY ENGLISH VIOLETS.....F. H. STEWART....FLORAL LIFE

Many men and all women are so fond of violets that the rarity of the hardy double English violet in home gardens is inexplicable. One morning when I wanted a few more violets than my own garden clump could give me, that I was willing to offer an armful of other flowers in exchange for them, I visited almost a score of friends who had good gardens, but I learned to my astonishment that not one of these neighbors had ever planted the double English violet; worse still, they were all of the impression that no violet worth having could be grown in the open air and survive the winter's cold.

The flower is not as large as that of the frame and green-house varieties, nor has it a stem as long as these, so for corsage bouquets it cannot compete with them. It cannot be had in winter, when violets are most the rage, unless grown under glass and with heat, although a cold-frame will bring it into bloom before Easter. But as a plant which will yield blossoms daily for six or eight weeks in spring and early summer, it leaves nothing to be desired. Its fragrance is equal to that of any hot-house variety, and it has the advantage of being at hand, to be freshly picked when wanted; the perfume of violets is so "fugitive" that it begins to depart soon after the flower is taken from the plant, so a purchaser never gets the full possible fragrance of florists' violets unless he goes to a grower and has the flowers picked while he waits. A freshly picked boutonniere of the hardy English violet, or half-a-dozen of the flowers worn loosely, will diffuse more perfume than a large cluster from the florists' vases.

Clumps of the hardy English violet may be purchased from dealers in the fall, soon after mid-October, and should be planted quickly; spring planting is seldom satisfactory, though a few flowers will reward anyone who will plant early and carefully. They should have partial shade; a border with an eastern exposure, no matter how sunny, will suit them, if the full strength of the afternoon sun does not reach them. The soil should be as dainty as are the flowers expected of it; a bushel of

leaf-mould and an equal quantity of very well-rotted manure, dug into a square yard of ordinary garden soil or a strip ten feet long and one foot wide, will suffice for from twelve to twenty clumps, which will slowly increase in size for years. A mulch of dead leaves or vines or grass dry should be put on as soon as the ground freezes: coarse manure should not be used. The mulch should not be allowed to press heavily on the crowns, which should be exposed, without removing the mulch from the roots as soon as the earliest spring sunshine comes. The plants will die or weaken if they are set so high that the rain can settle the earth around them and expose the tops of the root clumps to the air.

Here, too, is another good, old-fashioned flower for which the taste is reviving—the fuchsia. With the exception of two species which are natives of New Zealand, the genus fuchsia is peculiar to Central and Southern America. It was discovered there by Father Plumier, whose works were published in 1703. The introduction of the culture into England, where it has had a great vogue, was due to a Mr. Lee, nurseryman, of Hammersmith, near London, who, at the end of the eighteenth century, chanced to see a plant which a sailor had brought home for his wife. Mr. Lee managed to induce the woman to part with it, and from that plant, first grown in a sailor's wife's window, the fuchsia spread into the conservatories of the wealthy. The following excerpt deals with the fuchsia and those favorites of our grandmothers, stocks and wall-flowers, than which sweeter flowers do not bloom:

HOME GARDENING PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER

If anxious to beautify the interior of your home with growing plants this winter, why not include the fuchsia in your selection? Use only those plants which were raised last spring from half-ripe cuttings, as these answer best for flowering. Fortunately, the average temperature of living-rooms suits the fuchsia very well. It likes a light, rich soil, and does not require much root room. Some of the species most highly recommended are F. fulgens, scarlet; F. gracilis, purple; F. splendens, green and scarlet; and F. glebesa, the ordinary kind with which most of us are familiar.

For people who like old-fashioned flowers, stocks and wall-flowers are to be recommended. They should be sown in summer for winter flowering, and should be grown as rapidly as possible in six-inch pots. Plants so raised will be found satisfactory. Of course, those which have flowered outdoors all summer cannot be expected to do duty also in winter. The shoots of both stocks and wall-flowers should be frequently pinched off in order to give them a bushy shape; they

have a natural tendency to straggle. They want a rich porous soil, which ought to contain a proportion of old mortar, if it is obtainable. It is not generally known that wall-flowers were so named because of their tendency to thrive in the close vicinity of old brick walls and in the midst of ruins. Most people know the rich yellow brown of their velvety petals. They used to run riot in the dear old gardens our grandmothers loved, and the traveler in England may note them in every plot of ground adjoining a tiny cottage.

It may also be added that anyone who has spent a vacation in visiting the ruined abbeys of England will remember the yellow wall-flowers that bloomed on every "coign of vantage." Cheiranthus Cheiri is almost as inseparable from the tottering walls of castle and cloister as the famousivy. Wall-flowers are supposed to be the violet of the ancient poets. There may be some connection between this supposition and the fact that the French still call the plant "Violier." They are also the "gillyflower" of past generations, another fact that has a counterpart in French, for, in addition to Violier, the wallflower is called Giroflée jaune. Would that space would allow of the legend of the naming of the wallflower in memory of the maiden who fell from the wall of her father's castle on the Tweed in attempting to escape to her lover. Robert Herrick has embodied it in his quaint verse, but you can find an account of it in Thistelton Dyer's "Folk-Lore of Plants."

If the Christmas tree has not gone to the flames before this is read, a short history of the custom and the industry of supplying the trees may not be out of place. The custom is undoubtedly German, and it is to German settlers that we are indebted for this merry adjunct of Christmastide. If a certain painter was historically accurate, Luther enjoyed the mirth of his children and his wife, Catherine von Bora, around the sparkling fir. It may have struck the readers of accounts of old-time Christmases in England, such as those of Washington Irving, that it is strange that no allusion is made to the Christmas tree. But the truth is that it was not until Queen Victoria married Albert the Good that English children began to gather around the Christmas tree with expectant and gleaming eyes. The history of the industry, and it is a great one, is found in the following quotation from an interesting article:

CHRISTMAS TREES......THOMAS McADAM......COUNTRY LIFE

The Christmas-tree industry is scarcely thirty years old. It is natural for us to take it for granted that there have always been Christmas trees, yet fifty years ago there were few in America, save in the homes of foreigners. The Pennsylvania Dutch cherished the custom long before it was adopted by New Englanders, and even in Old England, as late as 1826, Coleridge spoke of the Christmas tree

thirty years ago a number of duck-hunters cruising along the coast of Maine noticed the millions of young balsam firs which grew along the shores, and the brilliant idea occurred to one member of the party that these symmetrical evergreens would make excellent Christmas trees. At this time the "abandoned farm" era had begun and it looked as if the whole State would grow up to firs. The balsam fir used to be a synonym for worthlessness. Nowadays, "Canada balsam" is made from this tree, and thousands of vacation tourists gather its young twigs for "balsam pillows." But the wood has always been useless to the lumberman. Therefore, when the New York yachtsman offered to buy a few shiploads of young firs, the honest Maine farmers thought he was joking. But when the city man opened his purse and showed the color of his money, they fell to with a will.

The first venture proved a success, and others hurried into the business. Ten years later nearly the whole coast of Maine was stripped of firs and the business moved inland. The trade has grown until now over a million Christmas trees are sold every year in New York and New England, of which twothirds come from Maine alone. Although the trees are bulky and rather expensive to ship. there are large profits in the business; for it is a poor acre of fir land that will not yield five thousand trees, and, allowing ten dollars an acre for stumpage, thirty dollars an acre for labor and cartage, and fifty dollars an acre for freight, the tiecs do not cost two cents apiece delivered in Boston or New York. In the cities the trees bring from twenty cents to five dollars. The Maine farmer gets five to forty cents for a tree. For forty cents the dealer expects a perfectly straight, symmetrical tree fully fifteen feet in height.

Unlike all, or nearly all, the other Christmas greens, the fir-tree industry seems to have no objectionable features. The balsam fir is too common, too wide-spread, and too eager to grow to be in danger of extermination. In Maine, foresting this formerly worthless tree gives employment in the month of November to thousands of people who would otherwise be idle, and puts into the pockets of the people of the State every year something like one hundred thousand dollars. Before the tree industry began, the fir lands were exempt from taxation because they were worthless. It is said that one could sometimes buy a whole township (about twenty-three thousand as an entirely German institution. About acres) for a hundred dollars. These same lands

are now worth ten to fifteen dollars an acre for Christmas trees alone!

But this is only half the story. Lands that are stripped of young firs are easily fitted for pasturing. The farmers have burned over the hillsides and sowed grass-seed among the ashes. Some of these lands are now plowed and cultivated, and thus thousands of acres of waste land have been restored to agriculture. I doubt if there is any parallel to such a story.

The Christmas-tree industry may be established wherever the balsam fir is enough of a "weed." The work lasts through all November. An early fall of snow is a great disadvantage. If the snow melts and freezes again it makes the branches too brittle for longdistance shipment. The trees will keep in good condition for five or six weeks after cutting. One man, an expert, does the cutting. Another collects, sorts, and ties. He wraps the branches closely to economize space and ties about five medium-sized trees in a bunch. The trees in the open fields that are exposed to full sunlight are more symmetrical than those that grow in dense woods. farmers go so far as to thin out their fir "orchards," as the crowding of seedlings impairs the quality of the product. It takes about five years from the seed to produce a salable tree.

The following excerpt is too good to be passed over. It may be of some service in private hands, where some tree, a landmark, an historic relic, or, maybe, some giant of the homestead endeared to ramily recollections by passages in the family bistory, is in danger of passing away:

SURGERY ON CALIFORNIA OAKS SPRINGFIELD UNION

Tree surgeons are at work on the University of California oaks. Those famous trees that almost everybody in the world has read or heard about are submitting to a rejuvenating process. Prof. W. A. Setchell, of the botany department of the university, has been watching with some apprehension the encroachment of the dry-rot on the trees. He held a conference on the subject with President Wheeler, to whom he said that something must be done to save the oaks and done at once. Orders, therefore, were given to the Superintendent of the Grounds to proceed according to Professor Setchell's directions. In carrying out the instructions, the Superintendent, as chief surgeon, and the surgeons under him have been tenderly solicitous for the fathers of the campus.

In digging out the cavities and filling them

with more wholesome stuff, they have exercised the greatest care not to hurt the trees. Workers have proceeded by ridding the trees of all dry-rot, then disinfecting the exposed places with coal tar and filling them with California cement. The cement takes the place of the natural wood, and enough is put into the cavity to bring it to the edge of the bark. This leaves a surface over which the bark grows in time, thus enclosing the cement. If the cement was filled to the brim of the bark, the bark would be retarded in its growth, and finally the tree would die. The treatment of the trees has disclosed some strange things, the most curious of which is an oak in which the letters "G. R." were cut years ago in the bark. This left the wood exposed to the weather, which in time rotted deep, though it was not apparent until the operators began to work upon it, In a few more years the tree would have died.

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Various are the tools used by the tree surgeons in prosecuting their labors, many of them not unlike those used by a surgeon. There are scoops and spoons and drills and all sorts of instruments, all of them turned out for the purpose by the college blacksmith shop. For the cavities high up from the ground an improvised chair is employed, in which the workman is hoisted to his work. The last Legislature made a special appropriation for the work.

When will vandals cease to ruin trees by making them the records of their insignificant names and lives? Who cares to be informed by an inscription on some monarch of the woods that John Smith and Mary Ann Jones were in love with each other? But worse still, why do persons who want a fire at a picnic, light it at the base of the finest tree at hand? Here is a specimen of vandalism which is far from being exceptional.

ALL ABOUT PLANTS NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT

On a hill about one mile east of the village of De Ruyter, N. Y., is a freak of nature known as the "Twin Beeches." Two fine, tall beech trees stand opposite each other and several feet apart. At identically the same distance from the ground, about ten feet, there extends from each tree a vigorous horizontal branch. Midway between the two trees the branches unite into one, which reaches downward, nearly touching the ground. The age of the trees is not definitely known, but they must be very old, judging by the names and dates carved on the bark by visitors to this curious growth.

2708

The Star of Hope By Maud Ballington Booth

The following reading is taken from "After Prison—What?"* by Maud Ballington Booth. The book is a description of Mrs. Booth's efforts in behalf of the prison population and charmingly reveals the feeling of many prisoners for their "Little Mother." Every reader regardless of religion or sectarian bias must be impressed with the author's sincerity. "This message from my pen," writes Mrs. Booth in her preface, "is not a work on criminology or penology. No gathering of statistics, nor comparative study of the works or theories of learned authorities on these subjects will be found within its pages. It is just a plea from the heart of one who knows them, for those who cannot voice to the world their own thoughts and feelings. We ask no sentimental sympathy or pity, no patronage or charity, but only understanding, justice, and fair play."

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There is a weird cry that breaks out sometimes; amid the midnight stillness of the prison cell-house, the venting of a heart's repressed longing, "Roll around, 1912," and from other cells other voices echo, each putting in the year of his liberty. I heard the cry break out in chapel one Christmas day as the gathering at their concert broke up, every year being called by the "boys" who looked forward to it as their special year of liberty. "Roll around 1912." How far away it seems to us even in liberty, but how much further to the man who must view it through a vista of weary toilsome prison days.

Having talked with many just before their discharge, when the days and hours leave but a few grains to trickle through the glass of time they have watched so closely, I know just what a strain and tension these last days represent. Often the man cannot sleep for nights together under the excitement and nervous strain proves intense. Through the dark nights of wakefulness he puts the finishing touches to the castles in the air that he has been building through the weary term when with his body in prison, his mind wandered out into the days to come, and hope, battling with fear, painted for him a rainbow in the storm clouds of the future.

Fi Can you imagine how hard and bitter is the awakening for such a man when he returns to life to find himself a marked and branded being, one to be distrusted and watched, pointed out and whispered about, with all too often the

door of honest toil shut in his face? The man discharged from prison is not unreasonable. He does not expect an easy path. We do not ask for him a way strewn with roses or a cheer of welcome. He has sinned, he has strayed from the right road, plunged over the precipice of wrong-doing, and it must at best be a hard climb back again. The men do not ask nor do we ask for them an easy position, the immediate restoration of the trust, confidence and sympathy of the world on the day of their return. They know they cannot expect, having thrown away their chances in an evil past, to find them awaiting their return to moral sanity. I have not found them unreasonable and certainly very few have been lazy or unwilling to prove their sincerity. What we do ask for the released prisoner and what we feel he has a right to ask of the world is a chance to live honestly, an opportunity to prove whether or not he has learned his lesson so that he may climb back into the world of freedom and into a useful, respectable position where he may be trusted.

I was visiting my Hope Hall on one occasion after a lengthy western trip. Many new men who had returned during my absence were anxious for personal interviews and so I spent most of the day in this occupation. One man who was ushered into my presence was considerably older than any other of the newcomers. Grasping my hand he told me with tears in his eyes of his gratitude for the Home. I asked him if he was happy. "Happy," he answered, "why I am happier than I have ever been in my life." As we talked I studied his face. I could recognize no criminal trait and I wondered at one of his age with hair already white, being friendless and homeless and at the place where he must begin life all over again. I came to the conclusion that he had probably served a very long term for some one offense committed in his early manhood. It is not my custom to bring up the past. We do not catechise our men concerning their deeds of the past. If it will help a man to tell me in confidence any part of his story, I gladly listen, but I never make one feel that I am eager to learn the wretched details that in many instances are better buried and forgotten. In this case, however, I diverged from my rule sufficiently to ask this man whether he had done a very long term, that I might answer to myself some of those questions that would better help me to prove myself his friend in the future. "No," he answered with a smile, "I have that to be thankful for; I have never been sentenced to any very long term. I have only done five short five year bits." Just think of it! Twenty-five

^{*}Fleming H. Revell Company (Copyright 1903.) \$1.25.

years in all! The record of an habitual criminal indeed. Speaking afterwards to one of my workers, who knew the man well, I asked him how it was that this had happened. He told me that it was just the old story, that could be recorded about many others. In his youth this man had committed a crime which called for a five-year term of imprisonment. He had been overwhelmed with shame and regret, and during that first term in prison had learned his lesson. During that period his father and mother both died; he came back into the world homeless, friendless, a stranger. In his pocket he had a few dollars given by the State and he started out hopefully to look for work. He was met by rebuff, disappointment and failure; then came hungry days and nights, when he had no money to pay for lodging, and had to sleep in any sheltered corner where he might hope to escape the vigilance of the police. Then followed starvation, and he returned to what seemed the inevitable: he stole that he might live: was arrested and sent back to prison. This was repeated after each discharge, until at last he had Hope Hall to turn to, a haven of refuge from the miserable sin and failure of his life.

The watching and hounding of men to prison by unprincipled detectives is not unknown in this country. In fact, you can find such cases often quoted in the newspapers, and every prison has its quota of men who could tell you terrible stories of what they have endured. do not want to appear hostile to the Detective Department, for detectives are necessary and many may be conscientious men. The criminal element know and respect the conscientious detective, but they have a most profound contempt for the man who vilely abuses his authority and seems to have no conscience where one known as an "ex-prisoner" is con-

I had watched with interest the career of one of our "boys" who had been a most notorious prisoner.

living a desperate life and having long experience in crime, which had brought him to the position where many spoke of him as beyond hope. had been out of prison over a year and was doing well; he had been graduated from our Home and held a position to which we sent him, most creditably, and was now living with his wife in a little flat in Harlem, working in a shop where his service was giving thorough satisfaction. Some flats were entered and property stolen in the upper part of the There was no trace of the perpetrator of the A detective who had known this man in the past, learning that he was in the city, started out to hunt for him. He discovered the fact that he lived in Harlem: without a scrap of evidence against him, he went to the house and put him under agrest, and the first I knew of the case was a flaring account in the papers headed, "Mrs. Booth's Protégé Gone Wrong." We received almost immediately a letter from him from the Tombs, and one of my representatives went at once to see our "boy." The second newspaper article gave an interview with the detective, in which he mentioned the fact that he had been at my office and that I had told him that I had long since suspected this young man of wrong-doing; that I had no faith or

confidence in him, and could no longer help him. At the time the interview was supposed to have taken place, I was fifteen hundred miles away. When the case was brought up for investigation, my representative was present to stand by the man, and to tell the judge what we knew concerning him. There not being a particle of evidence to connect him with the crime, the judge, with some irritation. was about to dismiss the case, when the detective stepped forward and asked that the man be held to enable him to make further investigation. "What are you going to investigate?" asked the judge; "you have no evidence to go on." "Oh," said the detective, "I want to look up his past; he has been many times in prison." Then, I am glad to say, the judge meted out justice, and turning to the detective, reproved him most severely. He told him that he was there to judge present facts and evidence, not to condemn a man because of his past, and that it did not matter what the man had been, if there was no evidence that he had perpetrated the crime, no one had any right to hold him or to investigate records that did not concern the case.

It is difficult in a work of this kind to chronicle its growth. To us who have been in the midst of it, the development and improvement. advance and victory are very evident, but it would need a carefully kept journal of many volumes to impart its history to others.

The old farmhouse on Long Island has been altered and enlarged. Old walls and ceilings have been torn down to be replaced by new plaster and paint. The new wing has given us a longer dining-room for our increased family, new kitchens, laundry and storeroom, with overhead a number of new bedrooms. The farm, which was some what of a wilderness. has been put under cultivation; fruit trees, rose bushes, vines and shrubs added each spring and fall. Each addition means much more to us, far more than if we had had large capital to expend. This Home is not for the "boys" of New York State, but for all the Eastern prisoners. They come to us as readily from Charlestown and Trenton as from Sing Sing. Even the prisons we have not visited send to us some, who through the reading of the Gazette have come to realize that they too are welcome.

The Western Home in Chicago has, meanwhile, been doing a splendid work for the "boys" from Joliet and the middle Western prisons. There we have men mostly on parole; men who would have no chance of getting their parole were it not that we are willing to be sponsors for them. We find them work, keep in touch with them month by month, and report to the prison, until we have the pleasure of handing them their final discharge papers. The third Hope Hall is in Iowa, and has been founded and given to the "boys" of that State

by our dear friend and co-laborer, Hon. L. S. 1 100 16-4

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No discrimination as to crimes is made in the welcoming of our guests; that is a matter of the past. Sin is sin and we do not ask if it has been little or big, when the sinner has repented. The number of terms served, the nationality or the color of the man made to us no more difference than their creed. All men who come straight from prison and need Hope Hall are eligible. When they have come, they are expected to behave as gentlemen. The rules are only such as would govern any well regulated family and are made for the protection of the men against those who might spoil the peace and comfort of the Home. We strongly urge silence regarding the past, as far as possible the forgetting of its sad memories. There is gruesome harm in allowing men to exploit in testimony before the public the evil deeds of the past. Having been, in the past few years, connected with a Movement that encouraged the recital of such testimonies, I know of what I speak when I say that they are harmful, and that talking of wrong doing is often the first step to feeling that one can do it again. The shame and humiliation that should be felt are soon lost to those who talk much of what they have been, and a spirit of exaggeration and almost boastfulness takes its place.

During the day all the men able to work are busy. We have no industries, such as mat or broom making, which we feared would spoil the home aspect of the place, besides robbing the men of their ambition to strike out in work for themselves. They are employed in the work of the house; some are busy in the laundry, some at painting, carpentering or building; others have the important position of cooks; still there is also the garden, farming and care of horse and cow to be remembered. The extension to our building with twelve new rooms was built entirely by the men. When there is no building or farming to be done, other occu-

pations can easily be found.

In the evening they can gather in the music room to play games, of which we have a good supply, or to listen to the phonograph or amuse themselves with songs around the piano. We have already a rather nice library and those who wish to read or write quietly in the parlors can do so, while on summer nights the broad piazzas offer a quiet, cool and inviting resting-place. There is no regulation as to the length of stay of any man who comes to us. Some can obtain work much more readily than others. The able bodied laborer and skilled

mechanic have the best chance; in spring time farm hands are in great demand, while the man who has never done honest work in his life before or the one who has been a bookkeeper or held some other position of trust are the ones most qualified for the new start in life. Many are well able and willing to work after a week, or two weeks with us; others may need months to strengthen and nerve them for their life struggle. I was told by those who foretold disappointment that I should have to deal with many men too lazy to work, who would come to stay at the Home as long as we would support them. This has not been my experience. On the contrary, the difficulty has been to instil patience, so anxious are they to launch out for themselves and prove their

sincerity.

From the very first I realized that to make the work effectual there must be the establishment of personal friendship, and that it was only as we recognized and helped the individual that we could, by degrees, affect the whole population. They needed friendship and the touch of human sympathy far more than preachment or argument. To thus help them practically we had, of course, to know the men, that we might enter as much as possible into their lives, so that we could meet them on a more intimate footing than that of lecturer and audience-preacher and congregation. The only way in which one can really understand a man's life is to meet him on his level. We commenced with the chapel services, talking to the men collectively in a strain that would make them feel and realize the faith and hope we felt for them. Then I expressed my willingness to correspond with all those who had no friends to write to. The many letters which reached me as a consequence soon gave us an insight into the thoughts and feelings of the men, and we were then able to become familiar with the names and histories of many of them. After this we could follow up our correspondence with personal interviews. It was wonderful how the hearts of the men were touched and opened to us. In no field have I found a quicker and deeper response to the message delivered, and there has certainly been time now to prove that it was not a mere passing emotion or revival enthusiasm, but that a deep and lasting work was being accomplished.

As men began to take the decisive step and declared their intention to lead a different life, it became evident that organization would be wise to band them together and to enable them

to be a constant example to others. To meet this need we started the V. P. L. or Volunteer Prison League. It is a very simple banding together in each prison of those who stand for right living and good discipline. Each member has a certificate of membership which reads as follows:

"This is to certify that member of the Volunteer Prison League having faithfully promised, with God's help, to conform to the following conditions of member-

ship:

First-To pray every morning and night. Second—To read the Day Book faithfully. Third-To refrain from the use of bad language.

Fourth—To be faithful in the observance of prison rules and discipline so as to become an

example of good conduct.

Fifth-To earnestly seek to cheer and encourage others in well-doing and right living, trying, where it is possible, to make new members of the League."

This document is hung in the prison cell and as the man pins on his coat the badge of the order, a small white button with the blue star

to show their colors in a way that would in its center and the motto of the League in strengthen and safeguard them, helping them red lettering—"Look up and Hope"—he to be a constant example to others. To meet becomes at once a marked man. He is watched by officers and men alike and that very fact is, in itself, a reminder to him in the hour of temptation of the obligations he has taken upon himself. When the League has attained some size it becomes a post and the white standard* is presented.

> Statistics are not of very great interest, for they often fail to convey anything like an idea of the work accomplished. They are of course added to as months pass by, so that while the printers are at work, they have materially changed. We can say briefly, however, that of those who have come to our two Hope Halls (Hope Hall number three is only just opened), seventy-five per cent. have done well; twenty per cent. may be all right, and are often found to be so after we have apparently lost track of them; five per cent. have, perhaps, returned to prison. Over three thousand have passed through the two Homes. This, of course, does not speak of the many hundreds who were once League members and are to-day doing well all over the country, who did not need the shelter and help of Hope Hall.

*The star of hope in the center of a white field.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

COST OF LIVING

The annual report of the Bureau of Labor, for the year 1903 which has just been completed and placed in the hands of the printer, presents the results of an extended investigation into the cost of living of workingmen's families and the retail prices of the principal staple articles of food used by such families. As the full printed report will not be ready for distribution for several months, and as many urgent requests have been made to the Bureau for the results of the investigation, especially as they relate to the cost of living now compared with the cost in former years, a brief summary of the results was given in this Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor for November, 1903.

The figures of income and expenditure furnished in detail by 2567 families in thirty-three States, representing the leading industrial centers of the country, formed the material

for the detailed study of the cost of living. Certain data, which do not enter so much into detail, were collected in regard to the cost of living in 25,440 families, and the results are extensively summarized in the full report. The present summary deals only with the 2567 families examined in detail.

These families consisted on an average of 5.31 persons, 0.7 person above the average of private families in the whole country as shown by the census of 1900. This larger size of family was not due to any intentional selection of larger families. for the only basis of selection was that the head of the family must be a wage worker or a salaried man earning not over \$1200 during the year, and must be able to give information in regard to his expenditures in detail. The average income for the year of these 2567 families from all sources was \$827.19. The average expenditure for all purposes was \$768.54 and the average expenditure for food was \$326.90 per family, or 42.54 per cent. of the average expenditure for all purposes.

That part of the investigation which relates to retail prices is, it should be stated, the first extended

investigation that has been made into retail prices in this country. All previous price studies covering a period of years have dealt solely with wholesale prices. which, of course, do not represent accurately the cost to the small consumer. In their general trend, retail prices follow the wholesale prices, but their fluctuations are smaller and less rapid, and this is clearly brought out in the full report. A comparison of the relative wholesale and retail prices (simple averages) of 25 similar articles or groups of articles of food, covering the period 1890 to 1902, inclusive, shows a range of 37.2 per cent. in wholesale prices, but only 15.2 per cent. in retail prices.

In order to ascertain the course of retail prices of food for a series of years and the consequent changes in the cost of living as regards food, the Bureau through its agents secured from the books of 814 retail merchants, in the same localities from which data relating to family expenditures were obtained, the retail prices of the principal staple articles of food. Prices were taken for each month during the 13 years of 1890 to 1902, inclusive, which was as far back as it was possible to go. These covered 30 distinct articles, and, under each article, various grades and descriptions of that article. From the prices thus obtained relative prices were calculated, the average prices for the ten-year period 1890 to 1899 being taken as equal to 100. The importance of the various articles or groups of articles of food in the family consumption being known from the expenditures of the 2567 families referred to above, the relative prices of the several articles of food were weighted according to this importance. The result gives, for 5 geo-graphical divisions* in the United States for the period 1890 to 1902, the relative retail price of the food consumed in one year by a workingman's family, compared with the average price for the ten-year period, 1890 to 1899.

The average cost of food per family in 1890 was \$318.20. In 1896, the year of lowest prices, it fell to \$296.76, and in 1902 reached the highest point of the period, being \$344.61, an increase of 16.1 per cent. over 1896, or of 10.9 per cent. when compared with the average for the 10-year period 1890 to 1899. The increase in the cost of living as shown by the nesults of this investigation relates to food alone, representing 42.54 per cent. of all family expenditures in the 2567 families furnishing information.

Of the remaining articles, constituting 57.46 per cent. of the family expenditure, certain ones are from their nature affected only indirectly and in very slight degree by any rise or fall in prices. Such are payments on account of principal and interest of mortgage, taxes, property and life insurance, labor and other organization fees, religion, charity, books and newspapers, amusements and vacations, intoxicating liquors, and sickness and

death. These together constituted 14.51 per cent. of the family expenditure in 1901 of the 2567 families investigated. Miscellaneous purchases, not reported, for which, from their very character, no prices are obtainable, made up 5.87 per cent. and rent, for which also no prices for the several years are available, made up 12.05 per cent.

The remaining classes of family expenditure, 24.13 per cent. of all, consist of clothing 14.04 per cent. fuel and lighting 5.25 per cent. furniture and utensils 3.42 per cent, and tobacco 1.42 per cent. For these no retail prices covering a series of years are available, but accepting as true of wholesale and retail prices here what this investigation has found true in the case of food, namely, that retail prices rise and fall more slowly and in smaller degree than wholesale prices, an examination of the relative wholesale prices of these classes of articles in Bulletin No. 45, giving them their proper weight according to family consumption, leads to the conclusion that the retail prices of these articles as a whole in 1902 could have been but little, if at all, above the level indicated by food.

It is apparently a safe and conservative conclusion, therefore, that the increase in the cost of living, as a whole, in 1902, when compared with the year of lowest prices, was not over 16.1 per cent. the figure given above as the increase in the cost of food as shown by this investigation. This assumes, of course, always the purchase of the same articles and the same quantities in years of low prices, low wages, and more or less irregular employment, and in years of higher prices, higher wages, and steady employment.

OPTIMISTIC VIEWS ON THE NEGRO-PROBLEM

The Outlook recently published an article by William Baxter Poe, entitled "Negro Life in Two Generations—the Observations of a Southern Farmer." Mr. Poe, who has known the negro in slavery and in freedom, writes with sense, sympathy, and hopefulness. He emphasizes the very important fact that the negroes are not a homogeneous people, but represent widely varying degrees of intelligence and of savagery or semi-civilization. Mr. Poe recalls as having lived in his neighborhood a strangely tattooed negro woman who claimed to be a princess, a Guinea Cannibal, and a slave who was a good Arabic scholar and could speak several tribal languages.

The one great fact to be constantly kept in mind

^{*}North Atlantic States. North Central States, South Atlantic States, South Central States, Western States.

by all of us is that the negro is a child-race, and that his development is not a matter of hothouse methods, not a matter for one generation, but for the long, unhurried process of evolution. The mills of the gods grind slowly, and in the life of a race, a century means little more than a day means to the individual. The men who thought that an Emancipation Proclamation or a Fifteenth Amendment would give to the negro what every other race has paid for by age-long effort, flew in the face of the eternal facts of nature. Now the whole country is coming to see what Henry Ward Beecher saw in 1865: "All the laws in the world cannot lift a man higher than the natural forces put him." And these "natural forces" with which we must deal are the product, not of years, but of æons; we must be content with slow results.

Therefore in spite of all that has been said by prophets of evil, and in spite of some undeniably discouraging tendencies, I am not a pessimist. On the contrary, when I think of the negro savagery of two centuries ago and the slavery of two generations ago, the progress that we have made seems as great as could have been reasonably expected. The long result of time, I think, can be safely trusted to develop the best that is in this child-race and to maintain right relations between it and the superior race with whose destiny its own has been so

strangely interwoven.

Unfortunately, that friendly tie that close personal relationship, between former master and former slave binds together a steadily diminishing number of whites and blacks. But the average white man treats the average negro as kindly as ever; and with greater industrial efficiency and less unwholesome pretension on the part of the blacks, we They are eves. The may expect even better conditions. better now than the outside world believes. black man and the white man, it is true, do not eat at the same table, drink from the same cup, travel in the same car, worship in the same church, or meet at any time on terms of social equality. But ninety per cent. of the negroes have never thought of this condition in any rebellious spirit, and are content that they have the white man's aid in business, his counsel in trouble, and his sympathy in misfortune. As to injustice in the courts, a remark recently made to me by one of the best-known attorneys in this State is worth repeating. "I have found," said he, State is worth repeating. "I have found," said he, "in my long experience as a lawyer, that in our civil suits a negro actually has the advantage over a white man-so desirous are our white juries of protecting the weaker race against any form of oppression by the stronger."

Only a few weeks ago, in Wilmington, North Carolina—the scene of the famous 1898 "revolution" against negro power in politics—six of the best-known white men acted as pall-bearers at the funeral of a faithful negro workman. This was one of those commonplace occurrences that illustrate the permanent good feeling between the races quite as forcibly as the "revolution" illustrated the temporary bad feeling. But, unfortunately, these kindly acts are not "news"; they are never recorded in the press despatches. I know of them, however, and it is of the every-day life of the two races that I speak when I say that the Southern white man does not hate the negro, is not even indifferent to him, but treats him kindly, and will treat him with even greater kindness as the white man's determination to resist social equality to the death obtains

increasing recognition and acceptance among the would-be leaders of the blacks.

Mr. Booker T. Washington, who has recently returned from Europe, states in the Independent that if the geographical location of the American negro was such as to lead one constantly to make comparison between him and the products of Latin civilization as found in Europe or South America, or of Oriental civilization as found in China, the negro would be judged less harshly than at present.

Two truths above others are impressed continually upon a colored man traveling in Europe. First, that the average morality of the negro in any part of America compares most favorably with that of the same grade of people in any section of Europe. My own individual opinion, based upon considerable observation, leads me to make the statement that the moral status of the colored people in every part of the United States is higher than the average moral status of the European peoples. In this connection, several considerations should be constantly kept in mind. One is that the social distinctions, or spirit of caste, prevents the average white man in America from seeing and coming into actual contact with the best life among the colored people in America; consequently, many may not, for this reason, credit the estimate which I place upon the moral condition of my race. Another consideration not to be overlooked is that, because of his physical, industrial and political connection with the white people of the United States, the American negro is constantly being compared with the white civilization of the United States, which, taken as a whole, represents the very highest degree of civilization now existing.

One who has made even a cursory study of the conditions of the working and middle classes of people in European countries cannot refrain from constantly asking himself, How do the conditions and prospects of these classes compare with those of the negro in America? This is a question much more easily asked than answered. In a brief article like this, one cannot be expected to go into details. So long as the working or middle classes remain on the other side of the water, I would say that the condition and prospects of the American negro are better than those of the classes of Europeans to which I have been referring. When those people emigrate to America, no one acquainted with the facts will question the statement that the newly arrived emigrant is given an opportunity for growth and general development not accorded to the average negro. In fact, one of the questions with which the American traveler is continually beset in Europe, is why the very lowest type of Italians, for example, can go to the State of Louisiana and be given a share in the government which is accorded to few of the best class of negroes, whose ancestors, together with themselves, have resided in this country for more than two centuries.

My general conclusion, after observing conditions in foreign countries, is that with the exercise, on the part of the white men and of black men, of due patience, forbearance, courage and perseverance, the difficulties which often trouble both races in America are not insurmountable.

Child 🐶 🐶 Verse

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When night gits round an' supper's ate,
Dad lights his pipe fer smokin',
An' gits th' newspaper an' sez
To me a kinder jokin':
"Now, Bub, I'll take yer wool off 'less
You hurry up those slippers"
(He knows he couldn't, 'cause it's took
A'ready with th' clippers.)

H

An' then he sets an' smokes an' reads An' mother sets a-sewin', A-makin' clo'es fer sister—s'prise You how that kid is growin'! An' I jes' sorter wait aroun' A-hopin' dad's most through it, 'Cause then he'll tell me 'bout th' tale 'Tis got a giant to it.

III

"They ain't no news but bolykits,"
Bimeby dad sez, a-yawnin',
"An' John Smith's paintin' of his fenct,
An' Green's put up an awnin';"
So then I climb up on his knee
An' he sez, "You young urchin."
An' rubs his whiskers 'gainst my face,
An' thinks I need a birchin'.

IV

"But wal," he sez, "onct on a time Was Jack th' Giant Killer—"
An' he tells about th' drefflest things
'T jes' plumb skeer a fellow;
And how Jack sworded off their heads,
An' all th' blood 'twas makin',
An' Jim'ny Gee! when bedtime comes
I sneak upstairs jes' shakin'!

My maw—she's upstairs in bed,
An' It's there wif her.
It's all bundled up an' red—
Can't nobody stir;
Can't nobody say a word
Since It come to us.
Only thing 'at I have heard,
'Cepting all Its fuss,
Is "Sh-h-h!"

That there nurse, she shakes her head When I come upstairs.

"Sh-h-h!" she sez—'at's all she's said To me, anywheres.

Doctor—he's th' man 'at brung It to us to stay—

He makes me put out my tongue,

'Nen sez, "Sh-h-h!" 'at way!

Jest "Sh-h-h!"

I goed in to see my maw,
'Nen clumb on th' bed.
Was she glad to see me? Pshaw!
"Sh-h-h"—'at's what she said!
'Nen I blinked and tried to see
'Nen I runned away
Out to my old apple tree
Where no one could say
"Sh-h-h!"

'Nen I lay down on th' ground
An' say 'at I jest wish
I was big! An' there's a sound—
'At old tree says "Sh-h-h!"
'Nen I cry an' cry an' cry
Till my paw, he hears
An' comed there an' wiped my eye
An' mop up th' tears—
'Nen sez "Sh-h-h!"

I'm go' tell my maw 'at she
Don't suit me one bit—
Why d' all say "Sh-h-h!" to me
An' not say "Sh-h-h!" to It?

MY BEDFELLOW. ANNIE WILLIS MCCULLOUGH... HARPER'S BAZAR LULLABY.......JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR......ATLANTIC

I'm not a fraid to go to bed—
Although I'd like to stay;—
I go to sleep in all the dark
The same as if 'twas day.

The stars come out, and wink and blink, The friendly moon shines bright; A little child who loves them all Is not afraid at night.

I might be just a wee bit scared And lonesome, but, you see, Dear dolly is my bedfellow, And snuggles down with mel At sunset our white butterflies
Vanish and fold and creep,
Where now the golden daylight dies,
Out in the field to sleep:
Among the morning-glories furled
They furl their drowsy wings,
Forget the sun upon the world
And what the sparrow sings:
They will not know what dews may kiss
Nor what stars vigil keep:
Fold up, white wing, and be like this
All in the twilight deep:
With everything that pretty is,
My little lady sleep!

Educational Questions of the Day

A ROUNDED CURRICULUM *

What are included in the intellectual achievements of the human race? I think we may say with President Butler of Columbia that there is, first, the literary inheritance; second, the esthetic; third, the scientific; fourth, the institutional, and fifth, the religious. In the course of study, literature is represented in the lowest grades by folk stories and memory gems, and in the higher grades by the stories read or told and the literary masterpieces. Our esthetic inheritance is represented by the pictures hung in the class rooms; also by drawing and music, while the city itself presents for study examples of fine architecture.

The scientific inheritance is represented by nature study, mathematics, physical geography and physics in the upper grades, while the institutional inheritance is represented by political geography, history and civics.

Although the schools are not allowed to teach any one doctrine, the religious inheritance has as its representatives, ethics and the habits derived from the administration of the schools and from the study of mathematics, history and literature.

Assuming that the literary inheritance, the esthetic inheritance, the scientific inheritance, the institutional inheritance, and the religious inheritance are represented in the course of study, we should try to teach something of each from the beginning, and not devote our time to the teaching of only one or, at most, three. I have come to the conclusion that some part of each of these five great divisions of knowledge should be represented in every grade of the course of study, for the reason that each child in whose little body and brain are included the promise and pctency of everything that afterward develops into the full-grown man or woman is entitled to the harmonious development of those powers from the start.

In the second place the child's mind in the beginning craves variety, and there is nothing more deadly to that little mind than the dull and deadening grind of formal and routine study of one or two subjects. If you want to deaden the child's mind and prevent its powers ever reaching full development, keep the child

* From an address delivered by Dr. Maxwell at a joint meeting of the New York City Teachers' Association and the Society for the Study of Practical Class Room Problems.

in the first five years of its school life to this dull, deadening and sickening grind.

One of the native impulses of the mind is to comprehend the causal relation of things, and hence mere memory work is always without interest. The child is always interested in finding out the why. By setting problems such as, why does the water rise in a pump? Why does the mercury fall in the thermometer? we arouse and maintain interest. By keeping the links of the chain tightly bound together by developing the causal nexus, by asking and inciting the pupils to ask and to answer the question why? you are forging the link of association that will enable them to call up and use knowledge when it is needed; you are drawing upon a perennial source of interest that will enliven all school work, and you are cultivating a habit of mind that enhances the pleasures of living and increases the efficiency of life.

All studies, if properly taught, every school exercise, if properly conducted, is a means of moral training and may help to build up a noble character. It is your duty to develop the three great qualities of reverence, courage, and simple-minded devotion to duty. If a child has not reverence he will have no ideals of life or conduct. Teach him to have reverence of things great and good, true and beautiful; then his own ideals will be high. But what will they avail if he has not courage to attain them? If he has both, but has not that simple-minded devotion to duty, he will never accomplish anything. Above all else are those three principles-reverence, courage, and simpleminded devotion to duty.

TEACHERS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

The Government is finding difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of teachers for the Philippines. Only men between twenty and forty years of age are wanted. It proved a venturesome experiment to take women out to the Philippines as teachers, although some of them have been remarkably successful. The task of finding places where they could live in suitable conditions was such that the Bureau of Education will, for the present call for no more.

The great trouble, according to the New York Commercial Advertiser, with the first consignment of teachers who went out was their inclination to abandon their positions. It is hoped now that with a better understanding of conditions and responsibilities on the part of applicants there will be fewer desertions from the ranks.

The salaries, although they seem small in the more thickly settled parts of the United States where teaching as a profession is viewed with something of its deserved importance, are much larger than generally prevail throughout the United States. The intention has been to make them about double the American home salary for corresponding work. One-sixth of those now appointed will get \$1,200 at the start, one-half of them \$1,000, and the remaining third \$900. The assignments of the successful applicants will depend upon the degree of experience and the standing in the examination. They will all be eligible to promotions after they get there to positions carrying salaries as large as \$2,500 a year, which is the compensation of division superintendents.

When the small compensation of rural teachers of the South and West is taken into account, it becomes almost a mystery that these places are, in effect, allowed to go a-begging. In Pennsylvania to-day the salaries of male teachers range from \$35 to \$50 per month. In Maryland, just outside the city limits of Washington, men teachers in middle life supplement their income by acting as carriage drivers for overland passengers to the Great Falls of the Potomac at the week-ends, when school does not keep, or after school hours in the afternoon. In a remote mountain district, 300 miles from here, a mining superintendent of the writer's acquaintance hired a man to cut out a column of coal, paying him seventy-five cents a day. To the surprise of the mining superintendent, he afterwards learned that this man was the district teacher, who had closed school in order to take a job so much more profitable while it lasted than his regular occupation. To such persons the scale of Philippine salaries must seem very lavish.

The Government has been tricked somewhat by teachers in the matter of traveling expenses. People have become pedagogues for the sake of being moved 10,000 miles at somebody else's expense. A plan has been devised for making the applicant pay his way out, to be reimbursed at the end of two years of satisfactory service. This might require too much capital for some applicants, and so a loan system has been adopted. The Government will, if necessary, advance the candidate his traveling expenses, deducting 10 per cent. thereof from each month's salary until it is paid, the whole amount to be returned regularly at the end of two years. That is the period for which applicants are supposed to accept their positions. Half-salary begins with the date of embarkation and full salary on the date of arrival in the islands.

Teachers who stay in the Philippines three years or more will be given free transportation to return as far as San Francisco. Medical attendance is furnished to teachers in Manila without cost, and they are eligible to the Civil Hospital in that city at a charge of \$1 a day for board, nursing, and medical attendance. They will doubtless find it cheaper to live at the hospital than anywhere else in the city. This, too, is a felicitous arrangement.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOL

The Rev. Mr. Geer, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, recently stated that in a country like this, with a mixed population, it is not the right and not the duty nor the policy of the State to educate. The State is too big and unwieldy an organization to do such delicate work. . . . What is the result of our malpractice, Why, we are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions. Lynchers, labor agitators, and lawbreakers generally are human guideposts, with arms, hands, and fingers wide extended and voices at their loudest pointing us to the ruin which awaits society if we persevere in the road which we are now taking.

The Outlook makes the following comment on this statement:

Those who raise this objection assume that the defects in our national character are due to our public-school system, and that they would be reformed if our schools were transferred from the care and direction of the State to the care and direction of the Church. But no evidence whatever is adduced in support of this claim. One would think, if the claim is well founded, it ought to be easy to establish its truth. The schools of Italy, Spain, and France have been until a very recent period under the entire control of the Church. She has had the exclusive charge of public education. The schools of Germany and of the United States have been under the charge of the State. Have the children of Italy, Spain, and France been better educated than the children of Germany and the United States? Have they been more intelligent? more thrifty? more patriotic? more honest? more industrious? more chaste? more law-abiding?

more chaste? more law-abiding?
What we need in our schools, whether private or public, is not catechism, but religion; not definitions, but life; not a teaching of religion for half an hour, along with reading, writing, and arithmetic; not a fourth R added to the three R's, but the spirit of self-control, good will, and reverence in the teachers, and a free play for the manifestation of this life of self-control and good will and reverence, that it may be imparted by them to the pupils under their influence. And of this spirit neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant, neither Christian nor Jew, has a monopoly. The public school cannot teach theology, but theology is not important to good citizenship. It cannot teach religion, because religion cannot be taught. But it can select for its teachers men and women whose spirit is that of sobriety or temperance, of righteousness or good will, of godliness or reverence; and in so doing it can do as much as the parish school, perhaps more, to impart a like spirit to its pupils.

THE PROFESSION OF PLAY SUPERVISOR

Columbia University has a plan for the instruction of settlement workers which includes a series of normal and technical courses especially designed for the leaders of juvenile

clubs. The plan is the outgrowth of several years' experiment in playgrounds, vacation schools and recreation centers. One of the most important features of the recreation centers is the club life. The club advisers themselves admit that they need the special training which Columbia University proposes to establish. The profession of play supervisor will undoubtedly become one of the serious occupations of both men and women, but women will find it especially congenial.

It took, says the New York Evening Post, a great many centuries to evolve the idea that playgrounds were as essential as schoolrooms to the moral and physical well-being of youth. When the first public playgrounds were opened it was found that the children had no idea how to use them. Unlike other species of young animals, they had literally no conception of healthy play. The children who flock the crowded streets of the East Side do not play at all, in the proper sense of the word. They have few games, and no rules except the rule of might. The popular idea of sport in the tenement district is to fill a tomato tin with blazing sticks and to swing the same round and round at arm's length by means of a string or wire. It is also sport to chase cats and dogs, to shoot craps, to steal rides on passing wagons, and to assist in various ways in swelling the volume of noise in the neighborhood. The activity of street children is aimless, and their tendencies entirely lawless.

For six years the public school system of New

York has included regular recreation centers during the summer, and these are now kept open during the winter months as well. There are twenty-one of these centers, which must not be confounded with the vacation schools or the park playgrounds. The play centers are most useful in the evening hours, from seven until ten. Miss Evangeline E. Whitney, district Superintendent in charge of the vacation schools and playgrounds, in explaining the need of evening sessions, said: "Theoretically, children should do their playing in the daytime, but as a matter of fact a great number of the East Side children must play at night. If the observer is amazed at the number of children on the streets of our city when the sun shines upon them he would find it impossible to estimate the increased multitude at nightfall, when, released from school and workrooms, they resort to the pavement, which is their only recreation ground. This year the recommendation has been made that the hour from seven to eight should be reserved for the very little children, who should, of course, be at home, but who are really roaming the streets. Unless they are in bed, it is better for them to be under good influences in a playroom."

The recreation centers are located in convenient school buildings, and are divided into two departments, one of which is occupied with gymnastics and active games, and the other with clubs, reading, and quiet games. Money has been spent generously on the centers, and they have been under most intelligent and sympathetic government. There has been a gratifying attendance on the part of the children, and the only discouraging feature has been the lack of trained men and women teachers

and supervisors.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

A GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL

A Philippine Civil Government Sanitarium was established in 1902 at Baguio. At the present time three days and three nights are required to reach Baguio, though it is but one hundred and seventy-five miles north of Manila. The following description of this government hospital is taken from an article in The Outlook, by Dr. Jerome B. Thomas:

The original Sanitarium was established early in 1902, in a small pine house with a grass roof, and was capable of sheltering from eight to ten patients. In the spring of 1903, the main building had been extended to a capacity of fifty, with an annex of five cottages of four and five rooms each. All of these buildings were made of pine lumber cut in the town of Baguio and sawed, planed, tongued, and grooved by hand, for the mountain trails are too narrow and too steep to make possible the transportation of heavy machinery from the coast. The Sanitarium grounds were laid off by a skilled landscape gardener detailed for the purpose from the Bureau of Agriculture in Manila.

The institution combines the functions of hospi-

tal and health resort. During the season just past April to June, 1903, members of the civil service of all grades took advantage of the opportunities offered them for the first time, and by May the facilities of the institution were taxed to their utmost. Teachers on their vacations, judges and chiefs of bureaus, stenographers, clerks, and secretaries came up the trail to rest from the heat of the lowlands for a few days or weeks. The Civil Governor and several members of the Commission rented cottages for the season, and the Commission conducted its meetings in Baguio for about a month. Transportation from the coast to Baguio is too difficult to be undertaken by those acutely sick, but many patients convalescing from malaria and other wasting diseases were transferred to Baguio from the Manila hospitals. All cases of accident or acute illness occurring in Baguio or vicinity are of course admitted to the Sanitarium. Many miners, prospectors, and natives have already taken advantage of this privilege, sometimes traveling horseback or carried in litters a journey of one or two days in order to reach this haven provided by a wise and liberal government.

In order to open the Sanitarium to the lowest-salaried members of the civil service, the Commis-

sion has fixed a minimum rate of one dollar per day for subsistence and attendance, and has authorized the Secretary of the Interior, of the Philippine Islands, of whose department the Sanitarium is a bureau, to reduce still further or to suspend rates in case of "especially meritorious cases receiving a salary of less than \$1,500 a year." The more desirable rooms cost \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day, including board, and the cottages are rented for \$175 to \$300 per year, the price varying with the size of the cottage. The cottages are furnished with bare necessities, including cooking facilities, and the families or clubs of friends who rent them may bring their own cooks and do their own housekeeping, or cut loose entirely from such cares and take their meals at the main dining-room of the Sanitarium. The privileges of the institution have been extended to commissioned officers of the army and to their families.

EUTHANASIA*

If the Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright shocked some of his hearers at the banquet of the New York State Medical Association, it was because they were surprised at the spectacle of a divine advocating the doctrine of euthanasia in dealing with incurables, not because of any novelty in the doctrine itself. The propriety of allowing a patient to die "quietly, decently, modestly." under certain circumstances, has frequently been insisted upon by medical men and others, but Mr. Wright was not mistaken when he admitted that in the face of current opinion the proposel to hasten death was vain and unpractical. On the understanding that he was dealing with dream-matter, he ventured, however, to speak boldly in favor of his proposal, the realization of which he described as a "step forward in civilization, a step away from barbarism." He cited the case of one who had survived a terrible disaster. "They did save his life, though for what practical purpose I cannot tell, unless, possibly, for a damage suit. I appreciate the practical difficulties in the way of the application of the doctrine, but it seems to me that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility. Of course, it would be necessary to have the advice and approval of men of the highest scientific attainment. The city might be divided into districts, and every application should be considered most carefully, not merely by physicians, but by some eminent clergymen selected for the purpose. And, of course, there should be the consent of relatives and the consent, even the request, of the patient himself."

The one condition laid down by Mr. Wright, besides the consent of the patient and his kinsmen, was the incurability of the disease, the

certainty that "prolongation of life is simply the prolongation of hopeless agony." Here, however, putting human sentiment or instinct aside, lies the whole difficulty. When can we say with absolute certainty that a case is "hopeless"? There are instances undoubtedly where the complete destruction of some part of the body puts recovery beyond the reach even of speculation, but surely a number of ills are treated successfully to-day which, less than a hundred years ago, were held to be quite incurable. And while the slightest doubt remains as to the incurability of a disease or as to the impossibility of making life tolerable with it, popular sentiment will be against euthanasia, even with the consent of the patient. The instinct of self-preservation is as strong as it ever was, and by a sort of extension it goes to support the weak and unfit to-day as it never did before. It is often mistaken, and the sentiment against killing incurables may be weakly or barbarous, but in this sense at least we are evidently destined for the present to continue barbarians.

HANDKERCH!EF SALUTE

The hygienic question of handkerchiefshaking as a method of salute was discussed at the reeting in Cincinnati of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

One of the speakers, according to the New York Times, was welcomed with the customary flutter of handkerchiefs throughout the auditorium, a compliment which she accepted with proper satisfaction, but later in the day an inconveniently practical and tearned delegate, Miss Marie Brehm of Illinois, created something of a sensation by declaring that this "handkerchief salute" was a most unhygienic performance, indulgence in which was quite sufficient to account for the wide distribution of colds to be noted among those attending the convention.

It is in fact, according to the Medical Record, a grave sanitary question whether the handkerchief does not do more harm than good as it is ordinarily used. When we assume that the healthy nose does not need to be wiped we face a broad proposition as to the danger of the handkerchief as a disease propagator.

Contrary to a general law of asepsis, the handkerchief saturated with disease germs, instead of being promptly washed, is stowed for hours in the pocket, with a result that can be easily imagined. Even when the discharges become dried upon this dangerous article of the toilet, its mere handling or use by others, must necessarily be a means of conveying infection. Worse than the nasal discharges are the expectorations which so often thus find their way into the pocket.

^{*}From the New York Sun.

In * Dialect: Selections in Character Verse

MA'S PHYSICAL CULTURE......BALTIMORE NEWS

Sis takes calisthenics,
'Injun clubs an' such,
Reaches f'r her toes ten times
'N' each time makes 'em touch;
Raises up her arms an'
Sweeps 'em all around,
Kicks her heels three times 'ithout
Ever touchin' th' ground.

Ma takes physical culture
In th' washin' tub—
Gets th' clo'es an' soaks 'em down
'N' 'en begins to rub;
Makes ten thousand motions
Up an' down 'at way—
She gets lots o' exercise
In a workin' day!

Sis goes t' th' gym an'
Travels on the rings,
'N' 'en she takes a big, deep breath,
'N' 'en she yells an' sings—
Says it's good f'r weakness
In th' lungs, an' say!
Tennis is her hardest work—
Ought t' see her play!

Ma she washes dishes,
'N' 'en she sweeps th' floor,
'N' 'en she scrubs th' marble steps
Clear up t' th' door;
'N' 'en she chops th' kindlin'
When her work is through—
Has t' do it, 'cause pa, he's
Calisthenic, too!

Both take phys'cal culture, But I tell you this: They's lots o' diff'unce 'tween th' kind My ma takes, an' Sis!

DREAMIN' TOWN......PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR......CENTURY

Come away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih de skies don' nevah frown,
Mandy Lou;
Whaih de streets is paved wid gol',
Whaih de days is nevah col',
An' no sheep strays f'om de fol',
Mandy Lou.

Ain't you tiahed of every day,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Tek my hand an' come away,
Mandy Lou,
To the place whaih dreams is King,
Whaih my heart hol's everyt'ing,
An' my soul can allus sing,
Mandy Lou.

Come away to dream wid me,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih our hands an' hea'ts are free,
Mandy Lou;
Whaih de sands is shinin' white,
Whaih de rivah glistens bright,
In dat dreamland of delight,
Mandy Lou.

Come away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih de fruit is bendin' down
Des fe' you.
Smooth yo' brow of lovin' brown,
An' my love will be its crown;
Come away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou.

THE LEADING QUESTION......ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

Dis is de way de roun' worl' run— Some got money, en some got none; But which er de lot is de happy one?— Answer now, believers!

Dis man live in de mansion high, Dat man—yander, in de desert dry; But which er de two gwine ter shout bimeby? Answer now, believers!

Trouble knockin' at de big house do' Same ez de cabin, whar de wild grass grow; Who is de rich man, en who is de po'?— Answer now, believers!

"GOIN' BACK"......GEORGE COSSINS......THE IDLER

No, I 'aven't made a fortune since I've been upon the Rand,

Tho' I 'aven't done so badly, so to speak; But there's always somethin' callin' from my own Australian land,

An' the callin's growin' louder every week!

For it tells of silver wattles, an' the moonlight glist-'nin' fair,

An' of miles of bush that's tinted blue and gray; Of the perfume of the wattle-bloom upon the evenin' air.

An' the callin's growin' louder every day!

Oh, it tells of river-reaches, girt with mallee tall an' slim,

Of the banks with ti-tree bushes, all a-flower; Of lagoons befringed with rushes, where the teal an' wild duck swim,

An' the callin's growin' louder every hour!

An' it tells of sad eyes gazin' o'er the purplin' hills at night;

Of a stern-faced dad, grown bent, an' worn, an' gray;

gray;
Of the kids who cheer'd and whimper'd when their brother went to fight—
Hang the fortune! I am goin' home to-day!

The Sketch Book

WHILE MADAME CALLS. . THOMAS MCKEAN MEIERE. . EVERYBODY'S

The devil always finds work for idle hands; but Marie was not idle. On the contrary, she was busy, straightening out Madame's room.

|: Madame had just gone out to pay calls, and Marie had seen the carriage turn the corner. Even if no one were at home Madame would not return for two hours. Had not Marie seen the list of calls?

On the bed lay the new gown which Madame would wear this evening to the opera. It came soon after Madame drove off. What a triumph it was: a masterpiece of the modiste's

Madame would look well in it. Ah! but how would Marie look in it? Was not Marie an edition-de-luxe of Madame, an exquisite French counterpart? A glance in the cheval mirror told her that.

Marie would probably never have a chance of seeing herself in such a creation. No, even if she married, she could only have a cheap imitation of it. Her decision was made.

Suppose, at the last minute, there should be a bit of lace to be caught, a thread to be drawn, an eye or hook to be moved. Was it not Marie's duty to see that it was quite right? Marie's conscience was soothed.

Although the gown was Madame's by right of ownership, it was Marie's!—Marie's by right of innate appreciation, an inborn love of the beautiful, which Madame could never feel—Marie's by right of the eternal fitness of things, the countless je ne sais quoi which French women possess, which Madame could never buy.

Yes, Marie's by justice, even for a few sweet moments. She would claim her own: the thing she loved most in all the world, of which her existence was the most barren. So thought Marie as she donned the frock.

And Madame? Was it not all the same to her? An endless succession of superb new gowns, dinners, dances, opportunities? They were all alike to Madame.

Marie stood before the mirror. How beautiful she looked! Such a gown; such a fit! How she adored it!

One drop of Madame's delicious violet on her

lips, her finger tips (it would wash off before Madame's return); one breath of color on her chin, her cheeks; the shadow of a line at her eyes.

There! Madame or all the world might envy ner. Marie was delirious; there was no Marie. No French maid about her, if you please. No, it was Madame herself, Madame dressing for dinner.

With noiseless steps on the heavy carpets, Madame had reached her door, pushed aside the portières, and stood dumfounded. Impossible? The incomparable Marie turned faithless? Madame could not believe her eyes.

But Marie was perfecting her makeup, and was rattling on in a jargon of French and broken English, as she pirouetted and posed; or, with her chin resting on her hands, her elbows on the dressing-table, leaned forward and gazed at herself searchingly and admiringly.

She was addressing an imaginary Marie; commanding, railing, now angry, now appeased by a compliment from the mythical Marie.

Perhaps it was this perfect imitation; perhaps something else: that still, small voice inside, which we call conscience, that made Madame recognize herself, and for the instant seek shelter behind the portières, intending each moment to burst upon her victim.

"Quick, Marie. Can you not see I am already late? Little fool, not that one, the new one. Idiot; my hair. There, let it alone. I'll do it myself. D—n it, Marie, what do I pay you for?"

Like a vision in an opera, Madame saw pass before her a copy of herself so perfect that it copied all of her; a new mirror, unlike her own flattering ones; a mirror which reflected not only the beautiful form of the whited sepulcher, but the inside as well; the whole truth; the side she knew, to be sure, but tried to forget, the hateful woman beneath it all.

"There, Marie, we are ready. Get my slippers, my wraps, fan. Hurry, child. Monsieur is waiting."

Madame loosened her tightening hold, and

the curtains fell together. With a sweeping grace, Marie, still enacting her rôle, strode toward the door where, grand and terrible in her furs and wraps, Madame stood.

Marie stopped, and her face became white with terror. The curtains—they had moved.

Someone must be- She waited.

Not a sound. If caught she were, she would meet ruin face to face; like Samson, she would pull destruction down upon herself. She must act at once, or scream.

Like a tigress she sprang toward the door and

snatched the curtains apart.

But no one was there.

A PARABLE..... MARTHA W. BAKER..... HARPER'S BAZAR

A certain young man could not decide which of three girls it would be wisest for him to marry, so, to test their patience and thrift, he carried each a skein of tangled sewing-silk. To her he said:

"I have had the misfortune to tangle this silk so badly that I can do nothing with it. Will you be so kind as to untangle and wind

it for me?"

Each girl took the silk and promised to try. In a few days he called on one and asked about it.

"Oh, pshaw!" she cried with a laugh. "Life is too short to untangle two-cent skeins of sewing-silk. I threw it away. I have bought you another to take its place."

He thanked her and departed, congratulating himself that he had escaped marrying

this wasteful creature.

He called on the second, and she gave him

about half the silk wound on a spool.

"I worked on it," she said, "till I was as cross as a bear! Then I threw the rest into the fire."

Again the young man uttered thanks, and this time congratulated himself that he had not married an ill-tempered girl.

When he called on the third, he found her with her hat and coat on, ready to go out.

"Here is your silk," she said. "It is somewhat roughened by untangling, but it is all there."

"Oh, thank you!" he cried, fervently, seeing his way clear to propose. "It must have been

a tiresome task, and now I--"

"Oh, not at all tiresome," she interrupted, sweetly. "I did it all while visiting with Freddy Van Schuylerville last evening, so the time seemed really short. You know our engagement is just announced, I suppose.

Here he comes now. We're going for a drive. Good-by!"

Moral.—When you go out to get a peach, do not be too long in deciding which is the best one. Some one else may pick it first.

THE RETURN......JACK B. NORMAN.....NATIONAL

"Papa," said the little boy who stood watching the approaching steamer with eager intentness, "do you really s'pose mamma will know me right away? You know she never saw me in trousers, an' there's three other little boys here just about my size."

"Yes, my boy, I am sure she will know you the very moment she sees you," his father

answered earnestly.

For a few moments the boy stood quite still, his eyes fixed on the giant hulk that slowly rounded about toward the pier; then he spoke again, in a piercingly clear voice that attracted the attention of the others who waited, like himself, to welcome the returning travelers. "You'd better give me your handkerchief, papa," said he, hurriedly, still keeping his eyes riveted to the thronged deck, lest he should miss her first wave of recognition, "'cause it's bigger'n mine, an' she'll see it sooner."

"Remember that we're not to let her know we think she's sick, Billy," cautioned the man, as he complied with the boy's request, "because that would make her feel sad. So we mustn't even ask——"

"Papa, look! Is that mamma waving at me? The lady in black—right up in front! Oh, papa, can't you see her?" the boy cried,

excitedly.

The father, following the little shaking finger upward toward the deck, shook his head. "No, dear, that is not mamma," he answered. "Remember what I have told you, Billy. Don't ask mamma how she feels; just tell her how very glad we are to see her. She won't ever be strong and well like us, you know, but we'll do our best to make her happy and keep everything sad away from her while we have her with us."

"Why, papa, she's going to stay always!" cried the boy. "You know the doctors said

she could go home for good."

A woman who stood quite close to the little boy smiled and spoke to him, and he at once confided to her the secret of his pent-up happiness. His mother, who had been away at a cure for three years, was coming home to stay—not well, but oh, so much better, for the doctors had dismissed her. It was her lungs, papa told him.

"Oh," said the listener, with a quick pang of sympathy, for she read between the lines a story of incurable illness and the hopeless return of the doomed one.

"I do hope she'll know me right away, an' not mistake some other little boy for me," said Billy, wistfully. "She hasn't seen me for three years, you know, an' I've growed lots. Oh, what makes the ship go so slow? Why doesn't it sail right up to the pier and

let the people get off?"

By the time the gang-plank was down every one was listening and most of the waiting ones were watching for the boy's mother. The deck was thronged with eager, smiling, vigorous men and women, but there was no invalid among them. The man's face was very white and his hands clutched the boy's shoulders with nervous intensity while he searched the far end of the deck where she would be likely to linger, away from the strong, eager, bustling crowd. But she was not there.

"She is probably in her stateroom waiting for the crowd to get away," said he, in answer to the boy's anxious questions as to why she did not appear. "You know she isn't strong enough to push about much. When people

get off, we'll go in and meet her."

The terrible fear that clutched his heart sickened him. The boy's light body against his breast, as he leaned from his perch on a projecting rail, oppressed him like a dead weight.

"Billy," he began, in a voice that made the child start, "if anything has happened on the way over—you must be a very brave

little soldier and try-"

A woman in a long, white dust-coat, with a white, fluttering veil waving about her young, glowing face, detached herself from the bustling throng, and before either man or boy had seen her she had them both in her arms.

"Jim! Billy! To think neither of you saw me, when I stood right up on the drawbridge waving with might and main! Is this big, big boy really my own baby?" she cried, tremulously. "Oh, Billy, you surely haven't

forgotten your mother?"

She kissed them both rapturously. Then she stooped and took the boy's rosy, beaming face between her hands and looked longingly, lovingly, hungrily into his eyes. "My darling," she said, "are you sure you love me just as you did that time when I went away and you cried so hard because I left you?"

"Oh, mamma, I do! I love you more!" answered the boy ardently. "Oh, I'm so dreadful glad you've come back!"

Jim's face paled and reddened spasmodically and he seemed unable to trust his voice, for he gazed at her radiant face speechlessly.

"And Jim, dear, I am perfectly well! Completely, lastingly cured. Think of it!" she cried in a voice of exuberant triumph. "I am the happiest, most grateful woman in the whole world. I was afraid to tell you the glorious news at first, afraid to trust to the doctor's judgment, for it seemed so unspeakably, unbelievably joyful after that dreadful verdict that drove me away. Afterward, when I began to feel that it really was true, I only told you part, because I wanted so much to surprise you-to meet you just this way. Oh, Jim, from this hour I'm going to begin to make up for those three dreary years of separation and suspense. I have lived in the anticipation of this hour for the last ten months; but I never, even in my happiest moods, dreamed that it would be quite like You are just as happy as I am, Jim, although you can't seem to say so. I know you so well, dear old, patient chap!"

"I am almost too happy," said Jim, huskily.

"Almost too happy!"

Then the watchers saw them swing off with the hurrying crowd, each holding a hand of the little boy, whose face glowed with morning happiness.

MOREBATTLE FOLK....ELIZABETH BURWELL....FRANK LESLIE'S

In the heart of Sir Walter Scott's country, in one of the most rural districts of Bonnie Scotland, lies a little village, most inaptly named Morebattle. Its belligerent cognomen came to it in the days of the Covenanters, though now it is peaceful and quiet enough. In it there live five hundred souls, characters all of them. I knew them well during the years I spent among them, and I learned to love them as much for their whimsical faults as for the simple kindliness of their natures.

Bob Dickinson—beadle, minister's man, bell-ringer, grave-digger, scavenger—stands out fresh in my memory. Of all his callings that of grave-digger brought him most renown, and his services were in demand through all the country-side. Once, during the last illness of his second wife, he was employed digging a grave at Yetholm. In his absence his wife died and a friend was sent to prepare Bob for his loss. With Scotch delicacy, this messenger tried by mild methods to induce Bob to leave

his work. Failing thus, at last he said, soberly, "Man Bob, your wife is awfu' bad." Bob had received such messages before and he refused to accept any but an optimistic view of the matter. "Do ye say sae?" said he, "puir buddy—eh, but they turmits is bonnie," he added, with a laudable desire to entertain his companion. They had by now started homeward.

By and by the messenger, fearing he had not suitably discharged his mission, once more attempted to break his news to Bob. "But Bob," he began, "your wife is maist awfu' bad." "Aweel, aweel, puir thing," said Bob, soberly. "She was gae and bad this mornin'

when I cam awa."

As they entered the town nothing would do but Bob must take his friend into the public house for a "wee drappie." Such a procedure would have created an unheard-of scandal. Bob was insistent, so the friend remonstrated. "Bob," he said, "ye canna gang in there, for your wife is just maist terrible bad." At last the truth dawned upon Bob. He stopped, scratched his head, and looking at his friend, he asked, "She's not deed, is she?"

"Aye, Bob, she's deed," was the reply. Bob meditated sadly for a space. Then brightening up, he remarked tranquilly, "Aweel, aweel, it micht hae been waur. It micht hae been

masel."

Bob did not long remain a widower. In a short time he married a certain Mina, renowned for her neat feet and ankles. At the time of her marriage with Bob Dickinson, however, much of her youthful charm had fled and she weighed fully two hundred pounds. She was exceedingly deaf, and during the ceremony, of which she heard not one word, she kept smiling and bowing to her friends around. When she failed to respond to the question of the minister, "Wilt thou?" etc., Bob unceremoniously recalled her wandering attention by nudging her with his elbow and saying "Boo, ye muckle fule, boo."

As usual in Scotland after the ceremony there was a feast, and the quantity of whiskey consumed was measured by the "gangs" or buckets of water needed to mix with it. Mina, now Mrs. Dickinson, was entertaining the minister at these gaieties by showing him the portraits in her album. When they had finished their inspection, Mina said with feeling, "Eh, Mister Paul, I wud like tae hae your effigy tae pit in ma alabam."

Bob very suddenly resigned all his public positions to the schoolmaster of Morebattle,

who was church manager and clerk, and the terms of his resignation he himself expressed in this wise: "Hae, Maister Scule Maister, here's your barra and your Bible. I'll hae nae mair tae dae wi' either o' them."

In every Scotch village there is always an idiot, who is maintained by the town. Morebattle's idiot was Jimmie Grant. Jimmie was a sad drunkard during the week and a devout Presbyterian of a Sabbath. In the Established Church there are a few free pews for the paupers of the parish, and Jimmie was, of course, entitled to a seat, which, however, he seldom occupied, preferring to wander here and there about the kirk. The pulpit in our church was very high, and below the minister's pulpit was another for the precentor who led the singing. Below the second pulpit was a platform or rostrum where the elders sat on communion Sunday. The rostrum was separated from the body of the church by a carved railing. Into this rostrum Jimmie had wandered one Sunday, and during the singing a neighbor woman offered him a share of her psalm book. In order to see the better Jimmie put his head—a large one—through the fretwork of the railing, and when the psalm was ended he found it impossible to extricate him-The old woman whose book he had shared came to his assistance, and at length he was freed, but not before the Sabbath spirit of the congregation had been seriously disturbed. After the service the minister took Jimmie to task for his misdemeanor. Jimmie replied to the reproof: "Aweel, minister, I wus in sair plight, and if it hadna ha' bin for Providence and anither auld wife I mich ha' bin there yet."

The pulpit steps of the kirk—and there were as many as twenty leading to the high platform from which the minister preached—were occupied each Sabbath by the deaf old women of the parish, who knew their Scripture as well as the minister himself. One of these pious old persons was wont to interrrupt the minister's wanderings by citing his authority for

each and every quotation.

"That's frae Paley's Evidences," she would say, and "Ye got that oot o' the Concordance," or "That's frae the Lamentations o' Jeremiah," till the exasperated minister could stand her interference no longer and exclaimed with much irritation: "I wish you'd hold your tongue, you meddling old woman!" With her equanimity in nowise disturbed, the old soul nodded her head wisely and replied: "Aye, sir, that's yersel'."

Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

WAYS TO HAPPINESS......THE QUEEN

I suppose there is nothing more pleasant than being allowed to be happy in one's own way, nothing so disagreeable as being forced to try to be happy in someone else's way. Most of us realize this, yet there are probably few of us who do not try, and try often, to persuade unfortunate people to endeavor to be happy in our own way, in the way that fits in with our peculiarities of temper, temperament, bringing up, constitution. I remember once going to stay with a man at the seaside. My idea of seaside happiness is to live out of doors in sand shoes, to shrimp, to scramble on rocks, to go out in sailing boats, and to have the salt wind perpetually blowing in my face. His was to sit at home in carpet slippers and read philosophy. I am afraid I worried him fearfully to be happy in my way. Being good tempered, he yielded to my importunities,. carried the shrimping net and bounded in the surf. But one day I was obliged to leave him alone and run up to town. When I came back late in the evening I found him looking radiant, and asked him if he had had a good day. "Splendid!" he answered with enthusiasm. "Where did you go?" I inquired. "Go!" His face fell, and he looked at me doubtfully. "Yes. Did you go out fishing, or sailing, or what?" At last I got out of him that he had gone nowhere. He had spent the entire day sitting in the house, with his back to the sea and his feet on the fender, reading Schopenhauer. After that I let him alone. His shining eyes had shown me that my way to happiness was not his.

Yet, so hardly do we learn certain lessons, so obdurate is the heart of man, I still find it difficult to relinquish the effort to lead others sometimes, even often, in my way of happiness. It is almost impossible for me to believe that certain things which make me happy, or certain places or climates which make me happy, may leave others sad, or even breed melancholy in them.

It is absurd to assume things about other people, to think that all the world shares any emotion, any desire, dislike or affection. I have met men and women who were plunged into profound melancholy by the approach

of spring. The sight of growing things distressed them. Flowers pricking up through the moist earth, larks caroling, sunbeams falling across a world that was growing green, stirred them to a mute despair. In the golden decay, the colored deaths of autumn, they found their joy. All the poets are against such people, I know. Yet they exist, and walk in their curious byways to happiness.

I find happiness in movement—traveling seeing new places, peoples, learning the tricks of climates new to me, the customs of strange men. Others find it in repose. One man—I think it was a clergyman, but it may have been a stock broker or a novelist—found that his happiness lay in bed. He was a healthy man and enjoyed life, but one day he caught a slight chill and was advised by his doctor to spend twenty-four hours in bed. He spent twenty years there. Lying in bed, and reading novels, and having nice little meals brought up from time to time, appealed so strongly to him that his head has been on the sacred bolster ever since.

A servant I once had, found her happiness in one thing only—in tea drinking. She was an inveterate, even a maniacal, tea-bibber. She began to drink tea at 6.30 in the morning and did not knock off till 10.30 at night. She drank her tea, my tea, the buttons' tea, the parlor-maid's tea, the cook's tea, everybody's tea. At last there was anarchy in the house, and she had to be told that she must either restrict herself to six pots of tea a day or pack up and go. She did not hesitate a moment. She packed up and went. Happiness, she knew, lay for her elsewhere, in the great beyond of the outside world, where, with fancy's eye, she saw tea forever stewing on the hob.

That servant, at any rate, had learned one great fact. She had learned where her happiness lay. Some are less fortunate. They do not know what will please them. Distracting beings! I always avoid them as much as possible. Their atmosphere is perturbing. I prefer the servant at the hob or the gentleman on the bolster. In them, at least, there is determination; they, at least, do not stray from one side to the other, but

walk sturdily, even passionately, in their way of happiness.

QUIXOTISM......SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS......ATLANTIC

The hero of Cervantes had muddled his wits by the reading of romances. Almost any kind of printed matter may have the same effect if one is not able to distinguish between what he has read and what he has actually experienced. One may read treatises on political economy until he mistakes the "economic man" who acts only according to the rules of enlightened self-interest for a creature of flesh and blood. One may read so many articles on the Rights of Women that he mistakes a hardworking American citizen who spends his summer in a down-town office, in order that his wife and daughter may go to Europe, for that odious monster the Tyrant Man. It is possible to read the society columns of the daily newspapers till the reader does not know good society when he sees it. An estimable teacher in the public schools may devote herself so assiduously to pedagogical literature that she mistakes her schoolroom for a psychological laboratory, with results that are sufficiently tragical. There are excellent divines so learned in the history of the early church that they believe that semi-pelagianism is still the paramount issue. There were few men whose minds were, in general, better balanced than Mr. Gladstone's, yet what a fine example of Quixotism was that suggested by Queen Victoria's remark: "Mr. Gladstone always addresses me as if I were a public meeting. To address a woman as if she were a public meeting is the mistake of one who had devoted himself too much to political speeches.

A thoroughly healthy mind can endure a good deal of reading and a considerable amount of speculation with impunity. It does not take the ideas thus derived too seriously. It is continually making allowances, and every once in a while there is a general clearance. It is like a gun which expels the old cartridge as the new shot is fired. When the delicate mechanism for the expulsion of exploded opinions gets out of order, the mind becomes the victim of "fixed ideas." The best idea becomes dangerous when it gets stuck. When the fixed ideas are of a noble and disinterested character we have a situation which excites at once the admiration of the moralist and the apprehension of the alienist. Perhaps this borderland between spiritual reality and intellectual hallucination belongs neither to the moralist nor to the alienist, but to the wise

humorist. He laughs, but there is no bitterness or scorn in his laughter. It is mellow and human-hearted.

The world is full of people who have a faculty which enables them to believe whatever they wish. Thought is not, for them, a process which may go on indefinitely, a work in which they are collaborating with the universe. They do it all by themselves. It is the definite transaction of making up their minds. When the mind is made up it closes with a snap. After that for an unwelcome idea to force an entrance would be a well-nigh impossible feat of in-

tellectual burglary.

The quixotic mind loves greatly the appearance of strict logic. It is satisfied if one statement is consistent with another statement; whether either is consistent with the facts of the case is a curious matter which it does not care to investigate. So much does it love Logic that it welcomes even that black sheep of the logical family, the Fallacy; and indeed the impudent fellow, with all his irresponsible ways, does bear a family resemblance which is very deceiving. Above all is there delight in that alluring mental exercise known as the argument in a circle. It is an intellectual merry-go-round. A hobby-horse on rockers is sport for tame intelligences; but a hobby that can be made to go round is exciting. You may see grave divines and astute metaphysicians and even earnest sociologists rejoicing in the swift sequence of their own ideas, as conclusion follows premiss and premiss conclusion, in endless gyration. How the daring riders clutch the bridles and exultingly watch the flying manes of their steeds! They have the sense of getting somewhere, and at the same time the comfortable assurance that that somewhere is the very place from which they started.

"Didn't we tell you so?" they cry. "Here we are again. Our arguments must be true,

for we can't get away from them."

Your ordinary investigator is a disappointing fellow. His opinions are always at the mercy of circumstances over which he has no control. He cuts his coat according to his cloth, and sometime when his material runs short his intellectual garments are more scanty than decency allows. Sometimes after a weary journey into the unknown he will return with scarcely an opinion to his back. Not so with the quixotist. His opinions not being dependent on evidence, he does not measure different degrees of probability. Half a reason is as good as a whole one, for the result in any case is perfect assurance. All things conspire, in

most miraculous fashion, to confirm him in his views. That other men think differently he admits, he even welcomes their skepticism as a foil to his faith. His imperturbable tolerance is like that of some knight who, conscious of his coat of mail, good-humoredly exposes himself to the assaults of the rabble. It amuses them, and does him no harm.

THE VALUE OF FRIENDS.... ORISON SWETT MARDEN.... SUCCESS

"Lincoln has nothing, only plenty of friends," was often said of the young Illinois lawyer. Poor in purse as he was, he was rich in his friendships, and he rose largely by their aid. "Win hearts, and you have hands and purses," said Lord Burleigh, cynically phrasing a great social principle.

No young man starting in life could have better capital than plenty of friends. will strengthen his credit, support him in every effort, and make him what, unaided, he could never be. Friends of the right sort will help him more to be happy and successful than

much money or great learning.

When Garfield entered Williams College, he won the friendship of its president, Mark Years afterward, when president of the United States, he said: "If I could be taken back into boyhood, to-day, and have all the libraries and apparatus of a university, with ordinary routine professors, offered me on the one hand, and on the other a great, luminous, rich-souled man, such as Dr. Hopkins was twenty years ago, in a tent in the woods alone, I should say, 'Give me Dr. Hopkins for my college course, rather than any university with only routine professors.""

Charles James Fox, unfortunate in his home training, had his defects largely remedied through his association with Edmund Burke.

History, both sacred and profane, is full of examples of the effects of friendship on character and works. Did not the friendship of David and Jonathan bring out all that was best in both those royal souls? Would Aquila and Priscilla have developed so grandly without the friendship of St. Paul? What would Cicero have been without Atticus, or Xenophon without Socrates?

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." "I had a friend," was the reply. This is the secret of many a great and successful life. Many a man would have lain down disheartened, long before he reached his goal, but for the stimulus and encouragement

of some friend whose name the world has never heard. Hundreds who are lauded in the press and honored all over the world for their achievements owe their success largely to the encouragement of wives, mothers,

sisters, or other special friends.

The average man little realizes how great a part even of his material success he owes to his friends. He takes to himself the entire credit of every achievement, boasting of his own marvelous insight, judgment, and hard work. However, if we should take out of our lives everything contributed, directly or indirectly, by friends; if we should eliminate the inspiration and the free advertising they have given us; and if we should deduct from our popularity the percentage due to their good words, and give up situations they helped us to gain, the majority of us would find a great shrinkage in what we thought our own achievement.

"Our chief want in life," says Emerson, "is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue there is in us. How he flings wide open the door of existence! What questions we ask of him! What an understanding we have! How few words are needed! It is the only real society. A real friend doubles my possibilities, adds his strength to mine, and makes a well-nigh irresistible

force possible to me."

The example or encouragement of a friend has proved the turning-point in many a life. How many dull boys and girls have been saved from failure and unhappiness by discerning teachers or friends who saw in them possibilities that no one else could see, and of which they were themselves unconscious! Those who appreciate us, who help to build up instead of destroying our self-confidence, double our power of accomplishment. In their presence we feel strong and equal to almost any task that may confront us.

A man should start out in life with the determination never to sacrifice his friendships. He must keep them alive or sacrifice a part of his manhood and a part of his success. There must be a live wire kept continually between

him and them.

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;" and, as old friends are removed by death or other causes, do not fail to replace them. You cannot afford to narrow the circle of your friends, for the measure of your success

and happiness, and your usefulness will be largely proportioned to the number and quality of your friends.

BUSINESS HONESTY AND HONESTY.INDEPENDENT

The ultimate object of business is the creation of wealth; but this object is attained through the exchange of values; and it is in this exchange of values that the whole of business honesty consists. The man who does not pay his just debts is brought up "with a round turn" by his creditors; and the man who sells one thing under the pretense that it is another is brought up too, with a turn just as round by his debtor. Moral or unmoral, this is the business code; for it is essential to the safety of business and of society that value be exchanged for value. Whatever means facilitate this exchange facilitate the creation of wealth, and from the standpoint of business alone are proper. Whether such means are, speaking with rigid accuracy, also right, is a question wholly outside the domain of business, in the realm of morals. So far, then, as the object of business is concerned, trade transactions are neither honest nor dishonest, neither right nor wrong, neither moral nor immoralthat is, they are unmoral. The sole question to be asked concerning them is, "Do they facilitate the exchange of value?" If they do, they are proper, and are the result of good business policy. If they do not, they are improper, and are the result of bad policy.

It is essential to a clear understanding of our subject that we recall the economic axiom that the only factors in the creation of wealth are land, labor and capital; and it is even more essential that we fix firmly in mind the indisputable fact that the true function of business is to supply the demand, neither more nor less. Anything less than supplying the demand is a loss to labor and to capital, as anything more is a waste and a loss to all. It is obvious, then, that the creation of wealth cannot really depend upon the honesty or dishonesty of those who conduct trade transactions. If all men were honest-i. e., honest in strict accord with the sternest moral codes-at least as much wealth would be created as now, when some are dishonest; and under a perfectly equitable system of business the creators of this wealth would share it as they severally deserve. But "individualism" has developed competition to the point where the attention must be riveted upon the sale of the product; and this is the prime object of the business lie. Men

strive for individual success; they would grasp more than their share of wealth-more than they create; by fair means or foul, they would take what they can get. Else, why the lie? It certainly cannot create wealth. It cannot even absolutely facilitate trade transactions. It can do so only relatively-only so far as these transactions concern the individual liar. Is not now the conclusion irresistible that men are driven to dishonesty in business because of a vicious business system—because of a system which tends always to hide the true function of business-a system which makes "individual success," its ideal, and the money a man accumulates the measure of that success? That system, with its low ideal, its unmoral point of view and its loose distinctions, ties the hands of many a man of affairs, no matter how honest naturally he may be. The rigid chain of competition literally binds him to use all the desperate means of his business rival—the lowest obtainable scale of wages, the most improved machinery, the most nearly automatic methods and the same refined mendacity and mountainous exaggeration. And in many lines the exaggeration and mendacity are as necessary tools of trade as the improved machinery and the automatic methods. They are planned with consummate art, are perfectly systematized, and might easily be classified by the political economist. One grand subdivision of them-bribery-has been so perfectly organized that it is incorporated in the unwritten law of the land, and the reputable people believe a party "boss is part of the mechanism by which God governs mankind."

We may stretch our consciences until the truth we utter is largely falsehood, and not lose our self-respect; but we have stretched our consciences; and, like strained steel, they have no spring. We cannot be, and not be, something at the same time. It is precisely because our consciences have no spring that the merchants who write and the editors who print "advertisements known to be lies, meant to deceive," do not lose their self-respect. It is precisely because we lack moral perception that we openly applaud bribery, and fail to make our simple affirmations as truthful as our oaths. are martyrs to a false ideal of success. We do not firmly believe, because we do not clearly see, the vital truth that power abides with character; that that man only is successful who is true to himself; that, in the sublime

words of Emerson, "The man is all."

Vanity * Fair

THE RETICULE..... N. Y. TIMES

Among feminine appendices the reticule is one particularly subject to depredation, and holds out inducements thereto which it requires considerable moral courage to resist. Instances of the snatching away of this pendulous receptacle by the wayfaring thief who darts around the corner and is gone are repeated from day to day, but they convey no heeded warning to those most concerned. These misguided females continue to carry their cherished reticules and continue to lose them, sometimes filling the thoroughfares with loud outcries in lamentation of their loss, sometimes accepting it in tearful silence and taking it out of the domestic circle at home. This has been going on from an early historic period. The sum of feminine possessions would have been greatly augmented if the thing had been thrown away, say, in the time of Queen Anne or Elizabeth, or as much earlier as anybody likes. But the fond female attachment drawn to it when in far-off ages its rudiment first appeared still clings to it obstinately, and will only let go when a sudden superior power snatches it away. Even in such cases, as soon as the first outburst of grief over its loss has spent itself, the loser goes directly away to get another, flourishing it forth on all out-of-door occasions as if to invite new depredation and a new chapter in the monotonous tale of its spoliation.

The contents of this exposed receptacle are always made up of objects which the possessor would least desire to part with, and beyond these other losses are wont to accompany them. Thus the other day, a lady up-town who had met the shock of this experience received it by immediately losing her false teeth and purse while vociferously pursuing her spoliator and invoking the co-operation of the police. The latter, in this case of commendable promptness and efficiency were not wanting, the bag appearing at the police station before the temporarily toothless lady arrived there to enter a formal complaint.

The repetition of these occurrences is of tiresome monotony; but its abatement being entirely in the hands of the ladies and involving the surrender of a cherished if imprudent

habit, it is not likely to be speedily abated. The female mind may be educated up to it some time, but it is no holiday task to pull up a habit so deeply rooted therein. All this gradual instruction must come from the more sober-minded of their own sex. Any male interference in the matter, of counsel or precept or dehortation, would be resented with the swinging swish of innumerable reticules, and the last state of that man would be so much worse than the first that his own mother would hardly know him. The ladies must fight the anti-reticule carrying habit out on their own lines, but are not to forget that while they are battling for the security of their own possessions a moral duty accompanies their endeavor to protect the weak from temptation -a dangling reticule at a lady's side, with its frail and easily ruptured attachments presenting this to some natures in a form so seductive that it is practically irresistible.

SEEN IN AN OLD SILK HAT.....NEW YORK SUN

In the curio department of a Broadway hat store was deposited last week a silk topper of the vintage of fifty years ago, which is interesting to outsiders for several reasons. Not only does it show the great advance which has been made in the manufacture of silk hats in those fifty years, but it also shows that the styles in the citizen's headgear for state occasions in 1903 have come back pretty nearly to those of 1853, and it indicates the advance the big city of its birth has made in that half century.

It was bought in the '50s, when the establishment which now has branches in the principal parts of the city was a single shop concern of much humbler pretensions, vanished long ago. Its purchaser was a market gardener in Staten Island, and he made the journey to the city in a sailboat. There was no Staten Island ferry in those days.

The hat he got for \$5 then he would have to pay \$8 for now, but the new hat would be of better construction. The old style has a fur body. The new hat is built on gossamer silk and would be less likely to lose its shape if it were wet. Then the old style has the top stitched in and after many years shows the joining. The new hat is made all in a piece.

It has an ornate trademark with an eagle and other emblems about it on the white satin lining. The old trademark is a much plainer

piece of work.

But, taking it altogether, if the old hat were unworn and you shined it up and curled up the straight brim, it wouldn't be easy to tell the difference at a glance between the \$5 hat of fifty years ago and the hat which costs \$3 more to-day. Between while there have been straight stovepipes and other sorts of hats, but there isn't much difference between the bell of the 1903 hat and the hat of the '50s. The crown may be a quarter of an inch higher now, and the brim is more solid and is built with very much of a curl, where the old one is flat and thin. But that is all the difference.

There is on it, though, a mourning band—put on it when bought so that the hat would be handy for funerals—which looks very odd in these days. It doesn't cover so much of the shiny part as the new kind of bands, but to make up for that, it is sewn on with a row of funny little black beads at the side. They look very quaint, those old beads on a man's hat.

Fifty years ago it went to its owner's cottage across the bay in a sailboat, with the owner tending sheet. It came back in a fine double-decker sidewheel ferryboat, which folks have already agreed to be out of style, and if it had been human it wouldn't have known the changed city it came to.

And in the meantime the city itself has stretched out and included in its bounds the island with its cottages and market gardens, then so far out of the world that the tenants found their way to town as best they could by

means of their own providing.

THE MARRIAGEABLE AGE.....LONDON DAILY MAIL

Glancing down a carefully compiled list of fashionable weddings, celebrated during the last eighteen months, it was found that the average bridal age worked out at a trifle over 25, which is also said to be the age of our

newest Anglo-American Dutchess.

Ideas on the subject of the marriageable age have changed with changing years, and no one will deny that the change is for the better. It would be considered outrageous now for girls to marry at the age when many of their grandmothers took up the cares and responsibilities which that step almost invariably entails. Girls of fourteen and fifteen were then looked upon as women grown. Their grand-daughters of to-day at the same age are little else than children, scarcely half-way

through school life. With the next generation the marriageable age moved a step or two in the right direction; but even then girls were classed as old maids at a much earlier age than anyone would dream of so considering them to-day. In contemporary fiction, the blooming "sweet seventeen" (or therabouts) was the favorite heroine, but to-day the ingenue, or boarding school miss, is relegated comparatively to the background.

Something more than a fresh complexion and bright eyes (charming and highly desirable as these undoubtedly are) is required of a girl. She must be, if not actually interesting and cultured, at least chatty and conversant with current topics. She must have tact and adaptability, so as to avoid extremes of all kinds; of being either too obviously delighted by passing attentions from men, or, on the other hand, aggressively independent of the little courtesies which any well-bred man will naturally extend to a pleasant girl into whose society circumstances may have thrown him. Indeed, anywhere between twenty and thirty agirl is more likely to be sought after than before she is twenty years old.

One frequently hears thoughtful girls remark that they prefer men older than themselves to boys of their own age. This is probably because of the well-known fact that girls develop earlier than boys. On the other hand, the old cast-iron rule (cited by Shakespeare in the familiar quotation, "Let still the woman take an older than herself") does not obtain to anything like the same extent as formerly.

Much discrepancy in age (despite happy exceptions) is generally rather to be deprecated; but just as much so where the man is the elder, unless he happens to be of a young and intensely sympathetic disposition. Old maids, or bachelor girls, as we much more descriptively term them nowadays, make much better wives than old bachelors do husbands. The latter are likely to be so crusted over with solitary self-sufficing habits as to make a perilous probability of their being more or less uncompanionable. The average woman, being by habit more unselfish, can adapt herself more easily to sympathize with other tastes and proclivities.

GRACE IN WOMAN'S COSTUME, H. H. BOYESON, .. COSMOPOLITAN

There is one quality a woman needs more than any other, if she is to wear her clothes well, and that is grace. The difficult thing about it is that it is impossible to advise people who lack grace how to acquire it. Some seem born with it. Their every movement is a perfect harmony. And others, again, whether active or in repose, impress one as angular and awkward. There are exercises, to be sure, which, properly carried out, give a cer-

tain degree of carriage and grace.

Every man admires grace in a woman more than any of her other superficial charms. Perhaps this is due to the fact that grace is the last thing a man ever acquires himself. A graceful woman fascinates at once the eye and the latent artistic sense of the observer. In the least inclination of her body, in the most ordinary gesture, in the ease of her walk,

grace is at once recognized.

Moreover, grace is likely to carry with it an instinctive daintiness-another quality manly men lack, themselves, but admire in women. Daintiness in the selection of material, in the wearing of a gown, in the arrangement of the hair, in everything external, is dictated by a daintiness of mind which is still more attractive. A frowsy-looking woman usually has a frowsy manner. Her desk is in confusion. Her purse, she is sure, is in the bureau-drawer, or behind the picture on the piano, or downstairs in the lower hall. The woman of grace and daintiness may, on occasion, demand great sacrifices from her husband; but she will never try to train him to hunt trifles and lead a life of fetch and carry. Man is so constituted that he can meet large demands on his strength, his courage, his temper and his patience without a sign of displeasure, but a disordered home and curl-papers at breakfast chafe and irk him desperately. In man's relation to woman there must always be some illusion, some romance, some concession to merely external beauty. And women are coming to realize this more and more. A young reporter of my acquaintance was recently assigned to write up the trial of a man for deserting his wife. "She wore a straight bang," was his only comment.

Another important reason for dressing with taste is that it becomes a habit more and more important to a woman as her years increase. Half a century ago the woman of fifty was a woman with a past. Nowadays she is a woman with a future. She still preserves beauty, grace, and an active interest in life, and this is undoubtedly due to her emancipation from the austere black silk which people used to regard as her duty to wear. This improvement in conditions is attributed to many causes—woman's clubs, her assertion of so-called "rights," her increased importance

in the world of affairs; but it has always seemed too that it is due almost entirely to her effort to preserve her beauty and to continue to clothe herself becomingly, even after life's meridian is crossed. An attempt at tasteful dressing which falls short of success is not always unpleasing, but the effect of somber clothes without particular shape, whose only meaning is that the gaiety of life is done with for good, is depressing, to say the least.

The truth of the matter is that we are getting farther and farther away from the old-time, rigid, Puritanical idea that a long face is essential of a Sunday and desirable on many other occasions. We are coming to recognize that the seventh day is a day of rest only when it brings with it an atmosphere of freedom from daily cares and a lighter heart. But light-heartedness vanishes somehow in the presence of severe, ungraceful costume.

Recently an attempt has been made to prove that every color represents some human characteristic and influences men with whom it is brought in contact. In whatever proportion truth and fancy are mixed in such a statement, is is certainly true that the costume a woman wears has a great influence over her own spirits and those of her companions. The same kind of widow's weeds can convey a sense of utter loss and grief, or a hint that the wearer has her weather-eye open for Number Two—more largely according to the wearer's state of mind than to the cut of the garments.

Mental states are never kept closely confined to the brain. Light-heartedness lends a spring to the step, freedom of motion, grace in carriage—and all these contribute more to

the effect than do clothes alone.

Pretty and attractive dresses make a walk in the fashionable quarters of a city enjoyable. When we see a couple of girls rustle by in charming, fluffy attire, talking with animation about nothing in particular, we may murmur to ourselves: "Silly little things"—but we smile involuntarily. And if the silly little things can go about evoking always a smile of pleasure, are they so silly after all? Perhaps they are performing just as important a mission in their way as some of the rest of us are. At any rate, few men will be found to criticize and condemn them.

Besides, attractive dressing is not a sure sign of a shallow mind, as some would have us believe. The cleverest people are, as a rule, not those who strive to show by an utter disregard of conventional clothes that they regard the intellectual as the only side of life.

Choice * Verse

RENEWAL......FLORENCE EARLE COATES.......HARPER'S

These sounds sonorous rolling!—
These vibrant tones and clear!
Listen! The bells are tolling
The requiem of the year:
The year that dies, as mute it lies
Midst fallen leaves and sere!

Now by the fading embers
That on earth's hearthstone glow,
How sadly one remembers
The things of long ago:
The wistful things, with flame-bright wings,
That vanished long ago!

The self-effacing sorrow,
The generous desire,
The pledges for the morrow,
Enkindled at this fire!—
Enkindled here, O dying year!
Where smoulders low thy pyre.

What hope and what ambition,
What dreams beyond recall!
Look we for their fruition,
To find them ashes all?
Is life the wraith of love—of faith?
Then let the darkness fall!

The sparks—how fast they dwindle!
How faint their being glows!
Quickly! the fire rekindle—
Ah, quickly! e'er it goes!
Woo living breath from the lips of death!—
From ashes bring the rose!

Kind God! The bells, in gladness!
The rose of hope hath bloomed!
For, consecrating sadness,
Life hath its own resumed,
And welcomes here the new-born year—
A phœnix, unconsumed!

BALLAD..... PERCY MAC KAYE.....EVERYBODY'S

Young rider and steed they dash on through the dusk,
And the fog gathers gray as the mold on the husk,
And the froth on the flank is like foam on the flood

And the froth on the flank is like foam on the flood
Where the brown stream pours panting through
dark underwood.

"But what of the night, love, and what of the miles When the dawn shall be waked by my sweetheart's own smiles, For I'd ride the white charger that neighs from the sea

To the edge of the world, if she waited for me."

White head in the doorway, it hears them dash by, And the cold smile curls keen, and the laugh lights the eve:—

"Ye'll hae done wi' your chargers and love o'er the

When your bonny hair's white, and ye're wiser like

The flare's in the chimney, the song's on the crane, And the maiden sits watching the fog on the pane, And the hot-glowing hearth-light is cosy and dry, But the warm light that's tender's the light in her eye.

"Nay, Granny, I'll just take a step from the sill, For the twilight is cold and the mist hides the hill; And fain would I warm the whole world with my heart
To comfort thee—O my true-love—where thou art."

"Ye've let the winds in, lass; the candle is out; Ay, God send ye wisdom, whate'er ye're about! The porritch is cold, lass, that erst was sae hot— When ye're older ye'll be a deal wiser, I wot."

There's a leap in the mist and a voice in the night, And a step that is heavy with one that is light; "Ah, love, dear, is wisdom, and wisdom is this:—
For the seals of your sages—they melt with a kiss!"

THE SEAFARERS....EMERSON GIFFORD TAYLOR.....OUTLOOK

Light heart, brave heart,
Drear the sea around us!
Stanch heart, true heart,
Tell 'em where they found us.
A thousand miles from anywhere:
Ice and gale and the rocket's flare;
Weather enough and a bit to spare—
"Assistance declined!" We'll do if we dare.

Light heart, brave heart,
Dull the sea around us!
Stanch heart, true heart,
Tell 'em where they found us.
Steady, steady, though the sun
Beat us faint; and the voyage begun
Seems not to end; and each slow day's run
Is reckoned in slow hours, one by one.

Light heart, brave heart,
Sweet the sea around us!
Stanch heart, true heart,
Tell 'em where they found us.
Sandy Hook to Cavité;
Liverpool Docks to Mandalay!—
Joy of the sea-life, not the bay
Where you rust at your moorings through the
day.

A KING'IN'ATTICA..... WILL H. OGILVIE..... LONDON OUTLOOK

I drift through the streets all day
Weary and hungry and lone,
But every night there's an open way
Out of the smoke-clouds dense and gray
To an empire all my own,
Where down in a daisy path I stray
With an arm that circles a goddess gay
In a dance to the world unknown!

I climb by a stairway steep
To an attic cold and high,
But every night as I drop to sleep
The stars stand round, ten million deep,
To guard me as I lie,
Till the little pink-skirted housemaids creep
From the East with their windy brooms, to sweep
The steps of the open sky!

JACK O' THE ROAD......LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN......CENTURY

"Jack o' the Road, where would you go, With never a pistol or sword to show? Glove to your hand, rose to your hair, Ruffles of lace and ribbons rare? Kisses to steal, or gold to take? Purses to cut, or hearts to break?

O my tall English lover!"

"Sword and pistols left at the Crown; Ribbons and roses for London town; Kisses to steal from you alone; Purses to cut, never a one. Bid me God-speed, and love me still, For I am going to Tyburn Hill, O my small, dark-eyed lady!"

"Why would ye go to Tyburn Hill, Jack o' the Road? For the daffodil, All for a wreath to make me fair Around my waist and about my hair?" "On Tyburn grows no daffodil, There grows one tree on Tyburn Hill, O my small, dark-eyed lady!"

"What is it that ye call this tree, Jack o' the Road, come tell to me!" "It is the tree that grew in Eden, The knowledge tree, to man forbidden! Gather thy flowers by lane and lea; But I pluck wisdom on Tyburn Tree, O my sweet, dark-eyed lady!"

THE HUNTER...... EDMUND VANCE COOKE...... CRITIC

The dawn peeps out of the dark. Arise! Shake the heaviness off the eyes, Put the reluctant sloth to rout, Shoulder the hollow steel and out Into the East, whose virgin blush Sets the answering cheek of the earth a-flush.

I bare my brow to the morning. See! The mock-bird rocks in the topmost tree. The breath of the dew darts through me. Hark! The shortened song of the meadow-lark. A flash of color salutes my sight As the swallow swims in the morning light. The robin runs and the bluebird sings, And the squirrel—I can almost see his wings! The glory is on me. The very snail Leaves a rainbow tint in his slimy trail.

So fresh! so sweet! I greet the sun, As if the world had but just begun, As if the Creator toiled last night And the word was leaving the Lips for light. I bow my head and I understand Religion, worship in every land; The worship of bird, of beast, of sun, The worship of All, the worship of One. And the wonder is that we do not bow To worship the Nature-Mother now.

My frantic dog leaps into my face,
Drops and freezes into his place.
My blood leaps up, my pulses thrill,
The savage within me clamors "Kill!"
"Kill!" and I bury my fangs of death
Where glows the warmth of the living breath.
"Kill!" and I sear the sensitive sight
And blast it forever to life and light.
"Kill!" and I tear the quivering note
From its praise of love in the sensate throat.

A moment ago and I hardly trod
The earth, for I held the hand of God.
I held the hand, and I clearly heard
The deepest song and the fullest word,
Fresh-pulsed from the living heart of Him!
But now the sight of my soul is dim,
Blurred by the blot of a clotted stain.
Then I was Adam; now I am Cain.

OUT OF THE PAST......STEPHEN CHALMERS......MUNSEY'S

Oft in the night, when the wet wind howls, Comes a wild, weird thought to me—
That my soul is the soul of a corsair king,
Whose bones lie under the sea:

Under the sea, where the weed-slime drifts,
In the cave where the jewels lie,
Where a chantey booms through the rotting ships,
And the ghosts of the dead go by.

Oft by the sea, when the gray spume flies, In my heart there's a thrill of pride; For beneath my feet is the swaying deck, And over the waves I ride;

Over the waves to a moon-kissed isle, Full-guarded by palm and reef, Where the lookout hails from the highest hill The return of the corsair chief.

Oft in the day, when the city rings With the clamor of angry life, My soul awakes to another scene, And harks to the roar of strife:

The smoke-dimmed ships and the naked men Bespattered with powder and blood— The ring of the cutlass, the roar of the gun, And the homing bullet's thud.

Aye, oft at dusk, when a night-bird calls, Or a storm cloud sails the sky, An alien soul thrills through my veins, And phantoms strange drift by.

Aye, oft at night, when the wet wind howls, Comes a wild, weird thought to me— That my soul is the soul of a corsair king, Whose bones lie under the sea!

Literary Thought and Opinion

WORLD'S LITERARY PRODUCTION...A. GROWOLL...INDEPENDENT

It is so difficult to get at the statistics of literary production year by year that it stands to reason that an estimate of the entire literary production of the world to the present day can only be relative and largely a matter of expert

opinion.

Paul Otlet, the Secretary of the Brussels International Bibliographic Institute, estimates the number of printed books since the invention of printing to January, 1900, at 12,163,000 separate works, and the number of periodicals at between fifteen and eighteen millions. The Publishers' Weekly in an article on "The Fallacy of Book Statistics" pointed out how almost impossible it is even to gauge the entire production of the earth. And even if the figures could be arrived at they would give us no accurate picture of the mental activity of authors and writers..

Peygnot and Otlet have estimated the number of books to 1898. For the following years Otlet adopts 200,000 as a yearly average. This seems rather high, and the figures of the table, which would make 150,000 per year a good average, seems more reliable. This would

give the following schedule:

1436-1536	,	 								,				,						42,000
1536-1636										,										575,000
1636-1736								*	,			*	*							1,225,000
1736-1822						*						*				×				1,839,000
1822-1887					,						*									6,500,000
1887-1898															*					1,782,000
1899																				150,000
1900						,													×	150,000
1901																				150,000
1902													*							150,000
1903				,	*															150,000

12,713,000

To the year 1904, therefore, upward of 12½ million of separate works have appeared in the world, which figures, however, include new editions and translations.

Otlet also estimates that since the introduction of printing the following percentage of different classifications of subject matter has held good:

Law and Sociology	25.42
Literature	20.46
Applied Science	12.18
History, Geography	11.44
Theology, Religion, Speculation	TO
Miscellaneous and Bibliography	9

Philology and Languages	4.08
Natural Sciences	3.44
Philosophy	1.36

As detailed statistics are only available for single countries, this must also be looked upon upon as an approximate estimate. In point of number of output, Germany and German Austria collectively yearly lead the world. Then follow France, Italy, England, the United States and the Netherlands. In speaking of classification and comparative mental value of publications, Russia and the Oriental countries are not taken into present consideration.

In creative works, England leads the world, having by far the largest output of novels, romances and works of pure imagination. In Germany educational works, theological works and books for the young predominate. The largest number of historical works appear in France, and Italy leads in religious publications. The largest number of books published in the United States fall in the department of fiction, but works of fiction are generally duplicated in the English and American statistics, as novels of merit written in the English language almost invariably appear on both sides of the Atlantic.

According to Professor Otlet it may be roughly estimated that at present rate of publication the average of books produced to every million inhabitants stands as follows in the most highly civilized countries of the world:

1	German Empire 354
2	France 344
3	Switzerland 338
4	Belgium
5	Italy 309
6	Sweden 300
7	Norway
8	Great Britain 175
9	Russia 85
0	United States 81
	Spain

It seems safe to say that books number about two-thirds and newspapers about one-third of the entire literary production of the world. Of course, in the quantity of manufacture the periodicals far outnumber the book production. As far back as 1882 a calculation was made of the percentage of periodicals according to the languages in which they appeared, which resulted as follows:

																											cent.
English																											48
German			, e				0										0				9						23
French																											11
Spanish																											6
Italian				0					0		٠																2
Other languages								0	۰					۰			9	9	٠				۰				10
	German	German French Spanish Italian	GermanFrenchSpanishItalian	German	German French Spanish Italian	German	German	German	German	German French Spanish Italian	GermanFrenchSpanishItalian	GermanFrenchSpanishItalian	German French Spanish Italian	German French Spanish Italian	German French. Spanish Italian	German French. Spanish Italian	German French Spanish Italian	German French. Spanish Italian	German French Spanish Italian	German French Spanish Italian	German French. Spanish Italian	German French. Spanish Italian	English. German French Spanish Italian	English German Prench Spanish Italian	English. German French. Spanish	English. German French Spanish Italian	English German French Spanish Italian Other languages.

Professor Otlet made his estimate of the average of periodicals to a million inhabitants in 1898 as follows:

1	United	1 51	ta	te	es								,												510
2	Switze																								
3	Belgiu																								25
4	Hollar	ıd	*	. ,		×	*				*				×					×					18
5	Germa																								
6	France	e												×											15
7	Great	Bri	ta	ai	n		0	9 4			9				0										II
	Austri	a						0	٠	٠				9		0			9	9			ø		9
9	Chile.			. ,														*		×		×			88
10	Italy.						0						0							0					78
	Russia																								77
12	India.								۰					0						٠					33
13	Japan															*				*			*		I
14	Egypt		. ,						٠			*					*				*		*		1

The various tables, as already pointed out, show that Germany leads the world in book production, and that the United States leads the world in the production of periodical literature. Germany is the land of thinkers, the United States the land of readers. The vast distances of our country and the constant travel that has built up the far-reaching interests of our commerce have led to the American habit of newspaper and magazine reading. Everybody reads every minute, and everybody reads his own paper that embodies his special views of politics or religion, or deals with the subject from which he procures his means of support. Everything is wanted as soon as it is known, and the most valuable contributions to knowledge on all subjects generally appear first in the periodical literature, that has been conceded by many publishers to be far more profitable than books

All the world takes pride in increase; but in the matter of mental production quantity does not necessarily make for the highest results. The great increase in useful, technical and educational literature serves an important temporary purpose; but it would be well for the civilized world to call a halt on the phenomenal output of mediocre books that can have no lasting influence on the true culture of the world, from which must come at last the true freedom and universal peace.

A THEME, WITH VARIATIONS BRANDER MATTHEWS LAMP

There seems to be nothing that a small mind more eagerly delights in than the detection of

the small resemblances which are likely to be discoverable when the works of different authors are rigorously compared; and there are assuredly few things that a large mind regards with a more languid interest than the foolish and futile accusations of plagiarism now and again bandied about in the public prints. The man of large mind is both tolerant and careless. He knows that it is not rare for the same thought to occur independently and almost simultaneously to two original thinkers-just as the suggestion of natural selections came to Darwin and Wallace . almost at the same time. Moreover, he is well aware that all workers have a right to avail themselves of whatsoever has been accomplished by their predecessor, so long as they do not make false pretences or seek to gain credit under false colors.

Tennyson once wrote to a critic who had pointed out certain parallelisms in the "Princess:" "Why not? Are not human eyes all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not, consequently, be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions? It is scarcely possible for anyone to say or write anything in this late time of the world to which, in all the rest of the literature of the world, a parallel could not somewhere be found." Lowell declared that it was now impossible to sink a spade in the soil of Parnassus without disturbing the bones of some dead poet. And Shelley went so far as to assert that "all knowledge is reminiscence: the doctrine is far more ancient than the times of Plato, and as old as the venerable allegory that the Muses are the daughters of Memory; not one of the nine was ever said to be the child of Invention."

The remark of one of the characters in "Lady Windemere's Fan"-"I can resist everything - except temptation" - is, perhaps, a reminiscence of the saying of the medieval Franc-Archer de Bagnolet, quoted by Rabelais, "I am not afraid of anythingexcept danger." But it was apparently quite independently, but almost simultaneously, that a similar thought occurred to a Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American. The late Thomas B. Reed, sometime Speaker of the House of Representatives, once defined a statesman as "a successful politician-who is dead." Mr. Pinero, having in mind the rather boisterous humor of the" Rivals" and of "She Stoops to Conquer," has asserted that "a comedy is often only a farce-by a deceased dramatist." And in the journal of the Goncourts we can read the kindred remark that

"genius is the talent of a dead man."

When M. Rostand brought out L'Aiglon its likeness in theme to "Hamlet" was promptly pointed out; now the likeness of "Hamlet" to the "Oresteia" is a commonplace of scholarship: but there is no resemblance whatsoever between the French play and the Greek tragedy, although they have each of them a certain superficial similarity to the English drama. Here we see that two dramas, each of which resembles a third, are not necessarily like each other. Up to the present time no literary detective has accused Mark Twain of overt plagiarism because he-probably unconsciously-transplanted certain incidents of "Romeo and Juliet" to the banks of the Mississippi, when Huckleberry Finn was setting before us boldly and simply the outcome of the long-standing Shepherdson-Grangerford feud. And, as yet, Mr. Kipling has not been held up to public contempt because he utilized in his story of the "King's Ankus" certain devices which Chaucer had already employed in one of the "Canterbury Tales."

Mr. Kipling's "Brushwood Boy" is one of the most beautiful of his stories, and it is one of the most original, both in conception and execution. But at the core of it is the possibility of two persons meeting in their dreams;

and this idea was already to be found in Mr. Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson." The same idea has since been developed by Mr. Marion Crawford in "Cecelia." Did Mr. Crawford get the suggestion of it from Mr. Kipling or from Mr. Du Maurier? Did Mr. Kipling even get it from Mr. Du Maurier? Or, did each of the three independently happen upon the tempting impossibility? It was Fitz James O'Brien who wrote "What Was It?"—a thrilling tale of a strange creature, which could not be seen, but could be felt; and Guy de Maupassant, in Le Horla, introduces us to just such another uncanny and impossible monster, palpable but invisible. Did the Frenchman borrow this weird impossibility from the Irish-American who had invented it thirty years earlier? Or did he reinvent it for himself?

To trace these similarities, accidental as they are mostly, or intentional as they may be sometimes, is gratifying to the detective instinct, and it is an amusement harmless enough if we do not exaggerate the importance of our chance finds, and if we recognize fully the right of every man to profit by all that has been accomplished by his predecessors. Every generation has the privilege of standing on the shoulders of the generation that went before; but it has no right to pick the pockets of the

first-comer.

Brief Comment and Gossip of Authors

Dramatic criticism does not hold quite the same place in this country as it does abroad, a condition due largely to the fact that we are not primarily a critical people and have not the traditions of noble critical work that is the heritage of France, for instance. In spite of these limitations, we have a dramatic criticism that is yearly growing in vigor and authority. Among those who contribute to this satisfactory state of affairs, the name of Brander Matthews stands out prominently. His writings on this subject, both as historian and critic, are characterized by erudition and insight.

Born in New Orleans in 1852, Professor Matthews has spent his life in New York. He is a graduate of Columbia and at present is Professor of Dramatic Literature in that University. His attention has not altogether been usurped by the drama. He is an authority on Americanisms and Briticisms, a novelist and

writer of short stories. He has likewise written several plays, chiefly in collaboration. Of his short stories, "Vignettes of Manhattan" won a marked and deserved success, as in it he drew several sympathetic pen pictures of certain characteristic phases of New York life. His short "History of American Literature" is a standard work and has run into many edi-The French stage has largely attracted his attention likewise, and his "Theatres of Paris" and "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century" are probably the best works on those subjects in English. He has long been an enthusiastic student of Molière and he has promised to write a book on the distinguished Frenchman, whom he so well understands and whose influence on modern drama he has so adequately indicated.

Other works associated with Professor Matthews in addition to those above are: "Pen and Ink," "In the Vestibule Limited,"
"Tom Paulding," "The Decision of the Court,"
"Studies of the Stage," "The Royal Marine,"
"His Father's Son," "Bookbindings Old and
New," "Aspects of Fiction and Other Ventures
in Criticism," "A Confident To-morrow," and
"The Historical Novel." He is also the
editor of various works.

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Great activity and distinction in the diverse media of literary endeavor have thus characterized Professor Matthews' career. In the very prime of life he stands to-day with an established reputation won by work of high effort and worth. A man, broad in sympathy, sane in judgment, keen in analytic power, a student and a critic, yet at the same time an imaginative and creative artist and dramatist, Professor Matthews exemplifies the catholicity of his profession and offers the unusual phenomenon of a man distinguished in many fields, excellent in all.

"If our contemporary litterateurs do not write of contemporary conditions and inspirations, who shall?" asks the Atlanta Constitution in an able editorial on Southern Literature. Then, speaking of the South, it says:

We have had almost a surfeit of old South story telling with an attendant sentimentality that has grown rather mawkish. The imitators of the inimitable Joel Chandler Harris have run the dialect business into the ground. Our romanticists of the historical penchant have worked the war, antebellum and colonial "lead" well nigh to the exhaustion of the vain What the South wants now is something vital—a literary transcript of the metamorphosed self, be that self noble or degenerate

There is much truth in this. Writers of the South have been largely content to treat of those bygone days when the last wearer of knickerbockers strolled down Cary Street. Happily, there are some Southern writers cognizant of the modern life of their own people and giving it expression. Professor Woodberry has said that "Southern literature does not exist in any of its forms, political, fictional or poetic, except in relation to the national idea, either as its product or as the result of reaction from it." That is true in many respects. But indications seem to be tending to a renaissance in Southern literature, and the day is not far distant when the South will have its historians, unfettered by foreign influences and competent to deal with a field that is extremely rich in literary material.

It is a fact, not to be denied, that some of the best selling books of the time are of feminine authorship. The publishers have gracefully acknowledged that women are doing some of the best literary work of the day and the lists of to-day's books contain almost as many names of women as of men. Of late years the novel has especially become their field and some of the best work in this sphere of literature is contributed by them. Realistic fiction, too, of the sterner sort, so long the property of masculine minds, has surrendered to their endeavors. There are certain phases of literary endeavor, however, which they do not succeed in so well. The critical field is one of these-not ephemeral criticism, but philosophic criticism. Of course, Madame De Stäel was supreme in this field, but unfortunately she has no successor to-day. ***

It is announced that M. Mounet-Sully has declared himself a candidate for a seat in the Académie des Beaux-Arts. He says that he wants to ascertain whether an actor honorably known in his profession and an officer of the Legion of Honor has not an equal right with a painter or a musician to enter the Academy. There is really no reason why an actor should not be taken on an equal footing with an artist. Both professions are honorable. M. Mounet-Sully has long been a distinguished member of the Comédie Française. Many declare him the most eminent of French tragedians. Last summer he appeared in the open-air theaters at Orange, Nîmes and Cauterets. One of his great rôles is connected with Œdipus Rex.

A clever English publication, entitled "Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow," recently printed some good literary saws, among which are the following, which we quote:

There are more than three Shamrocks 'twixt the cup and the Lipton. Anthony Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. It is a wrong Lane that has no MS. in a Red Box. If you want to know the Times, ask Mr. Moberley Bell. All that glitters is not Robertson Nicoll. "Charge, Chesterton, charge! On, Stanley Weyman, on!" were the last words of Marmion. Read Mark Twain and inwardly digest. A Little White Bird in the hand is worth two in the Bonnie Briar Bush. Hall Caine and no play make Jack a dull boy.

Henry Seton Merriman (Hugh Stowell Scott), one of the more popular of the younger writers of English fiction, died recently in London. He was the author of many novels, of which "The Sowers," "With Edged Tools," "Flotsam" and "Roden's Corner" are the best known. Although his stories are somewhat

melodramatic and rely on action rather than character, still he was a born story-teller and the skilful constructor of a plausible plot. Much realistic power of description likewise characterizes his work. Among lovers of stirring and exciting fiction, his loss will be deeply regretted.

An important biography of Jules Ferry has just been written by Alfred Rambaud. Both the epoch which it covers and the man whose deeds it records are most interesting. Adequate recognition of the work of Ferry came only upon his death. But he worked rather for posterity than for contemporary recognition. He was the real founder of the French system of popular education and of the French colonial empire. With Thiers and Gambetta, he was one of the great forces that helped to bring light to a people in an hour of supreme distress.

Vernon Lee (Violet Hunt) is contributing a series of papers entitled "Studies in Literary Psychology" to the Contemporary Review. In one of them she deduces a new law, which is, in brief, that a writer subtly betrays the unconscious bent of his mind by use on the one hand, of verbs, adverbs and participles, and, on the other hand, of nouns and adjectives. Verbs and adverbs represent action, nouns and adjectives, mere being or quality. This is really no new theory. The School of Mathematical Criticism has been cognizant of it for a long time. French decadents pushed it to its extremes and Arthur Rimbaud went so far as to assert that an author's color sense could be determined by his predilection for certain vowels. After all, criticism cannot be converted into an exact science. The methods of the German pedagogue, the systems of Lombroso or Bertillon, are not part of its baggage. If that were so, writing, both original and critical, would be only a matter of formula and individuality would be discounted.

These are the days of advertising. He who advertises not is lost. Advertising, as far as books are concerned, long remained the prerogative of the publisher. The author now enters the field. In this connection an interesting story comes from Paris.

Jean Lombard had fought for many years against poverty and ill health, but nevertheless had produced several novels which were considered by those who read them to be works of genius, though they had been total failures as salable commodities, On his last work he concentrated all his hopes of recognition, but on publication the book showed every sign of going unnoticed. The author, however, hit upon a unique way of advertising it. He wrote from Marseilles a letter signed "An Indignant Republican" to the authorities in Paris, violently censuring the book as dangerous to public morality and demanding the imprisonment of its author. When inquiries were made the writer and author were found to be one and the same person, but the writer's object was accomplished.

Every author his own critic is now a reality.

Following the recent announcement from London of the establishment of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's new Daily Mirror, a paper for women, comes the news that Mr. William T. Stead is about to launch a daily journal on novel lines and sociological in character. It will be a home evening paper and is to make its appeal to the women and children of the household. Sixty depots in connection with the paper will be established in London, at each of which will be a post restante, a free telephone, circulating library and automatic restaurant. The paper will be used for social services and there will be four editions published simultaneously for the four divisions of London. The subscription will be half a guinea a year. A rate of one guinea entitles the subscriber not only to the daily paper and two other magazines, but also to an accident insurance policy for £100. This is indeed the high-water mark of newspaper enterprise.

The month we had something to say anent the influence of German literature in London.

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In a very interesting article in the Frankfurter-Zeitung, which shares with the Kölnische-Zeitung the honor of being the best newspaper in Germany, Dr. Max Meverfeld of Berlin shows what contemporary English authors are known and read in Germany to-day. The authors most read are Messrs. Kipling, Jerome K. Jerome, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. The authors neglected are Messrs. Swinburne, Meredith, Hardy, Gissing, George Moore, W. B. Yeats, Hewlett and A. E. W. Mason.

Commenting upon this, the London Academy says:

It is a very curious thing how often in foreign lands an Englishman finds the lesser literary lights of his own country regarded as—well, as demigods. Does distance lend enchantment to the view?

This is not altogether truth. Shakespeare, strange to say, is regarded with greater veneration in Germany than in England. We have a case, too, nearer home. Edgar Allan Poe never received the praise in this country that he did in France. Distance does not always lend enchantment. It frequently, however, lends richer critical perspicuity.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

THE NOVEL

The number of novels published nowadays almost appals. No one man can hope to read them all-nor does one miss much by being limited to a few. Of course here and there a novel stands out as being of exceptional merit: but the run of them are deadly commonplace, with more "promise" than actual worth. One wonders how a healthy, strong man or woman could have been imbecile enough to have written some of them; still, as said above, there are a few which to miss would have been a decided loss. Among these F. Marion Crawford's new book, "The Heart of Rome" (Macmillan), holds a distinguished place. There are parts of this book which are as fine, nay, finer, than any of Mr. Crawford's previous work. This tale of the "Lost Water" is full of observation, of delightful description, of unusual scenes, of all the atmosphere and glamor which Mr. Crawford is accustomed to give in his stories. This is a story full of the ingredients which go toward the making of real literature. In "The Ambassa-dors" (Harper), Mr. Henry James has carried the development of his later characteristics to a finer issue than in any of his other well-known works. The laboriously subtle analysis of character; the minute dissection, so to speak, of every nerve; the painfully precise description of every step of thought and action, with frequent sudden breakings-off of articulate speech, making silence all the more suggestive—all are found in this volume, which is the story of an American engaged to a New England masterful and wealthy widow, and sent by her to bring home, peacefully or otherwise, from Paris, her son, who, it is feared, has become entangled with a Parisian Circe. It may be heresy,-but, then, heresy is only the other side of too dogmatic truth,— to say that "The Ambassadors" would be a better picture if drawn somewhat less microscopically. A good story of Italian life is "The Key of Para-" (Macmillan), by Sidney Pickering, a story of no little charm and power. Very simple and charming is John Strange Winter's "Little Joan" (Lippincott), telling a clear-cut, delightful tale of a girl beloved by two men, and giving an exquisite picture of a fine old English family. As might be expected, there are touches of mysticism in Beatrice Harraden's "Katherine Frensham" (Dodd, Mead), a study of character. Miss Harraden's new hero has traces at times of the "disagreeable man" in "Ships That Pass in the Night." There are traces too of delightful humor and pathos such as Miss Harraden can give. On the whole this is a very interesting vol-Two stories based on college life are "The Law of Life," by Anna McClure Sholl (Appleton), and "The Torch," by Herbert M. Hopkins (Bobbs-Merrill). The first treats of a simple girl, a freshman, who marries a professor of mathematics, a man more than double her age. In wealth of incident and fervor the book is one of the most stirring of the season. The second book is a mixture of love, politics and college, rather well handled and interesting throughout. Gwendolen Overton has written

several excellent stories. She has power and a sureness that is unusual. Moreover, she is a skilful portrayer of character. These qualities are exemplified in her new book, "The Captain's Daughter" (Macmillan). The story deals with frontier life in a Western army post and is capitally done. Full, graceful and delightful is Una L. Silberrad's love story of rural life in England, "Petronilla Heroven" (Doubleday, Page). This gifted writer is not as well known as she should be. Her work is far above the ordinary, and is characterized by merit of high order. This book will serve as a fitting and delightful introduction for those who have not read this author's other writings.

"Shipmates in Sunshine" (Appleton) is the story of a tour through the West Indian Islands in an English mail boat. F. Frankfort Moore has shown in it that he can do more than write historical novels. He brings to the task of describing the various types met with on a tourist steamer a rare sense of quiet but rich humor; his scenic descriptions have the charm which can be given only by a man of wide travel, and his observations on social and industrial conditions are keen and valuable. "The Bondage of Ballinger" (Revell), is a good story by Roswell Field of a New Englander who became a bibliomaniac in boyhood, and suffered the pangs of the disease through all the stages of farmer's boy, blacksmith's apprentice, apothecary's and grocer's errand lad, carpenter's and wheelwright's helper, until he found his level as a maker of books in a printing office. It is a clever story, rich in quaint observations about books and delicate humor. Hearts" (Holt), by Anne Story Allen, is a pleasant story of the adventures of two bachelor maids in a New York flat. It is a string of trifles; if you will, but very interesting trifles, most assuredly.

"The Career Triumphant" (Appleton), by Henry B. Boone, compounds rural life and the metropolitan dramatic stage, Virginia and New York, in which Virginia and rural life come off distinctly with the greater credit. The story centers about an actress who, even as her mother before her, is willing to

sacrifice for love.

"The Trifler" (Smart Set) is a clever story by Archibald Eyre of a young member of society in London. In spite of his habit of "trifling," he has considerable force of character and manages to secure his ends and outwit his enemies. Those who read "The Triffer" will be well entertained without a shadow of disappointment.

Gen. Charles King's "An Apache Princess" (Hobart) might be called a companion volume to his "A Daughter of the Sioux," which means that it is a story of western army life in which adventures with Indian and army post scandals are mixed into an interesting narrative. Hamlin Garland in "Hesper" (Harper) swings clear of the army, but still retains his Western atmosphere. As a picture of life in a Western mining camp this book stands high.

STORIES OF PRESENT-DAY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

There are a number of good stories on modern life and its problems among the fall's publication, a number sufficiently large to be decidedly encouraging. Encouraging as they are, however, they are as yet all too few. Still, for the really splendid volumes which we have, we should be thankful. And at the head, or at least near the head of these, stands Mr. Richard Whiteing's "The Yellow Van" (Century). As in everyday life, love stories are but incidents in a wider interest, so here they are subordinated to the mightier question of social conditions which still bear the impress of the feudal régime in England. Here you may read how feudalism still mars human happiness, and how a democratic American duchess does what she can to mitigate its effects. As in Mr. Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street," there is a very careful analysis of character and social conditions, and a very accurate depicting of things as they are, without exaggerating of the defects or any belittling of the virtues of a system in process of change. The volume should commend itself to readers of sound and strong fiction. Mr. W. R. Lightner has found in "The Ultimate Moment" (Harper) a plot both refreshing and delightful. It is a work of real merit, and deals gently It is a work of real merit, and deals gently but convincingly with that disastrous tendency

which is robbing the country of its youth.

"The Forerunner" (Fox, Duffield), by Neith Boyce, is a distinctly American novel, a gallery of portraits in some ways. Its principal character is the American promoter and in describing him the author has succeeded in drawing at the same time some excellent pictures. Somewhat allied to this book is James L. Ford's "The Brazen Calf" (Dodd, Mead). Scarcely ever has Mr. Ford's satire been more keen than in this study of the nouveau riche. The book can scarcely be called a novel, and it is placed in this department simply by license. It has the narrative charm, however, and it is good clever writing. Samuel Merwin deals with the commercial problem in "The Whip Hand" (Doubleday, Page), a splendid, stirring story of love and commercial power, with the freshness and strength of the great open air life behind it. "The Daughter of a Magnate" (Scribner), by Frank H. Spearman, is the story of a railroad engineer and a girl reared in luxury. might be guessed by the author's name, there is a great deal about the railroad in it, and more about love. The story is done in Mr. Spearman's best manner, which is saying a great deal. Reginald Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter attempt to show up the political question in "The Chasm" (Appleton). It can hardly be said that they succeed entirely in this, but they do succeed in telling a good, romantic love story. Mr. Hill's in telling a good, romantic love story. Mr. Hill's hand loses none of its cunning. In "The Web" (Doubleday, Page) he has given us a very striking picture of the legal fraternity of New York, viewed from behind the scenes of that profession of which so few are said to reach the heavenly land, because they take only one step forward when one "term" ends, but two backward when the next "term" begins. "Borlase & Son" (Lane), by T. Baron Russell, is a story of two phases of business life in London, one being in what we here call a dry goods store, there "a drapery establishment;" the other, a wholesale paper house. The conditions of life in the two centers of interest are well depicted, the interest is maintained throughout, the individualization of character is marked, and the climax is dramatic.

"Judith of the Plains" (Harper), by Marie Manning, is a good story of life in Wyoming among the cattle ranches, in the days when sheep farming was in its infancy and "rustling" was common. The whole picture is one of high merit and will repay sympathetic reading.

THE HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC NOVEL

Strange it is—this continued prevalence of the romantic and historical novel. One would think that "surfeiting the appetite may sicken and so die," but instead has it been "as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on." And thus the list in no wise diminishes. The greatest interest probably attaches to "The O'Ruddy" (Stokes), the book left uncompleted by the late Stephen Crane and finished by Robert Barr. And a very clever piece of collaboration it is. As for the book itself, it is a stirring, strong romance whose hero is an irresistible Irishman. What lifts this story is its humor and dash. There is a distinct feeling of Fielding at times and sure it is that Fielding would not have been ashamed to have been the creator of The O'Ruddy and his two rapscallions of followers, Paddy and Jem. Charles Major has produced a really charming story in "The Forest Hearth" (Macmillan). The time of the story is vaguely a century ago. Its scene is the Blue River region. In its simplicity and warm sentiment this story marks a decided advance in the work of Mr. Major. Kentucky ever be exhausted as a field for literary production? John Uri Lloyd in "Red-Head" (Dodd, Mead) tells the life story of a character met before in "Stringtown on the Pike." In doing this he relates the working out of a family feud, which descended through several generations and culminated in the utter destruction of both families. other book so forcibly, at times so melodramatically shows the terror and power of the feud as does this book. Kentucky comes to the fore again in Byron A. Dunn's "Raiding with Morgan" (McClurg), one of the Young Kentuckian Series, devoted to the apotheosis of the men of the Blue-Grass State. It contains a history of the deeds of that famous Southern raider, General John H. Morgan, during the Civil War. There is a great deal of color and charm in Eleanor Atkinson's "Mamselle Fifine" (Appleton), a story laid in the Island of Martinique during the middle of the eighteenth century. The story centers about the childhood of the Empress Josephine. Its scene and novelty take it from the beaten track of the ordinary historical novel. From the prolific pen of Cyrus Townsend Brady comes a (Dillingstudy of "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer" The story is rather gloomy in spots, as befits its subject, but it is a keen critical analysis of pirate character, and a thoroughly worthy piece of work. L. B. Walford's "The Black Familiars" (Bobbs-Merrill) Harris Dickson has an interesting theme, based upon European politics and royal marriages. The work is distinctly well done, and the tale intensely interesting. Miss Florence Converse has chosen for the period of her romance "Long Will" (Houghton, Millin), fourteenth century England, and has woven her story about the peasants' revolt at that time. The book has a distinct literary flavor, and shows its author well versed in early English literature. Miss Converse's style is exquisite and her book distinctly worth

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while. "Bethsaida," by Malcolm Dearborn (Dillingham), bears the sub-title of "A Tale of the Augustus and Tiberius are the emperors whose reigns cover the period involved. While a portion of the narrative deals with scenes in Rome, the main part of the plot is laid in Palestine during the governorship of Pontius Pilate.. "The Master "The Master of Gray" (Longmans), by H. C. Bailey, is a strong work, showing good powers of construction, ability for rapid treatment, and a keen imagination. The story is of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and has to do with her and Queen Mary especially, though other historical characters are introduced. Out of the same soil, though during the period of Queen Anne, comes Albert Lee's "The Baronet in Corduroy" (Appleton). This is scarcely a historical novel but rather a picture of the fashionable life of the period. Still from English soil, there is Robert Barr's "Over the Border" (Stokes), with its keen characterization of Cromwell as a background. This story is rapid in movement, interesting as a picture of the times and of Cromwell, very human in its love interest, very satisfactory, even unex-pectedly so, in its climax. As an historical romance tis far above the average. Sir William Magnay's romantic novel "Count Zarka" (Page) tells of a political intrigue and the abduction of a prince. The book has the qualities of the detective story and the historical romance.

Burton E. Stevenson gives a clever twist to the detective story in his book "The Holladay Case" (Holt), the recital of a young girl accused of the murder of her father. The tracking of the murderer gives opportunity for several exciting incidents, and for an intensity of interest which does not flag from cover to cover. "An Ocean Mystery" (Lippincott), by Caroline Earle White, is the story of a castaway discovered with a living infant in her arms. The solution of the mystery is not reached until the author has taken the reader through a good many mazes. For a first book "The Mark" (Doubleday, Page) is very remarkable. Aquila Kempster must know India rather thoroughly. So much glamorous beauty, so much weird magic, so much mystic poetry and power have been seen in few novels. These are a really wonderful series of pictures of Hindu magic and mystery. Max Pemberton has allowed his fancy full play in "Doctor Xavier," (Appleton), a "scientific magician" who does rather wonderful things—a book which must be read to be appreciated.

SHORT STORIES

From the season's offerings come several excellent little volumes of short stories—stories of really exquisite workmanship and real living interest. Of these, perhaps, the most interesting is Joseph Conrad's "Falk" (McClure). We have here three stories of the sea and seashore, of which the one that gives the title to the volume is the longest. All are somewhat sombre in character, but are marked by true literary instinct. While Mr. Conrad suffers a bit by comparison with the high standard of his previous work, he again shows himself a writer of distinction and a polished literary artist. Somewhat allied in theme to Mr. Conrad's book is T. Jenkin Hains' "The Strife of the Sea" (Baker & Taylor). Power and force and imagination these stories possess, and while their power may be, at times, a little too marked, they are always interesting and strong. Another collection of sea stories

is contained in "Under the Jack-Staff" (Century) by Charles Bailey Fernald. It is an excellent col-lection of stories of the experiences of an Irish sailor,, full of humor, shadows of pathos, ad-ventures, and sailor philosophy about things in general. To say that they are well told is to say but little. Such stories as these go far toward explaining that enthusiastic devotion to the service which characterizes all those who have tasted its intoxication. Of quite different character is David Gray's "Gallops 2" (Century), charming little stories of "horsey" life. These little stories are brimming with sunny humor and that interest which comes of telling a good story just for the story's sake. In "Sixty Jane" (Century) John Luther Long has collected a number of his short stories which have previously appeared in magazine form. They are excellent little sketches, characterized by Mr. Long's poetic fancy and skilful art. Quiller-Couch shows the better side of his art in his little volume of short stories "Two Sides of a Face" (Scribner). Few writers possess this author's delicacy of style and inherent poetry. This little book will well repay reading. Margaret Deland returns to a field in which she holds a high place. In "Dr. Lavender's People" (Harper) she paints the lives of simple, quaint people and a great-souled man, who watches over them. The reputation of "Old Chester Tales" is fully realized in these new stories. In "Calderon's Prisoner" (Scribner), by Alice Duer Miller, we have two novelettes, the title story and "Cyril Vane's Wife." Both are good. The first concerns a young lady who flees to Central America to escape an importunate suitor and there becomes a captive and a captor. The second is a tale of marital incompatibility which, by devious ways, ends in reunion. Combined, the two tales display admirable qualities and stamp the author as a good story-teller. In "Questionable Shapes" (Harper), Mr. Howells shows the same characteristics of subjects and treatment as in his previous works. Three short stories are included in the volume, and they are all of subtle psychological interest. Their general title is suggestive of the psychic interest manifested in each story. The style of the book is subtle and hard to appreciate unless one has followed the work of this subtle. author. Lovers of psychology will read this book with interest, for it has in it much that will appeal to them. "Zut and Other Parisians" (Houghton, Mifflin) gives Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl an opportunity to draw some clever sketches of Parisian life. To those who cannot gain their impressions of Paris through French sources, this little book can be recommended, for while it is not a great contribu-tion to the literary treatment of Parisian life, it nevertheless presents an interesting series of pen pictures, and is replete with vivacity and humor. A fantastic, clever idea has gone into the making of "The Reign of Queen Isyl" (McClure), by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin, a story of a flower festival in a California town and a fantasia of love stories, the events of the festival being arranged so that someone is telling a tale of love during necessary "waits" in the program. To say that humor abounds, is merely to say what one expects when one sets eyes upon the names of the authors. Here is a book with which you may effectually "kill time" whenever it is necessary to resort to that kind of slaughter. In their series of "Little Novels By Favorite

Authors," the Macmillan Co. have added "Their Child" by Robert Herrick. Reading such a piece of work one cannot but be sorry that Mr. Herrick has not a larger popular following, for he is one of the few of the younger American writers with lofty ideals and high aims. Unique among the latter-day humorists stands W. W. Jacobs. His work is subtle with the fineness of an etching. In a line he can flash out a character or a situation. His new book, "Odd Craft" (Scribner) is brimming from cover to cover with the portrayal of humorous, delicious characters. There is real humor and real humanity in this book. Under the title of "The Pool in the Desert" (Appleton), Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) gives a collection of four stories dealing with English life in India in that fresh and sparkling manner of which Mrs. Cotes has shown herself so consummate a master. The tales are not only characterized by that almost photographic depicting of scenes and personages which marks the author's work, but they abound in keen study of individuality and a delicate sense of humor and pathos.

FOR LITTLE FOLK

We were unable to mention in our last issue all the books for the young which we had received. But a good child book is not merely for Christmasit is a book for all time. And several which have recently come to hand are distinctly good books. In point of beauty, perhaps, one of the finest is "The Book of The Child" (Stokes), a large book filled with exquisite drawings by Jessie Willcox Smith and Elizabeth Shippen Green and with stories and verses by Mabel Humphrey. This book is really a work of art. Of beauty and excellence, too, is Birdsall Otis Edey's "Six Giants and a Griffin" (Russell), a series of worthy little stories for beginners in reading. In this connection there must be mentioned a book by the little daughter of Lieutenant Peary, "Children of the Arctic" (Stokes). The book has to do with the region which Lieutenant Peary explored, and is illustrated with photographs taken on that trip. This too, is for beginners. Dana, Estes & Co., of Boston, publish a number of excellent books for young boys and girls of advanced age. Among these are Colonel Prentiss Ingraham's semi-historical story, "The Girl Rough Riders," "True Blue" by Edward S. Ellis, several exquisite short stories by Laura E. Richards under the title of "The Green Easter Gown," "Mother Bunny" by Harriet A. Cheever, "The Story-Book House" by Honor Walsh, with a number of good short stories and "The Story of Little Tom and Maggie," the story of the two children in George Eliot's "The Mill on The Floss." A great deal of originality is to be found in E.O. Laughlin's "Johnnie" (Bobbs-Merrill). There are nearly a score of stories in L. Allen Harker's "The Little Folk" (Lane), and they are stories which will delight the old as well as the young. There is plenty of color in "Thistledown" (Century), by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, whose hero is an acrobat and whose scenes are laid in New Orleans and on the Isle de Chène-an excellent story. "Alexander in the Ark" (Lippincott), by F. Russell Burrow, and "Wonderfolk in Wonderland" (Small Maynard), by Edith Guerrier, are for little folk.

There is a class of books which while having children as hero or heroine is designed no less for mature delectation than for child pleasure. In some ways these books are the most charming of all, being simple, tender, and real. Forest Crissey's "The Coun-

try Boy" (Revell) is one of these. It is simply a series of sketches of a country boy, full of intimate knowledge of the boy-brain and pulsating with sympathy. Ruth McEnery Stuart wrote "Sonny" years ago. Those who have read it will never forget it. It was full of delicious humor and pathos. The very same sensations come in reading "George Washington Jones" (Altemus), the story of a little negro boy who determines to give himself away to a lady as a Christmas present. Frances Charles has written two splendid strong books. In "The Awakening of the Duchess" (Little, Brown) she has given a tender little story of a little girl who calls back a mother from outside interests to the love of her child. The story is exceptionally well written and is charming.

MISCELLANEOUS

Not since Émile souvestre wrote his Un Philosophe Sous les Toits has there been so sympathetic a portrayal of the old maid as seen in Lillie Hamilton French's "My Old Maid's Corner" (Century). Quaint and delightful is the humor. The little volume is all charming. May Isabel Fiske's reputation as monologist is well known. She has collected some of her best and presents them in a little book, "Monologues" (Harper). Even read they are deliciously funny, full of satire and character. A number of pleasing little fancies and conceits are to be found in Elenor Glyn's "The Damsel and the Sage" (Harper). The book consists of parables and conversations between the two characters of the title.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Both Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls and Cyrus Townsend Brady are to be congratulated for a new and abridged edition of Dr. Samuel Warren's famous novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," under the title of "Tittlebat Titmouse." Mr. Brady has reduced the story a full two-thirds, though it still runs over four hundred and fifty pages. In doing this he has exercised excellent taste, and so far from injuring the story he has raised it from an almost impossible story to one which every reader should delight in possessing. The qualities of Dr. Warren's novel are too well known to need comment. It is only necessary to add that the publishers (Funk & Wagnalls) have produced an excellent volume, full of excellent illustrations. We had something to say last month concerning the excellent reprints of certain old books which D. Appleton & Co. are These volumes are in excellent taste, preprinting. serving their antique appearance both in illustration and text, and yet possessing a handy readable character. The most recent of these which have come to our table are: "The Analysis of the Hunting Field," "The English Dance of Death" in two volumes; "The Fables of Æsop and Others," with designs on wood by Thomas Bewick; "The Tower of London," an historical romance by William Harrison Ainsworth, with forty plates and fifty-eight woodcuts by George Cruikshank; "Windsor Castle," an historical romance, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., illustrated by George Cruikshank and Tony Johannot, with designs on wood by W. Alfred Delamotte; "The Life of a Sportsman," by Nimrod, with thirty-six colored illustrations by Henry Alken; "The Second Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of Consolation," with twenty-four colored illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. From the press of Fleming H. Revell there comes a very fine edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress," in which great care has been taken with the text and great taste used in the illustrations. This is one of the handiest and best moderate-priced editions of that classic ever issued. Rand McNally, in their series of Canterbury classics, issue a handy little reprint of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," an edition which is meant for the school child. Howard Wilford Bell issues, in his scheme of publishing unit books, Hawthorne's "The Marble Faun." The unit system consists in paying one cent per unit of twenty-five pages, cloth cover thirty cents additional. The books are well printed and attractively bound, and are in no sense "cheap editions."

NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS

Dr. W. J. Holland has produced a striking book in "The Moth Book" (Doubleday, Page), a companion book to his treatise, "The Butterfly Book." This work is thorough and complete, a perfect encyclopedia of moths. Its worth cannot be too highly estimated. It is scholarly, scientific, and yet possesses the narrative quality to a marked degree. With its many illustrations and beautiful colored plates it makes one of the most attractive and splendid books of the kind which we have seen.
"Along Four-Footed Trails" (Pott) tells some very interesting stories of wild animals of the plains. Ruth A. Cook knows her animals at first hand. The book is an excellent one to put into the hands of the young. Alice Jean Patterson's "The Spinner Family" (McClurg) is designed especially for the young, though it will interest all. The author writes charmingly of spiders and their habits. Effie Bignell, who writes always with sympathetic charm tells the "life streng of true palier". charm, tells the "life story of two robins" in "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny" (Baker & Taylor). This is a delightful, refreshing book. If you want to feel better with yourself and the universe at large, read Bradford Torrey's "The Clerk of the Woods" (Houghton, Mifflin), a book which has much to do with birds, but more with the whole realm of nature. The little sketches glow with tender sympathy, and are studed with pictures of rare delicacy and charm. A distinctly delightful book. In "True Bird Stories" (Houghton, Mifflin) Olive Thorne Miller tells some excellent little stories of bird life. Conrad J. Miller has collected a mass of dog lore in "Dogs of all Nations" (Ogilvie). Here are dogs in prose and poetry. This book is the very apotheosis of the canine.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

By far the greater number of books treating of American history and biography have been written by Northern men. Thomas Jefferson was of the South, and it is appropriate that his biography should be written by an author of that region. In "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson" (Appleton), by Thomas E. Watson, this condition is fulfilled. The author has made an earnest effort to deal fairly with the man, the facts, the times, the different sections—his friends and his enemies. The book is national, not sectional, and accordingly appeals to readers of all classes. During the fitty-five long years of his reign, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, has gained many titles. "A Keystone of Empire" (Harper), by the author of the "Martyrdom of an Empress," is a title well deserved by the best sovereign Austria has

ever known. This is the story of his life, told in a fascinating manner and presenting details of the private life of the Emperor never before printed. It is as absorbing as the most thrilling novel and, above all, it has the advantage of being true. Paris is always interesting. "Gossip from Paris During the Second Empire" (Appleton), by Anthony B. North Peat, selected and arranged by A. R. Waller, comprises a series of chatty, interesting letters sent daily from Paris to several English papers during the years 1864 to 1870. They are essentially the letters of a journalist, still they present much that is interesting of a period full of tribulation for the French. Politics, reminiscences, news of the day—everything of importance during the period is discussed. Hence they form a valuable running comment on the history of the Empire. Mr. Justin McCarthy is an historian of distinction. In "Portraits of the Sixties" (Harper) he gives us a delightful series of pen pictures of that period, and writes feelingly of the prominent men and women of that time. Prominent in the period himself, he has worked entirely from his own abundant store of impressions and experiences, and the result is a well-rounded picture which is as fascinatting in material as it is agreeable in style. The French excel in many things, but in the field of memoirs their claim to pre-eminence is incontestable. "Memoirs of Madame Vigée Lebrun" (Double-day, Page), translated and edited by Lionel Strachey, fulfils the high standard which we are accustomed to expect in works of such a nature. Besides the historical value and charmingly naive manner in which the author's personality expresses itself, the volume has also a special appeal to the art lover as the autobiography of a painter whose excellence has not been generally recognized. It is delightful from cover to cover. To the many books on Abraham Lincoln another has been recently added. "The True Abraham Lincoln" (Lippincott), by William Eleroy Curtis, is a study of Lincoln from various points of view. There are many "inside" and curious bits of information about Lincoln and his life. It is a welcome addition to a distinguished series of biographies on a distinguished man. A book that should be read in connection with the former is "Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln" (Bell), which present in handy and convenient form the principal letters and addresses of a great President. The latest volume in English Men of Letters, edited by John Morley, is "Fanny Burney" (Macmillan) by Austin Dobson. This is an admirable piece of biographical writing and sustains the reputation of its gifted author. On the long honor-roll of French chivalry there are few names that shine with a greater luster than that of Champlain, the founder of New France. "Champlain" (Appleton), by Edwin Asa Dix, is a new contribu-tion on the life of that crusader in unknown lands, romance-loving explorer and pioneer of fortitude and patience. The work is well written, and the author is in sympathy with his subject—two requisites that make for interest. "The History of the Treman Family in America" (privately printed), by Ebenezer Mack Treman and Murray E. Poole, is a history of an American family, and as such is mainly of interest to those related to it. It is a bulky genealogical volume. Such cannot be said of another biography which has recently appeared. "Benjamin Disraeli" (Appleton), by Wilfred Meynell, is an unconventional biography.

Disraeli the man, Disraeli as son, brother, husband, friend—is the theme of this book. The text is very largely Disraeli's, and the commentary the author's. The Earl of Beaconsfield is presented in a very intimate light in these pages and "Dizzy" worshipers will find much to interest them in this fascinating volume. Although no formal biography of Whistler has yet appeared, Arthur Jerome Eddy's book "Recollections and Impressions of James R. McNeil Whistler" (Lippincott) fulfills the present want, as it is an interesting side light on the art, career, and personality of the painter. The remiriscences are mostly personal. Therein) lies the great charm of the book. In Appleton's Series of Historic Lives two new volumes have recently appeared—"Anthony Wayne," by John R. Spears, and "Sir William Johnson," by Augustus C. Buell. Both have been written by men qualified to speak on their respective subjects, and both are handy and convenient biographies of two men famous in American annals. Of the Italian devotional romances of the Middle Ages, "The Life of Saint Mary Magdalen" (Lane), translated from the Italian of an unknown fourteenth century writer, by Valentine Hawtrey, with an introduction by Vernon Lee, is more like a devout novel than a biography. The translation has preserved the biography. The translation has preserved the charm of the quaint original, and the book is fascinating.

BOOKS OF AN HISTORICAL CHARACTER

Expansion is no new thing, and it is not measured by any geographical scale. Its history begins with the history of the nation, and both its causes and its effects are intimately intertwined with every fiber of our national being. Such is the theme of Willis Fletcher Johnson's new book "A Century of Expansion" (Macmillan). The work is well written and shows much historical acumen. It deals justly with the varying phases of expansion—condemns here and praises there. It can be recommended to students of the question. The latest volume in Our European Neighbors series is "Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country" (Putnam), by Francis H. E. Palmer. The country, the people, its institutions political and social, and an interesting description of the different races that comprises this empire are all adequately described. The author knows his country and brings much literary skill in his treatment of it. A work on the same country, but of a different nature, is F. Berkeley Smith's "Budapest: The City of the Magyars" (Pott). To this new field Mr. Smith has brought the same raciness of description that characterized his books on Paris. A personal touch and a happy way of hitting things off by a quotation or well-turned phrase make this book of delightful interest. India, the far-off country of the Brahmins and other wonderful people and things, is often viewed with awe by western eyes. But if modern India is so regarded, what must be said of ancient India, with all its Oriental splendor? "Buddhist India" (Putnam), by T. W. Rhys Davids, describes ancient India in a fascinating manner. It is not only a history of political India in the corial literary and expensive India. dia, but social, literary and economic India as well. The reputation of the author in Pali and Buddhist literature gives this work a serious claim to the attention of Oriental scholars. History is not only concerned with countries and peoples. Buildings have their stories as well. "Historic Buildings as Seen and Described by Famous Writers" (Dodd, Mead), edited and translated by Esther Singleton, gives the stories of many edifices connected with great events. Churches, palaces, castles, towers and fortresses are all described by writers best qualified to speak on their respective histories. Students of history and art will especially welcome this interesting volume. While written primarily for boys, "The Ship of State" (Ginn), by those at the helm, will appeal to all who are interested in the different departments of our government. President Roosevelt and other men high in government positions contribute articles relative to their respective offices. The book is instructive, well written, and treats of a subject that is not as familiar as it should be.

Myths and legends do not generally fall under the head of history, yet early history derives much from such sources. Americans have interest in their own traditions. Those who take pleasure in reading transmitted but unverified histories, should read "American Myths and Legends" (Lippincott), by Charles M. Skinner, which treats this fascinating subject with authority and insight. Many magazine articles have been written on the Carnegie Steel Company. "The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company" (The Book-Lover Press), by James Howard Bridge, is the first history in book form of this great plant. The writer has collected all the available facts relative to the company and its managers, and his story is replete with interesting matter.

"The True History of the Civil War" (Lippincott), by Guy Carleton Lee, purports to be a true history. In his preface the author declares—"what is said of any section is said as a partisan of that section." The book contains many interesting data. "Among the Great Masters of Warfare" (Dana Estes), by Walter Rowlands, is a descriptive text to many celebrated paintings of war. As such,

it is a very admirable piece of work.

South America is the country of countless revolutions. Its history is, accordingly, intensely fascinating. "The South-American Republics" (Putnam), by Thomas C. Dawson, clearly sets forth, from the tangle of events called South-American history, a well-defined picture. The author has spent many years in the countries he depicts, and his story is told with much sympathy for peoples who are slowly evolving among themselves the best form of government for their special needs and conditions. The jubilee of the Submarine Telegraphy having lately been achieved, and that connected with the Atlantic cable being somewhat close at hand, Charles Bright's "The Story of the Atlantic Cable" (Appleton) is especially timely. It traces with much detail the history of this great undertaking from its incipiency until its completion in 1865. Told with much scientific acumen, and yet not too technical to confuse the layman, this work will interest all who follow the record of great achievements. "Some Famous American Schools" (Dana Estes), by Oscar Fay Adams, is a popular account of the foundation, history and traditions of such noted schools as Phillips Exeter, Phillips Andover, St. Paul's, Lawrenceville and others. The author's criticisms of these typical schools, while always sympathetic, is independent, fearless and discriminating.

The story of Spanish exploration and conquest in the period immediately succeeding the discovery of America is a fascinating one. "Pioneer Spaniards in North America" (Little, Brown), by William Henry Johnson, traces the gradual spread of Spanish conquest and colonization from the Islands of the Caribbean to the mainland, relates the career of the discoverer of the Pacific and the great achievements of Cortes, De Soto, Coronado and others. Students of the period will find much help in this work, especially on the social life, religious industries and arts of ancient Mexico. "Indiana of the Painted Desert Region" (Little, Brown), by George Wharton James, is a remarkable description of the Western deserts and the various Indian tribes which inhabit them. The country, its indus-tries, religious rites, the famous Snake Dance and descriptions of the Navajo, Hopi, Wallapai and Harasupai Indians are included in its interesting It is a most valuable contribution to the history of the locality. In the study of waterways of westward expansion, the Ohio River and its tributaries occupies such a commanding position that it must be considered most important and most typical. "Waterways of Westward Expansion" (Arthur H. Clark Co.), by Archer Butler Hubert, is the ninth volume in Historic Highways of America and deals with the Ohio River, the great gateway of the West. The early history of the region through which this great river flows is adequately treated by the author, and the book is a welcome addition to an interesting phase of our early history.

BELLES-LETTRES

Professor George Edward Woodberry of Colombia University holds such a distinguished place in American letters that a book from his pen is an event of moment. In "America in Literature" (Harper) we have a book eminent both in scholarship and in treatment. Written with that keen critical insight, grace and warmth of style that is so characteristic of the author, this book is bound to stand high in the literary annals of the day. It is in no sense a mere history of American literature. It is more than that. It is a philosophical account of pivotal periods in American letters. Henry Watterson is one of the most picturesque figures in Southern journalism, and whatever he has to say is worth listening to whether we agree with him or not. In "Compromises of Life" (Fox, Duffield) the distinguished Kentucky editor presents some very trenchant papers on a variety of subjects, ranging from Abraham Lincoln to certain downward tendencies in the smart set of fashionable society. Keen, forceful, unsparing, these papers deserve a wide reading, especially by those who love "to shoot folly as it flies." "The Foe of Compromise and Other Essays" (Macmillan), by William Garrott Brown, is a series of papers on various subjects connected with American history. Conservatism is their keynote, and they are characterized by

erudition and an agreeable style.

"Why Love Grows Cold" (A. Wessells Co.), by Ellen Burns Sherman, has rather a misleading title, as the essays deal with a variety of subjects. Some of them are good and others indifferent. Bishop Spaulding handles high themes with mellow wisdom, great felicity of diction and a deep patriotism. These attributes are found in his "Glimpses of Truth" (McClurg). There are many editions of Shakespeare. Among the smaller and handy edi-

tions is "The Pembroke Edition of Shakespeare's Works" (Crowell), edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. In this admirable edition the editors have sought to give the reader the essential part of much of the work done by Shakespearians without burdening him with multifarious material. The text is the same as the Editor's First Folio Edition. Well printed, well edited, attractive in binding and typography, this edition is worthy of the Bard of Avon. Many portraits of Shakespeare have been regarded by their partisans as taken from life. "A New Portrait of Shakespeare" (John Lane), by John Corbin, relates the history of these paintings as far as it is known, and discusses their respective claims to be regarded as genuine. In particular, Mr. Corbin goes into the question of the case of the Ely Palace painting as against that of the so-called Droeshout Original. The author makes a strong plea for the former.

makes a strong plea for the former.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is always interesting. His latest work, "Ponkapog Papers" (Houghton, Mifflin), is a sheaf of miscellaneous notes and essayscritical, autobiographical and descriptive. It is unique in manner, variety and matter. We cannot agree with all his findings, but they are at least provocative of thought. "Walks in New England" (Lane), by Charles Goodrich Whiting, is a delightful and fascinating volume or nature and allied subjects in spite of its somewhat flowery style. "The Book of Months" (Harper), by E. F. Benson, is somewhat similar in subject but more reserved in treatment. A simple love story runs through the story of the months, and much observation and worldly wisdom give an added charm to a charming book.

ART, MUSIC AND DRAMA

Among the famous art galleries of Europe none is so replete with gems of art and acknowledged masterpieces of Italian art as the Pitti Palace in Florence. "The Art of the Pitti Palace" (Page), by Julia de Wolf Addison, is a short history of the building of the palace, its owners, and an appreciation of its treasures. The illustrations include all the wonderful paintings to be seen there, and the author has described them with much artistic insight. Architecture is closely allied with art. In architecture, Mr. Russell Sturgis is a leading critic. In "How to Judge Architecture" (Baker & Taylor) he has sketched the history of modern opinion of architecture. He shows the influences which have brought about the various styles, and he deduces simple rules for the architectural judgment of these simple rules for the architectural judgment of these buildings. This work, authoritative and interest-ing, should be in the hands of every student of architecture. A book on a somewhat allied subject is "Principles of Home Decoration" (Doubleday, Page), by Candace Wheeler. This is a study of beauty in house interiors, based upon principles of art. Underlying laws are given and explained and this is followed by examples of successful application. To home seekers, this book will be of inestimable assistance.

"Home Mechanics for Amateurs" (Munn & Co.), by George M Hopkins, is a thoroughly practical book by a noted experimenter. It deals with woodworking, house-hold ornaments, metal-working, lathe-work, dynamos, etc., and appeals to the boy as well as the more mature amateur. The study of some form of handicraft has, of late years, become an important element in the

training of an art student. Wood carving is one of the easiest and most satisfactory, as far as results go. in such work. "Wood Carving, Design and Workmanship" (Appleton), by George Jack, is an instructive handbook for such work. In this book, this fascinating art is well described and taught. Woman's work is manifested in many fields. "Woman's Work in Music" (Page), by Arthur Elson, is an account of her influence on the art in ancient as well as modern times, and how she ranks with men in this field. Lovers of music and its history will find much to interest them in these well-written pages. Musicians have their love affairs as well as other people. Rupert Hughes, in "The Love Affairs of Great Musicians" (Page), describes some charming episodes in the lives of makers of music. Although its essential theme is love, many interesting anecdotes and much good musical criticism is to be found in its pages.

BOOKS OF SCIENTIFIC AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTEREST

Since the death of Pasteur, M. Elie Metchnikossis, among all living biologists, the one who has shown the greatest spontaneity of ideas. His latest work, "The Nature of Man (Putnam), is a study in optimistic philosophy. It is considered by many the most valuable production since Darwin's "Origin of Species." In a brief mention, it is impossible to give the great merit of this work and to treat of the naivest of the author's style. The translation is by Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell. "Symbol-Psychology" (Harper), by Rev. Adolph Roeder, is a remarkable study of the meaning of myth and folk-lore. The author's attitude toward life and revealed religion is sober and fair-minded. To those interested in this subject, the book can be truly recommended. "Fireside Child Study" (Dodd, Mead), by Patterson Du Bois, is a simple guide to the use of our common sense and our self-restraint in the bringing up of children. The author's main contention is that in such study we must not begin with abstract propositions or theories, but with life.

POETRY

Of the poetical output of the year, Mr. Kipling's "The Five Nations" (Doubleday, Page) easily takes first rank. Of late years, Mr. Kipling has been criticised as falling off in his work. The present volume singularly refutes that criticism. All the old fire, vigor and characteristic personality of the author are sustained here. If there be no one poem to equal the charm of "Mandalay," there are others fully equal to the best of his other well-known verses. Among the number of meritorious verses in the volume, "Our Lady of the Snows," "The Parting of the Columns" and "Piet" deserve especial mention. Mr. Kipling's muse is still active, and this last volume ranks high in contemporary English verse. Mr. W. B. Yeats is one of the most promising poets of the younger generation. In "The Seven Words" (Macmillan) he sings chiefly of the Irish heroic age. There is great depth and feeling in certain of these poems—felicity of treatment likewise. Several of the poems are very beautiful, mirroring as they do the haunting charm and sorrow of the Green Isle. Mr. Yeats is equally at home in blank verse and rhyme, and he stands to-day as the most distinguished of Ireland's bards. The Boer War not only gave Kipling an

opportunity to remount Pegasus, but gave Mr. William Watson also a chance to exercise his muse. The verses which fill "For England" (Lane) were inspired by the hope of assisting in the promotion of a reasonable human feeling between the victor and the vanquished in South Africa. Sincerity and earnestness characterize these poems. There are lines here which for melody and thought are far above the commonplace and which sustain Mr. Watson s reputation as an English poet of rare merit. American poets, Mr. Lloyd Mifflin ranks high. His "Castalian Days" (Frowde) are worthy of note. They are sonnets chiseled with that delicacy of touch and feeling that are so characteristic of all Mr. Mifflin's poetical contributions. Mr. Richard Burton's new volume of verse is entitled "Message and Melody" (Lothrop). It contains his latest and most mature work in the lyric and ballad vein, and their worth will, no doubt, increase the audience which his earlier works have gained him, The West has always claimed her share of the literary distinction of the country. Mr. Ambrose Bierce is one of her best known writers. "Shapes of Clay" (Wood) contains many poems-serious, comic, sentimental, satirical and so forth. Their subject matter, rather than the vehicle by which they are expressed, is likely to attain the greater prominence. The verses of John B. Tabb are not to be classed among so much that is ephemeral in contempora-neous poetry. "Later Lyrics" (Lane) show him at hisbest. Delicacy, charm, daintiness and the tenderest of sympathy all qualify his verse. Added to these, a sane and helpful philosophy rounds out a true poet. A volume of quite extraordinary literary interest and significance is an edition of "The Quatrains of Abu'l-Ala" (Doubleday, Page), selected and translated by Ameen J. Rihani. The quatrains, which are said to antedate the Rubiáyát, are real poetry of a very high order. The translations are reminiscent of Omar and are largely of the same philosophical purport.

To the student of Tennyson an edition of his suppressed poems is of value. "Tennyson's Suppressed Poems" (Harper), edited and annotated by J. C. Thomson, accordingly possesses a value much beyond that of a mere collection of literary curiosities. Of the poems themselves, some were worthy of being suppressed, being the very early work of Tennyson's pen. Others, on the contrary, are characteristic of the great bard at his best and are worthy of publication. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Poems of Tennyson" (Ginn) is an edition carefully prepared for the use of schools, libraries and the general reader. The editor's familiarity with Tennyson is a guarantee of the completeness of the volume. There are a number of poetical reprints this year. Those which have reached our table are: Spencer's "Faerie Queene" (Crowell), edited by William P. Trent; "Cary's Poetical Works" (Crowell), edited by Katharine Lee Bates, and "Poems You Ought to Know" (Revell), selected by Elia W. Peattie.

There are, likewise, a number of minor poetical contributions of the season that demand a passing notice. "The Best Nonsense Verses" (Lord), chosen by Josephine Dodge Daskam, are collected from many sources and are the best examples of their kind. "Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer" (Forbes), by S. E. Kiser, is a companion volume to the author s "Love Sonnets of an Office-Boy." "Ballads of the Busy Days" is by the same author and from the same publisher.

Among the January Magazines

The leading article in the "Century" for January is "The Storm Center of French Politics," by Othon Guerlac with charming pictures by André Castaigne. The French Chamber of Deputies is entitled to a prominent place among Continental parliaments, and the writer has caught all its characteristic features and described them with interest. Tibet is very much in the public eye at present. "The Latest News from Lhasa," by the Rev. Ekai Kawaguchi, describes that country.

"Thackeray's Friendship with an American Family," "An American Palace of Art," by Sylvester Baxter; "Our Friend, the Dog," by Maurice Maeterlinck; "The New Element Radium," by Ernest Merritt; "Radium and Radioactivity," by Madame Sklodowska Curie; and "A Million Immigrants a Year," by Henry Cabot Lodge, are also of great interest. In fiction there is much that is readable. Good stories, continued and short, are contributed by L. R. Elder, J. J. Bell, Jack London, Elliott Flower and Maud Wilder Goodwin.

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There has been much discussion of late concerning the purity of the English language. To the January "Harper's" Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury contributes an interesting paper entitled "Is English Becoming Corrupt'"? Strictly speaking there is no such thing as a language becoming corrupt. As the author declares:

It is an instrument which will be just what those who use it choose to make it. The words that constitute it have no real significance of their own. It is the meaning which men put into them that gives them all the efficacy they possess. Language does nothing more than reflect the character and the characteristics of those who speak it. It mirrors their thoughts and feelings, their passions and prejudices, their hopes and aspirations, their aims, whether high or low. In the mouth of the bombastic it will be inflated; in the mouth of the illiterate it will be full of vulgarisms; in the mouth of the precise it will be formal and pedantic. If therefore those who employ it as the medium of conveying their ideas lose all sense of what is vigorous in action and of what is earnest in belief, all appreciation of what is pure in taste and of what is lofty in conduct; if, in fine, they became intellectually coarse and morally corrupt, the speech they use may be relied upon to share in their degradation. Never was there a more ridiculous reversal of the actual order of events than that contained in Landor's assertion that "no nation hath long survived the decrepitude of its language."

There are many other good articles in the number, especially—"The Tragedy of King Richard III," by Ernest Rhys; "A Neglected Chapter of Our Colonial History," by James Gibson Johnson; "America's Unconquered Mountain," by Frederick A. Cook; "The Slave Market at Marrakésh," by Samuel L. Bensusan; "Disintegration of the Radioactive Elements," by Ernest Rutherford, and "The Derelict-Hunters," by Henry Harrison Lewis. In fiction the following names are found: Van Tassel Sutphen, Maud Stepney Rawson, Philip Verrill Mighels, Grace Ellery Channing, Arthur Colton, Mary Johnston, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

Very few know the origin and exact meaning of the word "transcendentalism," which is so associated with Emerson's teachings. In the January "Atlantic," Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in a suggestive and critical paper entitled "The Sunny Side of the Transcendental Period," defines the word as follows:

The word "Transcendentalism" was apparently first employed by the leader among German philosophers, Immanuel Kant, to designate the intuitive method of reaching truth, as apart from the experimental or sensational method of Locke, which had held its own so stoutly. Kant died in 1804, but the word was handed on, so modified and, we might perhaps say, battered by later German thinkers, that it would now be useless to attempt to employ it farther than as a landmark or guidepost, as it will be used here. If we wish to fix the birth-time of the American period bearing that name, we may place it somewhere near the publication of Emerson's Nature (1836), or the appearance of the first number of The Dial (July, 1840), or the formation of the "Brook Farm Institute" or "Community," as it was oftenest called, near Boston (1841).

There are so many good and interesting articles in the number that it is difficult to select the most important. The following, however, are worthy of mention: "On Catering for the Public," by B. P.; "The Psychology of Advertising," by Walter D. Scott; "Fra Paolo Sarpi," by A. D. White; "The Scab," by Jack London; "Morley's Gladstone," by Rollo Ogden; "Some Nineteenth Century Americans," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe; "The Blue Color of the Sky," by T. J. J. See; "Laura

Bridgman," by William James, and "Street Railway Legislation in Illinois," by Edwin Burritt Smith. Short stories of a type so long associated with the magazine are contributed by Robert Herrick, Alice Brown, Harriet A. Nash, and Kate Milner Rabb.

"The International Quarterly" for December-March is at hand, and contains a number of authoritative articles by celebrated writers. Three articles of more than ordinary merit are "Early Teutonic Society," by W. J. Ashley; "The Consciousness of Animals," by Edouard Claparède, and "The Symbolic Drama," by Emile Taguet. The names of Rollo Ogden, Louis Lucipia, William Morton Payne, E. Meyer, Henry T. Finck, John W. Foster, Carroll D. Wright, Andrè Lebon, Victor Mataja, Kentaro Kaneko, and Joseph B. Bishop attest to the scope and scholarship of this excellent review, which ranks among the best in this country.

The article of the month in "McClure's" is "Can the South Solve the Negro Problem," by Carl Schurz. The author has had an active share in this great question and his paper is accordingly of the highest permanent value. Of hardly less interest is the second part of Ida M. Tarbell's "The History of the Standard Oil Company." Other articles of interest are "The Wild Animal Surgeon and his Patients," by A. W. Rolker, and "Tunneling out of Libby Prison," by James M. Wells. Henry Wallace Phillips, Captain Musgrove Davis, Myra Kelly, Eden Phillpotts, Harvey J. O'Higgins, James Hopper and Alice Brown are responsible for the fiction of the issue.

"Colombia: the Government, the Country, and the People," by Thomas S. Alexander, signalizes the "World's Work" for January. It is of great timeliness and extremely interesting. "The Monopoly of Natural Products," and "A Victory for Academic Freedom," are two other articles of timely interest. "The Best House to Live In," by Joy Wheeler Dow; "Labor Met by its Own Methods," by Isaac F. Marcosson; "Herbert Spencer," by George Iles: "The Public Schools About New York," by Adele Marie Shaw; "A Day With Eskimo Seal Hunters," by F. Swindlehurst; "Panama and Colombia," by John M. Williams; "The Home of Invention," by Arthur Goodrich; "A Busy City Underground," by William R. Stewart; "The Main Plan of the Fair," by Edward Hale Brush; and "The Politician in

life and in Fiction," by Churchill Williams, will all and each find appreciative readers.

The articles in the "Cosmopolitan" for this month are varied and interesting. "Poverty in the World's Greatest Metropolis," is from the pen of Lady Henry Somerset; "The Odd and Eccentric in the Drama" is a fascinating paper by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, 2d; "The Diary of King Edward VII," edited by-"The Oldest Republic in the World," by Herbert S. Stone; "The Dramatic History of South America, Peru and the Pizarros," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "Some Famous Hymns and their Authors," by Laura Grover Smith; "Childhood Through the Ages," by Léo Claretie; and the usual department of "Captains of Industry," and "Making a Choice of a Profession," are all of interest. H. G. Wells, Sara Beaumont Kennedy, William R. Lighton, Constance Maud and Elliot Flower contribute fiction.

"Outing" is unusually attractive this month with its outdoor and sporting features. "Nature's Jewel Caskets," by Frank French; "Beating the Wind on a Toboggan," by A. Pitcairn-Knowles; "The Irishman and His Horse," by Vance Thompson; "On Southern Bayous," by H. S. Canfield; "Fishing and Fishermen in Southern California," by Charles Frederick Holder; "Walking Through Corea," by T. Philip Terry and "An Island Haunt," by James Gilbert Van Marter are articles which will appeal to all who love nature and out-of-door life.

The coming production of "Parsifal" in New York lends added interest to James Gibbons Huneker's article, "The Real Parsifal" in the January "Metropolitan" despite the fact that all will not agree with the author's deductions. "A Painter of Ideas," by Fitzroy Carrington is an appreciate paper on the work of George Frederick Watts. The number, however, is really devoted to fiction, and fiction of a high class as the following names evince: Thomas Nelson Page, W. A. Fraser, Eden Phillpotts, Broughton Brandenburg, Flora Annie Steel, Ella Mabel Clark, Charles G. D. Roberts, Ralph Henry Barbour and Maurice Hewlett.

An article of singular import in the current "Everybody's" is "And What Will Congress Do?" by Ex-Speaker David B. Henderson.

It is a clear summing up of three vital questions, namely, the Canal, the Tariff, and Finance. "Back to Nature," by Theodore Waters; "Our Selfish Citizenship," by Frederick Trevor Hill; "School Children the World Over," by Beatrice C. Wilcox; "John W. Gates, The Forgetful Man," by E. M. Kingsbury, and "Significant Autobiographies" are the chief serious contributions to the issue. There are likewise a number of excellent short stories.

Among the many interesting features in the January "Frank Leslie's," "Imported Americans," by Broughton Brandenburg, is the best. It is a fascinating study in the problem of immigration. There are other interesting articles also, namely: "George Barnesdale Cox," by Gustave J. Karger; "The Gambling Spirit," by James L. Ford; and "Pills: An American Staple," by J. Oliver Curwood. Clever fiction and some readable verse round out the number.

The long story in "Lippincott's" this month is "Doreen," by Edgar Fawcett. "The Theater of the People," by A. Schinz, and "Avowals," by George Moore are the two serious contributions to the issue. Marie Van Vorst. Virginia Tatnall Peacock, Edward Boltwood, Francis Lynde and John Swain are represented by good short stories.

"Pearson's" for January is characterized by good articles and interesting fiction. Among the former must be noticed, "To Spy Out the Sea Bed," by Dr. C. Libertacrio; "Modern Methods of Finance," by Henry George, Jr.; "The First Dark Horse, by Edward N. Vallandigham; "Making Staff Statuary at the World's Fair," by Katherine Louise Smith; and "The Coming of Parsifal," by Charles Henry Meltzer. Among the latter, are stories by Margaret Busbee Shipp, M. Imlay Taylor, Albert Bigelow Paine, Cyrus Townsend Brady, E. Spence de Pue, R. Neish, and Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin.

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Newspaper Verse:

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS......CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD

A nation spoke to a nation Concerning a boundary line; "The rivers and bays and inlets And the mountain peaks are mine: The maps and the records prove it, As everybody knows, But we'll arbitrate the matter," Said the Lady of the Snows.

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"Neither with sword nor cannon Should settlement be made, Soberly and as neighbors Let us have the question weighed; Not in the heat of anger, Not through the force of blows, But calmly act as Christians," Said Our Lady of the Snows.

"My speech shall be straightforward, And yours shall be the same; My mother shall judge between us Hearing what each shall claim; What she decides shall be final, Her word the case shall close, We will furnish the world a lesson," Said Our Lady of the Snows.

She sent her chiefs to council,
A smile was on her face;
With her mother to cast the deciding vote
It looked like a simple case.
Thinking hers the advantage,
She was glad of the course she chose,
"We'll abide by the court's decision,"
Said Our Lady of the Snows.

"Carry the word to my sisters,
To the nations east and south;
Tell them how Peace and Reason
Have plugged up the cannon's mouth."
Then came the court's decision—
Out of the stillness rose
A screech that was full of anger
From Our Lady of the Snows.

A nation spoke to nation:
"What you claimed is all your own;
By all of the maps and records
Your rights are clearly shown.
Had I dreamed that such a decision
Could follow, do you suppose
That I would have arbitrated?"
Wailed the Lady of the Snows.

COMFORTED.....ST. LOUIS WORLD

I do not curse my poverty, It has its better points; No gout has ever come my way To stiffen up my joints. I do not all the long, long night, All anxious lie awake And wonder what the chances are For that fool bank to break.

I do not go about with black Hell-goggles on my nose— My coat of arms a monkey-wrench And gasoleny clothes.

I do not have to dress and go Somewhere o' nights and stay Till 12 o'clock and stand it while They talk me old and gray.

Oho! I put my feet upon My old typewriter and I smoke my pipe and thank my stars That I can understand

Why Providence all-wise has cast My lot where sunbeams fall; A toast, Poverty! It has Its good points, after all!

UTOPIA.....LONDON PUNCH

("Let us pay our authors as much not to write as though they wrote."—Mr. G. H. Wells.)

There are who sigh for treasure, And gold desiderate; There are whom titles pleasure And friendship with the great; On others mad ambition Enjoins an arduous mission To win themselves position And rule in Church and State.

To me such aspirations
But vain and empty seem;
The wealth of all the nations
But so much dross I deem;
No coronet nor mitre
Would make my heart the lighter,
But I would be a writer
In Mr. Wells' régime.

No longer would I worry
When disinclined to think;
No more my pen would hurry
Through tales of crime and drink;
No more would I sit toiling
To keep the pot a-boiling
Through half the sleep-time, spoiling
Good paper, pens and ink.

In spring-time I would wander
About the waking earth,
And sweetly would I ponder
Its glorious new birth;
I'd roam where fancy beckoned,
Nor would each sordid second
Be marred with having reckoned
How much my thoughts were worth.

Or, stretched upon the heather, Beside some gurgling fount, Through all the summer weather I'd watch the laverocks mount. Ah, this would please me dearly, Content with knowing clearly That sundry hundreds yearly Were paid to my account.

Then, too, how very joyous
To feel that others who
At intervals annoy us
Have all been silenced, too!
Ah, how the thought engages—
No more eternal pages,
Nor Damsels with their Sages
Awaiting our review!

This land of peace and plenty
Where quiet reigns supreme,
This due far nienle—
How oft of it I dream!
Alas, that we have here a
Delectable chimæra
That waits the distant era
Of Mr. Wells' régime.

THE UNIVERSAL TARGET..... WASHINGTON STAR

Speak kindly to the millionaire;
Perhaps he does his best.
Don't try to drive him to despair
With rude, unfeeling jest.
Don't laugh at portraits which display
His face with comic leer,
And when he gives his wealth away
Don't take it with a sneer.

Speak kindly to the millionaire,
He has a right to live
And feel the sun and breathe the air
And keep his coin or give.
You may be rich yourself, you see,
Before your life is through;
Speak kindly, and remember he
Is human, just like you.

TALE OF A MARTYR......BALTIMORE NEWS

Miss Sophronia Jennie Moddle Studied hygienic twaddle Till she got it in her noddle That she couldn't live on food— And she used to sit and ponder On the happy Over-Yonder, Where the hosts angelic wander, And on such things she would brood.

No thing not by art digested
Miss Sophronia molested,
And she got herself infested
With the cerealitis fad.
Till the little wit created
In her skull evaporated,
And her common sense was slated
To go slumping to the bad.

She ate hay and wheat and barley,
She chewed soup-nuts small and gnarly,
With a steak she ne'er would parley,
Nor wish solid stuff like that;
But she stuck with grim persistence
To her predigest existence
And she fought with firm resistance
All temptation to get fat.

So in course of time she grew to Be a part of what she'd chew to— Ready Oats she ate at 2.02 And Aseptic bran at 4; At just 5 she'd eat her dinner Of Dust Corn (that was a winner!) As she kept on growing thinner, She asepticized the more!

Well, this tale must have an ending, And it is no use pretending That the end we are intending Is a triumph, for it ain't; Miss Sophronia Jennie Moddle, With her hygienic twaddle, Through eternity will toddle As a predigested saint.

LEONINA SOCIETASLIFE

A Reader of the Hour Met the Writer of the Week, Where Critics of the Minute Formed an influential clique; "He has style," they said, "and power; And his treatment is unique."

So the Reader of the Hour Bought the Novel of the Week, And he made his friends begin it; And he still delights to speak Of "The Hovel"—
That great Novel!
(Which the very drug stores sell!) And he likewise likes to tell That he knows the author well. "He has style, and native power," Says the Reader of the Hour, "And his treatment is unique."

VADE MECUM OF THE CONDENSER....LA TOUCHE HANCOCK....SUN

If you wish in the world to advance
In a literary sort of a way,
You must follow the fashion,
And bow to the passion
That's rife among authors to-day.
Get hold of an early romance,
As clever as clever can be,
Then boldly revise it,
That is, "bowdlerize" it,
And you'll jump to the top of the tree.

For example, take "Vanity Fair,"
And correct all the old-fashioned trash.
Then cut it, and slash it,
And modernly mash it,
Into some sort of feasible hash.
Then call it—that is, if you dare,
"Becky Sharp," or a similar name,
The matter's not vital,
But give it a title
Which shows that the book is the same!

With "Pickwick," and "Dombey and Son,"
Your course is as plain as can be.
There's nothing that suits
The latter like "Toots,"
While "Sam Weller" will do—with a "We!"
And when your condensing is done,
How much further you'll go who can tell?
You capture the glory
Of any old story,
Why not call yourself author as well?

Wit and Humor of the Press

"He is worth a hundred millions, the most of which he stole." "Gracious! And he belongs to the church?" "Oh, no, the church belongs to him."

—Puck.
—Satisfactory division: The old farmer and his wife had agreed to separate. They had only one child. "Everything friendly?" inquired a neighbor. "Oh, yes," replied the old man, carelessly. "No trouble about making a fair division of the property?" "Oh, no. She gits the kid an'the canned fruit, an' I git the pig an' the apples. That's even enough, aint it?"—Town and Country.
—First Workman—"Do you belong to the union?" Second Workman—"Surel Ain't I out of work?"—Life.
—Novelist—"What will you charge me for advertising my new novel?" Publisher—"One thousand dollars—and fifty dollars extra if I read the novel."—Judge.
—"You should strive to appeal to the imagi-

"You should strive to appeal to the imagination and the human interest of your pupils, "said the principal. "I do," answered the teacher, "but it is very hard to convince the boys that Hector and Achilles were as great men as Corbett and Jeffries."-Washington Star.

——Irate Watchman—"Look a-here, don't you see that sign? It's big enough and black enough! It says, 'No smoking.'" Agreeable Trespasser—"I know it does, my friend, but, really, you must not believe in signs. Don't you see that I'm smoking nevertheless?"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

—Miss Passaye—"I trust you will consider my criticisms, dear, as coming from a friend." Vera Perte—"Oh, I will. I look upon you as the oldest, the very oldest, friend I have."—Brooklyn

—Ethel—"Do you believe that Maude loves her fiancé?" Jean—"I do. She's so silly!"—
New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Are you sure," asked the captain of industry "that you love my daughter?" "Come I say," replied the duke, "you're not going to be sentimental at your time of life, are you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

—"The only trouble with your magazine," remarked the purchaser, "is that you don't publish enough fiction." "Great Scott, man." replied the overworked editor, "you evidently don't read our advertising pa—er, yes, I've thought so, too, at times!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

—Why he came back: Van Quiz—"I heard

you had concluded to live in England altogether, Mr. Chumppe?" Chumpson Chumppe—"Aw, that was—aw—me intention, don't-ye-know? But awftah me visit in Lonnon, I find that we're evah so much maw English in Amewica?"-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SOMETHING OF A STOIC.

Willie, aged eight, whose grandmother was visiting at his home in Germantown, had been guilty of so grave an act of disobedience that his father found it necessary to resort to corporal punishment. Grandma, whose tender heart was rung with pity,

attempted to mitigate the severity of the punishment by pleading with her son in an undertone: "Oh, James, James. Don't be so harsh with the

Whereupon Willie ceased crying long enough to

say in a reassuring tone:
"Oh, never mind, grandma! I'm tough.—Philadelphia Press.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

Father (sternly)-"Did'nt I tell you if any of the other boys said anything to make you angry you should county twenty before you said anything?"
Tommy—"Yes, sir; but I didn't need to say any-

thing. Before I'd counted twelve the other boy yelled 'Enough!'"—Philadel phia Press.

THE OTHER WAY.

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down the stairs like a lady."

Frances retired, and, after the lapse of a few minutes, re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come down stairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come down quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second

time, while the first time you made so much noise."
"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.—Pittsburg Bulletin.



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG "BUT ME NO BUTS"-RICHARD THE THIRD -From Punch

Open * * Questions: Talks * With * Correspondents

ro37. Will you kindly tell me by whom and in what work the following words were written: "I took her soul, a little winged thing, and drew it softly from its cage of bones." Also please tell me something about Pascal and what he wrote.—C. G.

Hogan, Burlington, Vt.

[Some of our readers may be able to place the quotation which you cite. Blaise Pascal was a celebrated French geometrician, philosopher, and writer. He was born at Clermont-Ferrand, France, in 1623, and died at Paris in 1662. He was educated at Paris, where his progress was such that his zeal had to be restrained. When but twelve years of age he invented geometry anew, and at seventeen achieved renown with his Traité des Sections Coniques. Later he undertook and solved the most difficult problems. That he also became distinguished in literature is due to his connection with the celebrated monastery of Port-Royal. His first literary work was his Entretien sur Epictète et Montaigne. He won distinction likewise by setting forth the doctrines of Port-Royal against those of the Jesuits. Between 1656-7 he wrote his famous provincial letters know as Les Provinciales. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a work that he was to name Apologie de la Religion Catholique. He was the author, likewise, of other works, and his writings had a profound influence upon the thought of his day.]

1038. Will you kindly tell me through Open Questions where I can procure a book that will contain the principal poems of various poets—a small book, if such a one is published?—"Reader," Vancouver, Wash.

[The principal poems of various poets have never been adequately collected within the confines of a small volume. There are, however, two excellent works that will cover the field you require. They are, respectively, a "Victorian Anthology" and "An American Anthology." They are edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman, and are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.]

1039. Please tell me what other writers have been thought to have written the "Kempton-Wace Letters" besides Jack London.—John A. Tuttle, Portland, Me.

[The claims of many writers have been advanced in regard to the authorship of this book. Much of the discussion on this subject is irrelevant. Jack London is the author.]

1040. I have frequently come across the expression the "King of Yvetot." Who was he, and is there any significance in the expression?—R. Smith, Denver, Colo.

[The King of Yvetot was a king in name only—a mockery king. Yvetot, near Rouen, France, was a seigneurie, on the possessor of which Clotaire I conferred the title of king in 534, and the title continued until the fourteenth century. In this connection Beranger's lines are apropos:

Il était un roi d'Yvetot,
Plu connu dans l'histoire;
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire.

Today the expression is applied to one who assumes great honors without the means to support them.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

1027. The legend of Van Bibber's Rock may be found in Standard Relations, No. 30, published by M. J. Ives & Co., 86 Nassau Street, New York.—James Carter, Williamsport, Pa.

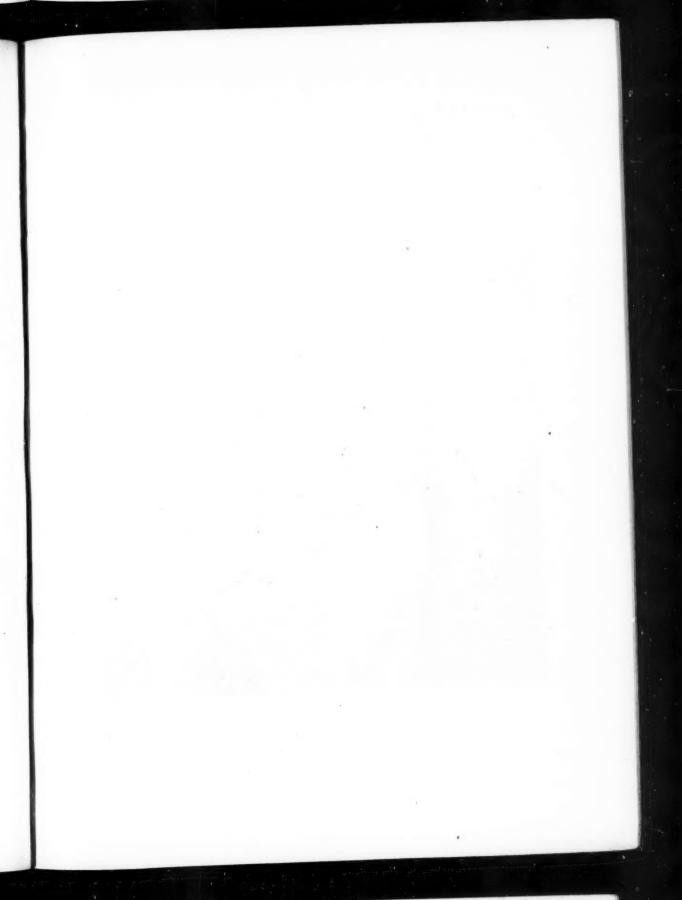
ro29. The lines beginning: "Why, Phoebe, are you come so soon," were entitled "The Blackberry Girl," and may be found in "Songs for the Little Ones at Home," published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York.—James Carter, Williamsport, Pa.

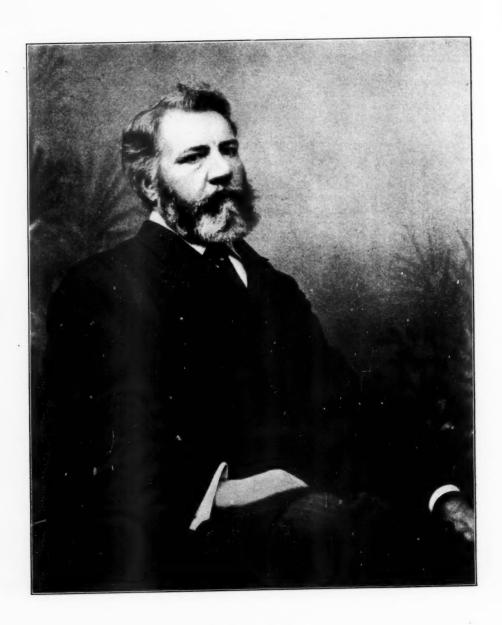
1036. In reference to this query, you will find by referring to page 426, vol. II of "The Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley," edited by his son, that Huxley did not write his own epitaph, but that he gave special direction that the three lines (which I quote below) from a poem written by his wife should be inscribed upon his tombstone. They are as follows:

"Be not afeard, ye waiting hearts that weep;
For still He giveth His beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best."
—Gertrude McCall, McCall, La.

1041. What does Porto Rico mean, and is that its correct spelling in Spanish?—H. Gailbraith, Jersey City, N. J.

[Porto Rico means rich port. In Spanish it is spelled Puerto Rico.]





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